

The Zodiake of life, written by  
the excellent and Christian  
Poet, Marcellus Palingenius  
Stellatus.

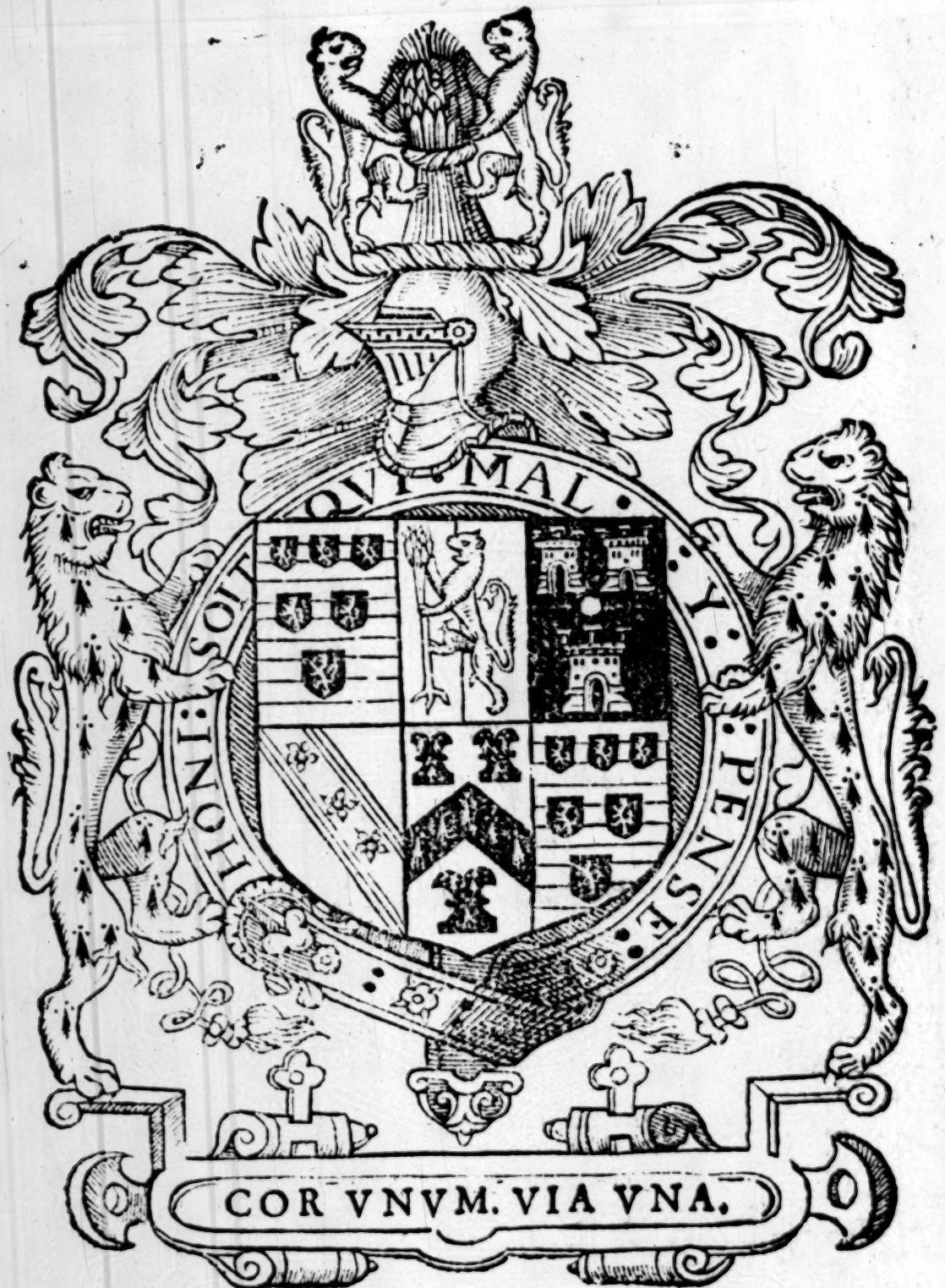
Wherein are contained twelue severall labours, painting out moste liuely, the whole compasse of the world, the reformation of manners, the miseries of mankinde, the pathway to vertue and vice, the eternitie of the Soule, the course of the Heavens, the mysteries of nature, and divers other circumstances of great learning, and no lesse judgement.

Translated out of Latine into Englishe,  
By Barnabie Googe and by him  
newly recognised.

*Probitas lundatur & alget.*

Herevnto is annexed (for the Readers aduantage) a large Table, as well of wordes as of matters mentioned in this whole worke.

Imprinted at London for Ranfe Newberie  
dwelling in Fleetstreet: a litle above the  
Conduit. Anno Domini 1576.



To the Right Honorable Syr Wil-  
liam Cecill Knight, Baron of Burghley

Knight of the Honorable order of the Garter, Maister  
of her Highnesse Wardes and Liveries, one  
of the Lords of her Maiesties priuie Cou-  
sell, & Lord high Treasurer of  
England: long life & Hea-  
uenly felicitie. &c.



*His rude transla-  
tion(Right Hono-  
rable & my espe-  
ciall good Lorde)  
that many yeares  
fince I dedicated to*

*your Lordship, I lately determined tho-  
roughly to peruse: and in euery point as  
neare as I could to perfect. But such was  
the number of the faultes, so shamefull  
a sort of maimed & mangled verses, &  
(which was the mischief) so tied & tan-  
gled togither one with another from the  
beginning to the ending, as without the  
plucking of all funder and (which would*

*¶.ij. haue*

beene an infinite labour) beginning the  
translation a newe, it was vnpossible for  
me to remedie it: & therfore since I cold  
not as I gladdiest would, in all pointes a-  
mend it according to my fansie, I thought  
it best in ouerpassing a great number of  
iarring discordes, to set the whole in as  
good tune as I could. Which I here am  
boulde againe to present to your Honour  
with my good and assured hope that your  
Lordship will in no worse sort accept it  
then heretofore you haue done, wherein  
your L. shall so farre incourage me as I  
may hereafter peraduenture, attempte  
some matter worthie so Noble a perso-  
nage, whom I beseech God long preserue  
to the comfort of your friends, and bene-  
fite of your Countrie.

Your Honours most bounden  
Barnabie Googe.

The

# The Preface of Marcellus Palingenius *Stellatus to Hercules the second, Duke of Ferrar.*



T hath alwayes been the maner both of old & late writers, (most highe & mighty Prince, the onely beautie & Glorie of the House of Este) when they had ended their workes or rather their chylde and issies of their wittes, to choose some worthy and honourable personage to whome they might dedicate and commend them: that being armed and defended by the fauour and countenance of such a one they might not stand in dred of the poisoned stings of the eniuious, nor feare the rash sentences of scorneful Iudges. For it oft times chaunceth in this our Tragical life, that wicked & beastly people giuen onely to idlenes and pleasure, disdaine and despise such as they perceiue are giuen to vertuous and godlie excrise. Yet through the migh- tie and gratiouse prouidence of God it alwayes comes to passe, that in greatest blindnes & error of the world there is found some one Prince that honoureth ver- tue and with his authoritie defendeth her: Least there should be no support or refuge for the godly and learned. But, to passe ouer a number of great and mighty Princes that haue always been fauourers and maintei- ners of vwell disposed persons, your Grace (most ex- cellent Prince) is one in our dayes whom God hath giuen such a minde that you account nothing more beau-

beautifull, comly nor heauenly, then vertue her selfe.  
And therefore employ your self alwayes to the ayding  
and relieuing of suche as be vertuous. It is no wonder  
therefore, that I haue here attempted to offer both my  
self and my labours to your highnes. For where could  
I finde in al Italie any one Patron beside, that deligh-  
teth in lerning? and that can either vnderstād & Judge  
of a verse when it is brought vnto him? O moste cor-  
rupt & lamētable times. VVhat speake you of a Prince  
whose discretion consiltes al in deputie? and hath nei-  
ther eye nor toungue of his owne? Giue me such a one  
as is able of himselfe to discerne right from wrong to  
whom no flattering merchant dares say that the crowe  
is white, or the Swanne blacke. Sith suche a one doth  
all men account your grace(most mighty and renou-  
med Prince) I haue boldely presumed to come vnto  
you and so muche the more, bicause Antonius Musa  
Brasauolus, a man of singular learning and wysdome,  
and one that faithfully honoreth your highnes, persua-  
ded me therenvnto, in wonderfull commanding your  
graces learning, wisdome, clemencie & bounty, whose  
wordes I credit aboue all others. By his persuasion  
therfore, this labour of mine called the Zodiake of life  
digested in twelue bokes, and many yeres in framing,  
I present, giue & offer to your excellencie, to the end  
your name may be the more famous and renoumed  
hereafter. And though your worthines deserue, to be  
presented with a far more precious Iewel: I trust your  
Grace wil not disdaine this simple and slender gift, es-  
teeming more the minde of the giuer, then the value  
of the thing, nor doubting but if this booke may, vnder  
your

your graces protection passe abroad, it shal easilly finde fauour at the hands of godly and learned men, especially of suche as shall succeede our age. For the Iudgement of the posteritie is commonly voide of malice : according to the saying.

VWhile as we liue doth enuie rage,  
And when we dye she doth asswage.

Could Homer in his life time escape the scorneful? Vouchesafe therefore (most Noble Prince) to accept the slender gift of your poore subiect , defending it with your fauour, as with the shield of Pallas, against all the slaunders of the enuious. And if in so great a worke, there happen to be something found that shall seeme, in any part, to disagree with our religion, I am not to aunswere for it. For where many times I intreate of Philosophicall matters, I am driuen to alledge the opinions of sundrie Philosophers, specially Plato his Scholers, whose opinions if they be false, the blame is theirs not mine, since mine intent was neuer to step a foote from the true Catholike faith. And therefore in all that I haue written, I humbly submit my self to the Church of Christe, and willingly (as becommeth a Christian) receiue the iudgement thereof. And thus (moste noble Prince) I end, desiring God long to preserue your excellencie.

Gil-

Gilbertus Duke Cantabrigiensis, in  
Marcelli Palingenij conversionem.

Bellorum, ut sae. in rabiem depellimus armis  
Armati q̄ minus gladij, vel tela nocebunt:  
Ramus, ut volucres deuitant grandinis imbrems,  
Nec non ventosos nimbos, gelidasq; procellas  
Ardens ut q; calor frigus depulsat acutum:  
Blandimenta, velut sedant cohibent q; furores,  
Aureus ut Phœbus tenebras detrudit inanes:  
Sic decus eloquij luorem pellit acerbum,  
Grandi præsidio Gogeum cingente Minerua.  
Omnigenis herbis ut enim ver pingit agellos,  
Gratum ver opus hoc Musis, sic sacrat & ornat:  
En, silet infrendens tua (Zoile) lingua, ne istum  
Veris dente potest florem vitiare canino.  
Sit Stygijs flammis acris tua lingua sepulta.

Idem in Laudem operis, ad bene-  
volum Lectorem.

Hoc docens vita speculum beata,  
Quosq; virtutis vitijq; fructus,  
Dicit ad sacras pietatis arces  
Qua sit eundum.

Anglus exultet iuuenis senexq;  
Commodis fretus Latio dicatis:  
Quæ dat hoc, inquam patriæ libello  
Gogeus alma.

Sit nefas ergo violare linguis  
Gogeis (Lector) vigilem laborem:  
Gratias gratius meritas habere &  
Huic memor esto.

In Marcellum Palingenium à Barna-  
ba Gogeo ex Lítino Carmine  
in Anglicum traductum, Iacobi  
Izuerii carmen.

Dic mihi que riguis Parnasi in collibus erras,  
Quaeq; præc; sancto Calliopeia choro,  
Dic queso (neq; enim quidq; mihi Dina negasti)  
Dic mihi quid mereant, qui tua Templa colunt.  
An non & virides Laurus Hederasq; sequaces,  
Nexaq; per dias florea ferta comas?  
An non aternas laudes, vitamq; perennem,  
An non perpetua posteritate coli?  
An non sunt digni quorum post funera nomen  
Vivat, & aeterna laude feratur opus?  
Sunt equidem: neq; enim scribunt sine numine vates  
Sunt reor illorum pectora plena D:o.  
Quis neget imbutos diuina mente Poetas?  
Crede mihi aethereo spiritus igne calet.  
Dic mihi Dina precor si sunt hac præmia vatuum,  
Quenam Gogeo munera digna dabis?  
Ille tuos coluit largis sudorisbus hortos,  
Et nouus accessit ad tua templa cliens,  
Hic resiles inuenum mentes accedit, & altis  
Eduxit tenebris luce deditq; frui.  
Nempe refert magni, quis nos moderetur eentes,  
Et quonam pueri discimus ire duce.  
Hic Anglis Anglus glaciem prescidit, & illis  
Difficile ad laudem iam patefecit iter.  
Addidit & stimulos calcariq; impressit eunti  
Primus, & hoc magna laude subiuit opus.  
Huius enim didicit bene Palingenius arte  
Stricta quidem numeris Anglica verba loqui,  
Lang; nono insignem sese miratur amictu,  
Seq; stupet duplice ueste Poeta tegi.

E3

*Et desixa tenens in pulchrum lumina regnum,  
Iure noua vates ueste superbus onat.  
Nunc nitidum laudat cultum, variosq; colores,  
Nunc sua scripta stupet diuite versa stylo.  
Nunc vim, nunc faciles motus, casteq; fluentis  
Carminis immensas sepe rubescit opes.  
Non peregrinorum fœtus, nec adultera verba,  
Sed nudam & castam cernit ubiq; fidem.  
Non videt excursus, sua sed vestigia noscit,  
Et Latio passim consona verba stylo.  
Iamq; etiam cunctis gaudet sua scripta Britannis,  
Et sancta a cupida carmina pube legi.  
Et te Calliope (cuius nunc munere viuit)  
Per Charitum supplex numina sancta rogar,  
Ut quoq; Gogei super aurea sidera nomen  
(Sunt etenim hec Vatum præmia larga) ueras  
Neue quis illius cursus decus obruat eum,  
Sed fœlix omni tempore viuat. Amen.*

In Goga

In Gogei Æditionem, G. Chaterto-  
ni carmen Elegiacum, ad Lectorem.

Marmoreæ turres, præcinctæ manibus urbes  
Tempore labenti, præcipitata ruunt.  
Intereunt statua, monumenta antiqua virorum,  
Quicquid & Orbis habet, tempore cassa iacent,  
Urbs Romana licet, sublimibus alta columnis:  
Occides horrendi conscia dedecoris.  
Magnificam penis videas, Carthaginis urbem :  
Nulla loci, aut urbis pristina signa manent.  
Sempiterna manent, quæ scripsit carmina Gogus  
Ætnais nunquprada voranda rogis.  
Non opus egregium hoc, hymnis celebrare decorum est?  
Hoc erit in toto notius Orbe nihil.  
Te tamen in primis nostra hac mirabitur atas,  
Si moriere, tuum non morietur opus.  
Anglia letatnr se tali prole parentem,  
Est qusibi solum, se genuisse satis.  
Hec antiqua domus (tibi quondam sedula nutritrix)  
Extulit ad verbum, nominis ecce caput,  
Quos & Hebreæ minus vel quos nec Graca iuuabunt  
Cuiqu minus forsitan turba Latina placet.  
Huc omnes populi, vos huc generosa iuuentus  
Confluite huc pueri, decrepitigu senes.

Dor

ΕΙΣΤΩΝ ΓΑΓΙΟΝ, ΡΙΧΑΡΔΟΣ ὁ σέφανος.

ΩΤΙ ΣΕ ΤΩΠΟΤΕ ΜΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ ὄΦΘΑΛΜΟΙΣΙΝ ἐμοῖσι,  
Οὐδιμαι, τίσγε τεῖσ Γάγιε μόξα τωτρασ.  
ἄλλος σὲθεν πάνυ λαμπρὰ τοιηματά πολλάκισ ὄμμαι,  
γράμμασιν ἵσα τεῖσ χαῦχερε καλέ χερόσ.  
όμμαις μόξτρολόγυτά τά τοιηματά λαμπρὰ ποιητά,  
έισ τόν τήσ με τάτρασ σοι μετάφρασα λόγον.  
πάνταδε ταῦτα καλῶσ, καὶ σύν μασσοῖ γέγραψα:  
ταῦτα ἔχοις σέφανον μᾶλλον εοικότα σοί

## Eadem Latine.

Non oculis ego te, clarissime Gogie, vidi,  
Gogie natalis gloria magna soli:  
Sed tua bella tamen lustrans Epigrammata, quae  
Aequant Chauceri scripta diserta senis,  
Vidi & signidici venerant ipsemata Vatis,  
Sunt in muternos qua tibi versa sonos.  
Omnia que pulchre, Musisq; fauentibus ipse  
Scriptisti, Vatis tunc munere digna sacro.

The

# The first Booke of Pallingen.

## Aries.



V minde with fury ferce inflamid of late I know not how,  
Doth burne Parnassus hils to see, adournd w Laurel bow,  
The Caps so cleare of Castaly, wher Muses sweete do sing  
The towne Cyrrha doth me delight, & trees y euer spring. ¶  
What darknes (oh) shal I now slie: to me appeareth plaine  
The blisfull beames of Eous bright, the day returnes againe.  
O darknesse fade thy way from hence, hyde thou thy selfe in hell.  
The loue of Musc and high Ichoue, doth both within me dwell:  
And vertue doth not labour feare, the way though hard it be,  
O Phoebus, father, Poets helpe, disclose the doubtes to me,  
With Aganippes holsome foode, replenish thou my dayes:  
Thy temple eke to come vnto, do thou direct my wayes.  
Defend me from the common sorte, that sike me to dispraise.  
Not worse vnlike now shall I be, if that thou wilt me blesse,  
That I thy prieſt vnknowne and new, my ſelfe to labour dresse.  
Thou liftest men from base estate, to honoſt them to call,  
Without thy grace, the wit of man, would periſh ſoone and fall:  
His voyce and al would ware full horſe, nothing would sweetely ſound,  
All ſweete and pleauant melody, would fall vnto the ground.  
And if thou wilt me fauour now, I will ascend the Skies,  
And there thy highe and Godly workes conſider with mine eyes.  
Oh fauour me, thou Phoebus highe, take thou from ground awaie  
Thy Poet prostrate here on earth, if that by fates I may.  
And you (O Nymphes) of Castaly, if with unſayned harte  
I haue approcht your learned dores, if riottes filthy arte  
Could not withdraw my youthful yeares, frō honozing of your name,  
Ne filthy lust of beastlinesse could euer me defame:  
Then let my ſame go ſye abroade, leaſt that unworthily,  
I ſhall be after thought to lie, and ſo my name ſhall dye.  
For hope of glory and renowne, a name for to obtayne,  
Hath cauſed men in vertuousnede to take both care and payne.  
And thou O famous worthy Prince, that Hercule haſt to name,  
Amongſt the doughty Italian Dukes, of moſt renoumed fame.  
And of the highe Eſtenſia bloud, the chiefe and faireſt floure:  
Whom Pallas in Parnassus caues, hath nouriſht every houre,

A. i.

The Godeſſ  
of Learning  
And

A duble mountaine in Greece where the Muses dwelt.  
A fountain at the foote of Parnassus.  
A town of Phocis.  
The day starr.

Apollo the God of Learning.  
A fountain in Greece dedicated to the Muses.

And Muses mine with sacred milke from tender yeres haue fed:  
 Wherby a same they hope to haue that never shall be ded.  
 Of Cyrrha eke, the Laurell tree shall spring they trust agayne:  
 Though Mars doth let in spite of them, and seeketh to retaine  
 Your noble heart into his tents by al the meanes he may,  
 In tents, where honour you shal haue that never shall decay.  
 Where as your armes, as right requires, shall richly decked be  
 With triumphes, due to such a Prince, of lusty Laurell tree.  
 Drawe nere, and with a ioyful face thy Poete looke vpon,  
 Willing to treade vnproued pathes that haue not yet bene gon:  
 And shewe thy fauour to a wight that now amased is.  
 So may Ferrara see thee long in perfect ioy and blis,  
 Til after this thy ioyfull life, a long and happy time,  
 Departing from the earth, thou shalt the starry heauen clime.  
 And if my fatal yeares be long, in time shal come the day,  
 When as your grace and worthy dedes I shal at large display,  
 When Indic aye, with Tartesle brinkes thy name shal cause to soide:  
 Thy same shall flye in every place of Hyperborie ground,  
 In utter partes of Africke so, you shall be knownen by me:  
 Then I with greater rage of Muse encouraged shal be,  
 And shall declare vnto al men, how that you do embrase  
 Justice, and eke what Godlinesse and sayth is in your grace,  
 What connsaile doth in you abound, what baleant worthy powre,  
 How liberall with gentlenesse you are, at every houre:  
 By me shall also wonder much the worlde in every place,  
 To see what wyt, and manners mylde, consisteth in your grace.  
 But now, the things that I you giue, receiue with gentle harte,  
 And take my present doings here, a while as in good parte.

My minde desireth soze to write of much and diuers things,  
 And not alwayes to stay at one, but as the winde me bringes,  
 I go, now here, now there I draye amid the waters depe.  
 Sometime I tolle the boistrous waues, sometyme to shore I crepe.  
 And though sometimes by reasons rule I shall assay to finde,  
 The secret wayes by nature hyd, and bring them vnto minde:  
 Those thinges yet will I follow most, whereby commodities  
 Shall rise, and adde a holy life to men that mortall bee,  
 A life Alas, now banisht cleane (if I the trueth may say)  
 In this our age than which a worse was never seene the day,

Such

The God  
of Battayl.A City in  
Italy.A City in  
the farthest  
parte of  
Spaine by  
Caales.  
The far-  
thest part  
of the  
North.

Such things I say, as shall expel the vices of the minde.  
 A thing that more the Muses fittes than th's, I cannot finde.  
 This makes a man soz to be sound, of wytt both prompt and fine,  
 Although by nature he be dull, and do from wytt decline,  
 Ungodly, & neglecting right, that whoredome doth not spare,  
 Of one whom earthly auarice hath caused soz to care,  
 Of he that envy in his hearte doth cuermore possesse,  
 Unconstant, or a lying man, or takes in drinke excesse,  
 In fine, what ever vice he bath, by this he may soz take  
 The hurtful harmes of peruerse mind, a Godly life to take.  
 This, worthy men doth cause to be and fit soz honors by,  
 Which to themselves, their house, and realme, can couel prudently:  
 And unto doubtful things they can bring present remedy.

So much, the face of beauty sayze ought not esteemed to be,

The pleasant eyes with shining locks, eche parte of royall bleé,  
 As maners well composed, and a pure and honest minde,  
 Where vertue beares so greate a stroke that vice is hard to finde.  
 Doth not the righteous man, or he that vertues much doth loue,  
 Liue al in myrrh, and hopes soz helpe of only God aboue?  
 He nothing cares when whispering wordes be closely spoke in eare,  
 When iudge, or King, doth soz him call, his heart doth nothing feare.  
 Contrarywise, the wicked man defamed feares to be,  
 And when the lightnings thunder rozes, then guilty trembleth he.  
 If men doe chaunce in eares to rounde, or whisper when they walke,  
 Alas then cries he to himselfe, of mee these men do talke,  
 What shal I do? the Judge or King doth call, and shall I goe,  
 Of rather flie the perils great of wretched life? now Loe  
 By syred law of G O D, doth feare the wicked men torment:  
 And though osmetime, the euil man to myrrh doth seue as bent  
 As Strongylos amyd the seas, yet doth he boyle within,  
 Of Aetna, when his flaming darts Pyracmon doth begin.  
 But were it better to declare, with thousand shippes assaylo  
 The cursed chaunce of Pergamus, that solisly bewayle  
 The periurde chaunce of Sinons daede: or else Ogyges towne,  
 Which by the cruel chaunce of warre was raced cleane adowne:  
 Of shal I prayse, as Poets wont, sonie man with forged lyes?  
 And iudge a colour sayze to be, contrary to mine eyes?  
 Of were it better here to sayne, how Dedalus did flie,

Virtue the  
chesc  
bewty.

A good  
Conscy-  
ence dre-  
deth no-  
thing.

The guyl-  
ty are al-  
wayes in  
feare.

An Isle in  
the Sea

Acgeum.

A hill in  
Sicill that  
burneth con-  
tinually.

A Cyclop, of  
Sicyll.

Troy.

A trayterus  
Greeke.

The foun-  
der of  
Thebes.

A skillfull fellow that devised wings for him self & his sonne to escape out of Crete But Icarus the sonne, not flieng as his Father willed him, was drowned.

An herbe that purgeth madnesse.

The hure of wanton and lewde wryters.

The wofull hap of Icarus that fell out of the Skie?  
 The bodies oft transformed aye, of Gods and eke of men:  
 And so delude the yole eares, with trifles of my pen?  
 O had I better to declare the wanton toyes of youth,  
 And slander Gods with prophane acts which is a greater rufh?  
 For what do these our frantick heads now feare at any houre?  
 The Gods (we say) with lecherous luste, both boyes & maydes defloure,  
 A whore in heauens highe to be, a lechourer to, they say:  
 O shame, is this a Godlinesse, or right to vse such way?  
 Are these the thankes we owe to God: be these our odours swete?  
 Be these the duties that we owe, or prayses for him meete?  
 What thing will now the witte of man forbeare to sayne or lye:  
 By meanes whereof they may obtaine in sinne a libertie?  
 Of writers vayne, both leud and yll, O rude vnruyl route,  
 You nede to take Elleborus to pourge your humors out.  
 To you I speake that others harme, whose youngs do spare no man:  
 If lightening shoulde you al consume, what maruel were it than?  
 Shewe me the cause both night and day, why do you take such payne?  
 Is it but onely for your selues? why then no prayse you gayne.  
 For he that onely priuate wealth regardeth alwayes still,  
 And laughes to scorne an others harme whilst he enjoyes his will,  
 A sauage beast by right desert, deserueth calde to be,  
 And not a man for to be namde for so to write ought we,  
 That men may get some good thereby, and not complaine to spend  
 Their times in trifling trickes and toyes that haue no certaine end.  
 And first ought to be knownen, that we do Good in thre deuide,  
 In pleasure and utilite, and honesty chiese beside.  
 Some one of these or greater parte, may Poets alway vse,  
 So that the bondes of honesty, to breake they still refuse.  
 But O what titles and what crowne, did he deserue to haue,  
 Whiche things not only vaine, and nought, good fruite that neuer gaue,  
 But wrote such things as might corrupt the life of any man,  
 And make him worser ten to one, than when he first began:  
 He left behind him monuments, of wanton wicked wayes:  
 And left such foolish doting things, to men of later dayes.  
 O Lord how much dooe wanton words to wicked life entice,  
 And with a feruent poysone great, doth drawe men unto vice.  
 From care a wanton wicked voice, dare pearce the secrete thought.

And

# Aries.

5

And unto mischiefe menne thereby, the members bent to nought.

A noble man such things delight, (seine man perhaps will say:)

Who in his house a lusty route doth kepe in rich aray,  
Whome for to feare, excessive goods compels a man thereto,  
With any parte of worthy wit who never had to do.

What then? may these be suffred thoe, or prayd, because they please  
The rich, or else the noble men that alwayes liue in ease?

Not so, for what a sorte there be of twelegd Asses clothed  
In Golde and Silke, and Purple fayre, to al men is not shewed.  
There be, there be ful many now, whome Pearls haue pust w pryde,  
And whome the Asians haue beset with Silke on euery syde,  
Whose fingers fayre, with rings of gold be dasht, and deckt about,  
With precious stones, and pearles of price, that India sendeth out.

Those men, a man would almost swear, that Plato they excell,  
D Socrates, who (Phoebus iudge) of wisdom bare the bell.

And yet these Princely painted walles do nought within confayne,  
A blather ful implete with winde they may be termed playne.

Wher fortune faunes, ther pleasur sprungs, & pleasur bringeth folly:  
And so the light of reasons rule is darkned utterly.

Whereby it happens that seldom wyse, these kind of people be:  
To suffer Payne for vertues sake, who wil, if so be he  
Haue no rewarde: rewarde who seekes, but he whome nedē cōstraines?  
The rich man followes ioysful things, and liueth boyde of paynes,  
He hates the pricking thorny wayes, the clyffes both sharp and sowre,  
By which we do assay to clime, to Lady learnings towre.

I can not stay my selfe as now, when anger commes vpon,

But needes I must desir both verse, and Poets all, as one,  
When boyes I see decline to nought, whome Maisters do embewe,

With verses filthy to be namde, which most they shold eschew.  
Their first possessed shamefastnesse, to see them cleane forslake;

And eke how apt and prone they be a noughty way to take,  
And foster mischiefe so in youth, that he may alwayes dwelle

In them, whereby they may prepare in age a way to hell.

But yet it doth me good to see, how hopeing all for praise,  
They get themselues immortall shame, that never more decays.

Fox who will iudge them boyd of vice, or that they liu'd not so,  
As they themselues did geue precepts to others for to go?

The talke it selfe doth wel declare, the nature of the minde,

The gayne  
of filthi and  
vnchaste  
writers.

A.iiy.

And

And every man doth mosste frequent things proper to his kinde.

Of Dren,rake, and culter sharpe, the plowmans tong doth walke,

Of Hayle, and Cable, Mast, and Dre, is all the Sea mans talke.

Of Ho:ses, harnesse, Speare and Shielde, the Captayne styl wil booke:

So bawdy mates of bawdy things, their tongs do clatter mosste.

I warne you Syrs, aboue the rest, of youth that takes the cure,

Whose parte it is the tender mindes of boyes for to allure,

To vertue and to Godlinesse, like ware do them prepare,

Hate you the wicked workes of those, for greater matters care.

Reade not such things as are but vaine, vnworthy to be tolde:

But teach the worthy histories of auncient fathers olde,

Verein let children nouised be, let these be borne away:

Hereof may spring a Godly fruite, direct their life that may.

They shew what things we solow shold, and what we shold reject:

And fables al among the rest we may not well neglect.

For oftentimes a Comedye, may holesome doctrine bring:

And monish men by pleasant wordes, to leauie some nougthy thing.

There be, I graunt, some Poets workes not altogether vayne,

Whiche with a pleasant sugred style, procede from sobre brayne.

These things do helpe, and vord of vice these workes do profit much:

In youth bring vp your scholers with none other foode but such.

And when their yong and tender age they once haue passed out:

Then may they safely vord of sharine, go raunge the fieldes about,

And gather floures where they lust, for daunger is awy.

But now a while for to discusse, I thinke it best assay,

Of which of these is nedefull most, or most to be esteemed:

The man that good and honest is, or he that well is learned.

The god or els the learned man, of two whiche is the best:

Learning is high, becommes the meeke, and doth the proude infest.

It doth refuse the belly gods, and such as sleepe hath trainde:

Without long time and labour great, it will not be obtainde.

This Citie rules, and moueth Mars, and this can warres refell:

It shewes the earth and goodly starres, and sicknesse doth expell.

This teacheth figures faire to frame, of sundry sorte and kinde:

This teacheth vs to number well, and musicke calles to minde.

This doth ascende the heauenys, and bring hidden things to light:

No perfect man without this same, may called be of right.

Unlike to beastes, and like to Gods, this causeth vs to be;

The young  
bewrayes  
the hart.

A good  
rule for  
Schole mas-  
ters.

The profit  
at histories.

Difference  
betwixt the  
learned, and  
the virtuous.

The Libe-  
ral sciences

Sometime

# Aries.

7

Some time and yet of little price, his vertue lost we see.  
As oft as with the dregges of vice, defylde he doth put on  
Deformed he we amid the durke, as doth the Jasper stone.  
Or as the Sunne behinde the cloude, or shadowed of the Moone,  
He is it onely vile in sight, but hurtfull very stome.  
For if a wicked man it haue, then may it be comparde:  
Unto a frantike sole that hath a sworde with out regarde.  
Wherby hee many doth destroy, and runneth more astray:  
But he that boide of harme and hurte, to liue doth well assay.  
Obseruing well the law of God, and of the hygher powre:  
And siane doth flye, as open throte of dragon to denowre.  
The sheepe, the moyle or horses kept, whose office is to see:  
Though he be one, if learning lacke, estemde he ought to bee.  
Such one I say no man nor God can euer well despise:  
But he that vertue doth envie, at least that is not wise.  
For who but such will not him loue, and worthily commende:  
That scareth God, and righteousnes obserueth to his ende.  
Whome golde can neuer ouercome, who willeth no mans wrong:  
Who helpes the poore afflicted case, who flyes the naughty throng.  
He feedes the humble and the meeke, yll tongues he doth reiect:  
No man to hurt he doth reioyce, but rather to protect.  
And that which is the wort hyest praise at euery tyme he can  
In every thing a modesty vse, happy is that man.  
More happy yet I doe him iudge, that doth in both exell:  
Who that is good and learned to, a crowne deserueth well.  
For other men he farre excedes, as Golde doth Copper passe:  
And as the flaming Pyropus excelles the duskey glasse.  
And seldomne sinne thou shalt discerne, a man of learned fame:  
At least not much, unto the rude there is no heede of shaine.  
But hedlong rush they into vice, which they forbidden bee:  
And holy lawes be laught to scorne, by foolish fonde deere.  
Lyke as the blinde cannot beware, but fall in ditches daepe,  
As men amid the darke be hurt, when Proserpine doth sleepe.  
So minde of man which is but blinde, take Learning once away:  
In every vice it doth not doubt to fall and runne astray.  
Except it be restraynd by feare, of paine that may ensue:  
No things but those that pleaseant bee, if iudgeth right or true.  
Yet many times it may be seene, that nature doth supply,

Learning  
hurtfull in  
the wicked.

The com-  
mendation-  
of a good  
man.  
A true  
Christian.

A ruby.

A Compa-  
riso[n].

A.iii.

The

An honest  
minde the  
good gift  
of God.

He mea-  
neth fycr.

Tho Maisters renome, and giueth grace in youth abundantly.  
Wherby, that Schoole did never teache, by grace they may obtaine:  
What letteth such to leade a life, as vertue teacheth plaine.  
The greater thankes be due to him, for euermore to gine:  
Whose booke doth shewe a Method true, declaring how to live.  
O famous Gods of high renome, which rule the forcked hyl:  
To whom my yeares I alwayes gaue, and dedicate them styll.  
If that such waughty things, a wretche may safely you desire:  
In this my worke I take in hand, your ayde I now require.  
Let not dishonour me deface, nor in his blasing rage  
Let limping Vulcan me destroye, at any time oþ age.  
And thus an end, the Ramme that keepes the entrance of our doore:  
Doth leaue his place vnto the Bull, that hasteth here afore.  
The booke appþoching next at hand, doth will me to haue don ne  
In hast, and biddes mee finish now, that I of late begonne.

## The Second Booke. Taurus.

A descrip-  
tion of the  
Spring.



Ong time þ hast th e reſted well my boate, in pleasaþ baye:  
Now time vs bidds to hoysse our sailes & ancour vp to way.  
The washing wynter now is fledde, þ hoary snowes be gon:  
From downe the hylles they fast distill, þ late they fell vpþ.  
  
The earth againe doth florish gr ne, the tr es repaire their sp ing:  
With pleasaunt notes the Nightingale, beginneth new to sing.  
With flowers fresh their heads be deckt, the Fairies daunce in fielde:  
And wanton songs in mossy dennes, the Dryads and Satyrs yelde.  
The wynged Cupide fast doth cast, his darts of golde yframed:  
And Lusty Youth with pleasant heate, hath feruently inflamed.  
Now may we safely wander out, amid the waters plaine:  
The cloudes be calme, the westerne wynde is present here againe.  
O sole, why art thou now astraide, the ayre is fayre and bright:  
And Atlas daughters rysing vp, perswade thy course of right.  
For ydlenesse what kynde of prayse can happen vnto th e?  
To slouthfulnesse no good rewarde, may well ascribed ber.  
Lyst vp thy heart and courage take, be bolde and of god chare:  
FOR fortune most doth fauour those, that all things least doe feare.

To

To fearefull folkes at ary time, shē triumphe hath denide:  
 But as I gesse, the monsters tēth, doth make thē soze affraide.  
 Great shame it is that vertue shoulde, for monsters hyde her face:  
 Go to therefore, leauē of thy lettes and walke the deepe apace.

The kyng, and Lord, and mighty power, that rules the wold so vass:  
 Who with a beck the golden starres, shal governe whilste they last,  
 Who made the earth inhabited with beastes of sundry sight:  
 And divers fishe within the sea, to draw their vitall sprite.  
 Least destitute of dwellers, be those elements they shonld:  
 And onely man among the rest, discerne he reason woulde.  
 And vnto him he graunted speache, where beastes be dumme of sound:  
 Declining downe their bodies great, doe lycke the massy ground.  
 With reason he hath vnder brought, the strongest beastes of might:  
 The Lion fierce, the Tygre swift, alone hath put to flight.  
 The serpents though their bodies soule with poysone doe abounde:  
 Doe stande in awe, and feare him to, when that they heare his sounde.  
 The monstrous fish þ Thurlpole great, of mighty forme & strength:  
 In Ocean sea doth geue him place, when he doth walke at length.

The force  
of reason.

Take man away, what were the earth: a place with b̄vers growne:  
 And would bring forth no kinde of cōne, vntild ō els vnsowne.  
 H̄e cities built and ordainde lawes, whereby they ruled bee:  
 With temples trymmed for their state, the Gods adourned h̄e.  
 Full many Artes he searched forth, and instruments he sounde:  
 Whiche like the lightning flash and flame, and like the thunders sound,  
 Wherein the fier fast inclosde, inforceth all h̄e may:  
 Out of his mouth to rumble oute, the pellet farre away.

The Canō.

Wherby the Tōwers hye be bette, and walles of euery towne  
 His strength not able to abide, come topsy turvey downe.  
 And he that heareth farre away, the bouncing of these blowes:  
 With dreadfull noyse þ thunder thumpes as present therē he frowes.  
 Unhappy had you beeñe O Gods, if in Phlegræus grounde:  
 Whereas with Giaūts huge you fought, such weapōs had bene fōnde.  
 He founde out shippes, whereby a man, to passe the seas may knowe:  
 And wander farre where as he list, if winde at wyll do blowe.  
 In places farre abrode and nie, to Titan in the East:  
 And where the Sunne doth syp sometime and fall vnder the West.  
 And in the North where as the Weare, her colour cleare doth gine:  
 And in the other parte againe, where men there be that liue.

Whose

Whose fete contrary quicke to ours, doe alwayes vse to treade:  
 And lyke to fall their heeles aleft, doe dwine warde hang their head,  
 And though he doe excell in witte, and vigour of the minde  
 So muche that well he may be thought to come of God his kinde.  
 Yet knowes he not, nor seekes to know, (a thing to badde to tell)  
 Howe to liue, what wayes to flye, or what to followe well.  
 O me! tall brestes where darchenes blinde doth euermore abeunde:  
 And eke O mindes where foolishnesse, may alwayes well be feunde,  
 By wicked wayes they runne astray, and fewe, Alas, doe knewe:  
 Which way their iourney well to take, or where in safe to rowe.  
 Wherby the chiese and happiest lyfe, in time they may obfayne:  
 The Crabbed knowledge of the Lawes, will never shewe it plaine.  
 Nor he that can in Medicine skyll, in Eloquence, or Grammer:  
 But onely Wisedome must the waye detect, the chiese defender  
 Of man, and ruler of his life, which if the Lord mee give:  
 And if the Sisters thre me let, vntill my time to liue.  
 What kinde of thing is blessed lyfe, I will my selfe entreate:  
 And how it may be got, although it be a laboure great.

The greatest part of men doe thinke, Felicitie to stande:

In purses puffed vp with pence, and so much golde in hande  
 To haue, as in the Lydius streames, among the sande doth growe:

O els as much as Tagus vp, continually doth throwe.

To haue so many Acres of god grounde and pastoys plaine:

As he hath haires unto his head, of men and bushing traine.

Of beastes so huge a droue to haue, as Polyphemus not

At any tyme did foster vp, amid the pleasaunt plot

Of Sicily, as never had the shepheard Aristeus:

The name As never toke away by force, the man that hyght Tiryntheus.

of Hercules With orchardes fayre as euer had, Alcinous the King:

And as the sisters fayre did holde, by force of cruell King

Of dragon vgly to beholde, soz to possesse alone:

Wyth houses hye, adourned faire wyth crust of Marble stone.

These are the things that every man, doth now a dayes desire:

Which nature carefull soz her sonne, doth instantly require,

With earnest prayer to the Gods, these things who doth possesse:

The common sort beleues he liues in perfect blessednesse.

What Serpents scule in flowers lurke, these blockheads doe not know:

Se yet how many pricking thornes among the Roses growe,

A ryuer in  
Spayne.

A welthy  
Gyant.

The name  
of Hercules

For needes he must, no remedy, that riches wyll obtaine:  
 Both night and day be vexed soze, with cares and cruel paine.  
 His lucke vncertaine every houre, now this, now that he wayeth,  
 No sooner sittes he downe to meate, but Auarice him frayeth.  
 No meats almost doe please his mouth he hasteth to forsake  
 The table yet unsatisfyde, for filthy lucre sake.  
 And little rest the wretched soule, doth take at any night:  
 Some times on side, sometimes on face, sometimes he turnes upright.  
 He tolseth round about the bed, like as the waigthy stone  
 That Sylphus continually, doth tolle and turne alone.  
 What he hath done the day before, he myttreth in his minde:  
 And what the next day he may doe, he museth for to finde.  
 Behold (saith he) my cattaile dyes, to morowe if I may,  
 Some fother I shall seeke to gett, O cursed wynters day.  
 How much this cold hath hurt my beasts full soze am I deluded:  
 My Barly and my Shepeherd eke, haue both me foule misused.  
 My folde the wolves, O woful chaunce, Alas haue broken in:  
 And now my cattel to destroy, the souldier doth begin.  
 He hath destroyed my tenements, by flame consumed quite  
 My corne, and now my Vineyarde to, he cutteth downe a right.  
 My debter fledde from hence awaie, my mony with him gone:  
 No faith there is, that feareth God I thinke there be not one.  
 The world is naught but great descepit, O Lord, he was estemde  
 An honest fafhull man and true, but all's not as it seemd.  
 That rule is not to be obseru'd, to trust a man by face.  
 But wherefore shoulde I now lament: my shippes returnies a pace,  
 And home she bringes, I leape for ioy, such wares as will alwaye:  
 Both Pepper, Spice, and Franckincense, wyth Silke & Amber graye.  
 With clothes that Sydon sendeth forth, and wares of diuers kinde:  
 Which through the waues of surging seas she bringeth forth of Inde.  
 Whom if the great Symplegades, had chaunste to burst asunder:  
 O Scylla with the Caphare rocke, the seas had suncke her vnder:  
 Then should I fill my house, Alas, with great complaints and cryes:  
 The teares would overflow my breast, that issued from myne eyes.  
 I will no mony lack I trowe, tyll lyfe beginne to starte,  
 Corne beares to lowe a price, what thene of oyles I make my marte.  
 I must go delue, I must go sowe, and harrow well my corne:  
 I must go builde, and sic my vines well trimmed, cut, and shorne.

The miser-  
able state  
of such as  
seeke for  
Riches.

A cheefe  
punished in  
hell with  
rowing  
continually  
of a stone  
to the top  
of a hyll.

Two Mads  
in the gree-  
kysh Seas.

This

This will I buye, this will I sell, I will receave and pay  
 My debtes, no otherwise this wretch is tost, then ball in playe,  
 The multitude beholding, hyc is vsed to be cast:  
 Now here now there among the croude is driven very fast.  
 Some one doth strike it with his hands, some other with his fete:  
 In ioye, in griefe, in feare, and hope, so doth he always fleeke.  
 As seas be went when windes do blowe. An Ixion is he iust:  
 Who wyth a cloud, as hath bene tolde, perfourming filthy lust,  
 Begat a sonne of double fourme: wherefore he then was iudged,  
 Of gods vpon a snaky wheele, for euer to be turned.  
 For what is riches, but a thing which aptest we may like  
 Unto a cloade, which Boreas if descending happe to strike.  
 Thou shalt beholde whereof it came, to smoke resolued than,  
 Of riches monsters be begot, that haue the face of man.  
 Then outward face of welthy man, what thing doth more excell?  
 But when the course of all his life, we once haue marched well,  
 We shall perceiue the hinder partes, to differ farre away  
 From those that we did first discerne, whome fortune without stay,  
 Doth tourne about vpon hir wheele, the carkes and cares be snakes,  
 Which alwayes gripe & gnaw his heart with sorrowes that he takes.  
 The riche man either knowes or not, what goods he doth possesse:  
 If not what helpe they then thereby no good ne yet distresse  
 He doth receiue, but as a man, that riches is without.  
 If he doe knowe, he either loues, or loues them not, no doubt.  
 If he them hate, why keepes he them? what ioye takes he thereby?  
 Such as who drinke the iuyce of grapes and wine doth cleane defie.  
 If he them loue he them regardes, and seketh to defende  
 Them, and to kepe he sorrowes much, and labours till his ende.  
 It doth him much vnquiet, when he thinketh for to see  
 Some harme approaching to his welth, and vered most is he  
 When any part therof by losse, doth skape out of his hande:  
 As many times for to befall, by needfull rule doth stande.  
 When nothing long in state t'abyde, thou shalt beholde and se:  
 So many harmes as euer scene, in hast at hande to be.  
 When all is done how much the more of goodes he doth possesse:  
 So much the more of carke and care, shall euer him oppresse.  
 What shall I here declare or shewe, the daungers incident,  
 That he doth passe by seas and land, his liuing to augment.

Monsters  
bred and  
ingendred  
of riches.

From

From shenes by land, from theues by seas, full oft he flieth fast:  
 And yet for all the wyles he hath, he taken is at last.  
 And oft his bowels doe become a pray vnto the wolfe,  
 Dr. Fishes sowle do him denoure, vp swallowed in the golfe.  
 And often he whom worldly wealth had moued to be holde,  
 Is forced vnder his masters yoke, his captiues neck to holde.  
 At home at boorde, ne yet in bed, he cannot safly be,  
 But poysn strong they wil him giue, whom least mistrusteth he.  
 Dr. else the wicked hands of some vnthrifte seruaunt wyll  
 In bed a sleepe and snorting fast him quickly sley and kyll.

As fattest beastes in sacrifice, he sooneſt euer slayne,  
 And as the worthiſt treē is firſt depriued of her grayne,  
 And as the grape is firſt deſtroyde, that ſweeteſt is of taste  
 With flies and bees and other wormes that alwayes them do wasſe:  
 So he whome nature moſt hath lent, is alwayes moſt intrapt,  
 And euermore in daungers great, is readiſt to be clapt.

Note well the crafty wit and head, of Dionis the King:  
 Behold good man and art thou bleſt? what els, thou lackſt nothing?  
 Thou lackſt no meate: y lackſt no drinke: y lackſt no pleasant boyes?  
 Thou lackſt no ſcepter nor no crowne: thou wantſt no wiſhed ioyes?  
 With gliſtering golde and precious ſtones, behold thou doeſt abounde:  
 A ſword (but loe) hangs ouer thy head, that will the wretch conſound.  
 With enuy richelle eft be vert, all things of good estate  
 Doth malice harme: and happye things it euermore doth hate.  
 So deare (O misers) do you ſeke, of golde the wicked mine,  
 Wherby your harts may alwayes prick the ſiſters Palæſtine,  
 And ſoner downe deſcend the pit, of ghastly Plutoes raigne.  
 Was not the giſts that Bacchus gaue of golde to Midas gaine,  
 Of all men laught to ſcorne by right: to whom thou Phœbus much  
 An angred gaueſt an Aſſes eares, all things quothe Myde I tutch  
 Be golde I wylſhe, and by and by, he asked his fatall ende:  
 For downe his grædy gripeing guttes, no meate could then diſcende.  
 Such fortune haſt thou sparing wretch, the more thou haſt of goods  
 The more thou lackſt, as Tantalus doth thirſt among the clouds.  
 If thou miſt all things free obtaine, thou wouldſt thy ſelſe require,  
 Wouldſt thou but take that ſhould ſuffiſe: or elſe excedeſe deſire?  
 The one doth hurte, the other meane, all men may ſoone obtaine,  
 For nature with a little thing contented doth remaine,

A simili-  
tude.

Dionyſius  
ſet a fren-  
d of his in a  
chaire at a  
table furni-  
ſhed with  
all deities  
hanging o-  
uer his  
head a  
ſword by a  
horse heare.

Mydas wy-  
ſheth all  
things to  
be golde  
that he tou-  
cheth, to  
his owne  
destructio-

Nature  
contented  
with a little.

Except

Except that headlong fallne to vice, it doth repunge againe.  
 The chiefeſt fruites of ſea & woode, to riche mens boordz be brought,  
 There lackes no Hare, no Goat, no Hart, no Kid, no Boze, nor ought  
 A mongſt the flocke of flittering foulz. the Throſtell fatte and rounde,  
 The Partridg, Pheſant, nor the birdes þ bræde in Colchis ground.  
 With Capons great, & mighty Doues, and Turbots in be brought,  
 The Lopſter, Lamprey, and the Shrimpe, and Mullet fat is caught,  
 The fish that tooke his name of golde, the chopping Dylters newe  
 Which Cyzicus doth foſter vp amid his ſeas ſo blewe:  
 With many moe, that ſemeth harde in verſe for to declare,  
 And wines that may with Falerne fieldes, and Nectar ſweate compare.  
 But now I aske, And will this wretche all this himſelfe deuoure?  
 I thinke not ſo, for if he woulde, it ſemes not in his power.  
 And if he might, his belly ſure would burſt a ſunder thoe:  
 And ſwolne to tombe with rozing rounte him following, ſhould he goe:  
 For he that doth his ſtomacke charge with more than will ſuffife,  
 Is hurt, and then phisicians helpe with groaning voice he cryes.  
 Then up he throwes, and all his houſe doth filthy ſtinckē poſſeſſe,  
 Whereby him feruent feuer vexe, and humours Sharpe oppreſſe.  
 What ſickneſſe greate excede doth bræde, no man there is but knowes:  
 What hurts by to much drinke let down within the body growes?  
 Wherefore he muſt be modet needes, of much a little take:  
 Who that before thaſpointed tyme, ſweate lyſe wil not forſake,  
 Nor more than doth the poore, he muſt his hungryd body ſlake.

With purple faire, and cloth of golde, the riche man is arayd,  
 His gorgeouſe ſhirt doth caſt a ſhewe with ſilke all overlayde,  
 About his head he weareth aye, the ſleece of Scythian bow:  
 And Jewels fayre about his necke of priece he weares, But now  
 Are theſe of greater force, for to expell the bitter colde,  
 Than if in garments made of wooll, thy body were in folde:  
 O, doth the wouen webbe of flare, not ſo repulſe the heate,  
 When as the Sunne doth feruent flame amid the Lion great? {  
 O, when þ rageing Dog the fieldes, of græne doth quite deſeate. }  
 As if the fine and tender ſilke, encloſde theſe round about?  
 But thou wilt ſay, he is eſtemde whom gorgeouſe geare ſetteſ ouſ,  
 Unto him paſſing by the way, the people ducke and ryſe:  
 And onely he is counted then, both noble, good, and wiſe,  
 And worthy worship to receiue, and friendſhip for to haue.

No hēde at all they take of hym whose garments be not brane,  
The common people laugh, to see his cote then worne to nought:  
Though thou shouldest Tully repreſet, whose eloquence was thought  
For to excell all Italy, or els Demosthenes:  
Whose famous voice the Athens men, did wonder at in plées  
Or if thou hadſt as great a gift, as Maro had in verſe:  
Or couldſt the auncient Homers tunes celeſtiall well reherſe.  
For all this ſame yet ſhouldſt not thou the priece of praise obtaine,  
But as reiect of every man, thou ſhalt receiue diſdaine.  
In vaine, thou ſhalt behold the hewe, of Ganymedes face,  
In vaine, and oſt, thou ſhalt deſire thy damosell to embrace:  
If that with vile apparell thou doest runne the poore mans race.

A bewitſed  
boy.

I not denie that clothing faire, eſteemed ought to be,  
But if the minde doth vertues lacke, with vices eke agree:  
Thy beauty all biddes then Adieu, and glory leavens thee quite,  
And every man that knowes thee well, will haue thee in deſpite.  
They will thee mocke behinde thy backe, and greuous tants thee giue,  
Thy ſruant to, that of thy foode hath alwayes vſde to liue,  
If that he know thee for to be, a grēdy Churle, or ſuch  
As cruell is, of hauy minde, or vſeth wine too much,  
Or one that lacketh wit, he will regarde thee then but light,  
And grudging eſte theſe wordes will he unto himſelfe recite.  
Or ſuch a maister Fortune falſe why diđdest thou me give?  
Me vnder ſuch a maister, longſhall ſates enforſe to liue?  
Can other men command him then, whose ſeruants ſo diſpife?  
But if thou valiant be, and iuſt, both ſober, ſadd and wiſe,  
If ſo be that, that learning great, doth cauſe thee to excell:  
Then to thy worſhip doth agrē all kind of garments well.  
And no man will thee then diſpife, except that he be mad,  
And firſt, whatſoever thou art deſirous to be had  
In honour, to be praized much, and much to be beloued:  
Imbracing vertue ſye thou vice, and that of right reprooued  
May bring the aucthour to a shame, beware thou not commit:  
For oſt the common people rude doe vſe, as voide of iwyt,  
The noble vertue to diſpife, iſ ſo be that they ſee  
With little ſpot of any vice, defiled hir to bee.  
But what is hee vpon the earth, that liueþ voide of crime?  
And from the true and beaten way departeth not ſometime?

None with-  
out fault.

Or doth not swarue or runne astraye, from out the ruled line?  
 But he that least and seldome sinnes, him best we may define.  
 But greatest grace hath such a one, that learnedly and wise,  
 Allthings he speakes with order iuste, can well himselfe devise.  
 To wise and fyled speache may be, great force and strength assynde,  
 It diuers passions doth prouoke, and gouernes well thy minde.  
 Much more will this than costly clothe, set forth thy worthy name.

Use not the loue of boyes, take hede, such loue is sinfull shame.  
 For children haue no loue, ne wit, ne reason, faith nor trust,  
 A vengeance light on him I wilhe, that ioyes in such a lust.  
 If that the pleasaunt portrature of maydes doe thee delight,  
 To take a wife, thou nedest not lack a Dormouse for the night.  
 What, hadst thou rather foole to wysh, and hope for things denayde,  
 When as with easier medicine, thou maist haue thy griefe alayde?  
 Perchaunce for this yet riches are, to be desired plaine  
 Whereby a man may sooner so to vertue hyghe attaine.  
 If voide of mony cleane thou arte, no man will take the paines  
 Thee to instruct, for teachers sure require no litle gaines.  
 Nor litle pice will the suffice, thy selfe with booke to store,  
 Whereby thou maist apply thy selfe, to Lady learnings loze.  
 Lest pouertie with other cares, doth occupy thy head,  
 And so from learning draw thy mind, with other busines lead.  
 O lord, howe harde a thing it is, how fewe doth God permit  
 To fly from base and pore estate, in honours hye to sit?  
 How seldome doth the scly soule, ascende to honours hye?  
 And moxe besides, what is his life: to death and eke how nyse?  
 How much to be despised tho, when pleasure none his minde  
 Doth ease, among his trauailes great when he no ioyes can finde.  
 When never cares absent themselues, with grieses when all aboue,  
 Yet better passe the Stygian lake, and feede the greedy hound,  
 And mired be with shikyng soules, then never ioy to finde  
 In happy things, when never mirthe shall glad thy wretched minde.  
 For to this wretch what ioy at all, or pleasure can remaine,  
 That lackes both meate and drinke full oft, sometime his bedde againes  
 Sometime he lacketh cote and cloke, and oft his toes be spyde  
 From out his clouted shooes to peape, where seames sitte gaping wyde.  
 With paine drawes on his drudging lyfe, much lesse he able is  
 Those things to haunt, that here doe bring a mortall man to blisse.

But he that hath the golden mines, in him these things do sowe:  
 And every thing he straight obtaines, whereat he bedes his bowe.  
 Such rule and sway hath money now, such force in every place:  
 That nothing long she will permit for to resist her grace.  
 From highe she raceth hilles adowne, and valleyes vp doth hysse:  
 If that therefore with swifte course, of dogges he doth reioyce  
 To take the Hare, the Coate, or Wolfe, the sligghty flying Hares:  
 If birdes to take, or fish deceauie, with hookes w nettes, or snares.  
 If for to serue in Venus court, if meate or drinke delight,  
 If quiet rest, if Lute, or Harpe, him please, or songes to brighte.  
 All these y rich man doth possesse, through mighty moneys might.

Now hark againe, what I shall say to thys in contrary:

If any man desire to learne, he shall it soone come by:  
 So that his minde be constant thow, and feareth not to tread  
 The sharp and crabbed thorny wayes to vertue that do leade.  
 If money lacke, what then? perforce let houshold stufse be solde:  
 With house and all, and meddowe to, how may my life then holde?  
 Then shall I be constrainyd to begge, and wallet vp to take.  
 Farre better wretch it is to begge, when learning shall ther make  
 Like to the heauen saintes aboue, than if thou shouldest possesse  
 The Persians herds, and droves of beasts, with all their welthinesse.

Beleue not thou the iudgement blinde, of rude and common sorte:  
 No more who can, than beasts discerne, the trueth or it reporte.  
 If thou be wise, marck what I say, in mind and print it sure:  
 Excepting Vertue, nothing is that here may long endure.  
 For Riches fade, and forme, and strength, and hono<sup>r</sup> eke doth fall:  
 And Vertue onely doth remayne in strength, and euer shall.  
 Which never Fortune may supprese, nor Age can take away.  
 I never saw it yet, nor thoe beleue it well I may,  
 The vertuous man for hunger steru'd, or left to begge his bread:  
 Though Fortune sometyme doth assay, him for to ouertread,  
 Yet Vertue hasteth fast alone, and Learning doth defende  
 Her Clients, nor doth suffer them, their yeares in care to spende.  
 But offers them a boorde to help, when sayle and shippe is lost,  
 Wherby they may the shore attaine, from wates of Seas ylost.

Who followeth vertue, may go see th' Arabian deserts fell:  
 Th' Aethiops black, the rugged Getes, the Indes in health, & well.  
 For only Vertue of her force, wyl Fortune false withstand;

And oft with hir in doubtfull matche, doth striue with fighting hand.  
 For costes thou oughtest not to spare, nor doubt the lands to sell:  
 Wherby thou Vertue mayst obtayne, ys Fortune he so sell  
 That nought to sell at all thou haste, let goodnesse then remayne  
 In thē, If learnde thou canst not be, with learnde thy selfe retayne.  
 With cares attentive marck their words, sometyme and questio finde,  
 The rest to God do thou commit, and with a lowly minde  
 Receave thappointed fates from highe. If ioyes thou doest frequente,  
 And hurtfull pleasure the entrap, and in hir ginnes theē hent,  
 And couet so thy youthfull dayes to passe in pleasaunt sport,  
 And therefore doest desire to beare, a rich and wealthy port:  
 These things that reason doth theē tell, peruse thou well in minde.

The hurts  
of earthly  
pleasure.

A greater yll and hurtfull moxe, than Pleasure, none can finde,  
 It taketh counsell quite from vs, and doth the minde oppresse:  
 Resisting vertues, cuermore encreasing wickednesse.  
 It is the chieffest nource to vice, enfebleth aye the strength:  
 With bitter ende, and many hurtes procureth man at length.  
 But plainlyer of this same, anon we wil entreat and tell.  
 The poore man hath his ioyes also, ys that thou markest well,  
 Not much perchaunce inferiour to, for pleasauntest be such  
 Obtayned ioyes, that seldomc happens, and ioyfuller by much,  
 The pleasure is, beleue me now, that long hath bene absented,  
 And more desire, so meate is swete to him that is an hungred.  
 So rest to him that laboureth soze, so drinke is to the drye,  
 So flanue unto the frysing wight, so cold when sunne is hye,  
 So long sorborne is welcomer the Lady Venus faire:  
 For contraryes by contraryes their strength do est repayre.

The rich man now will suffer nought, but allwayes doth abound  
 With deynties, so that lothsonnesse in him may est be found.  
 Sometime he doth desire and wilche on earthy rootes to crash,  
 Sometyme on pescods fast he fædes, sometime on other trash.  
 And royall fare wyth deinty dish abhorring, nought esteemes.  
 Nothing so swete he then receives but bytter, lœ, it saimes,  
 And lykies him not, if any tyme it chaunceth to endure.  
 But chaunges new doth him delight, and for to haue in vre  
 Forbidden things, as sweeter much, such things be nought and yll  
 That alwayes are at hand to haue, so not the thing, but wyll  
 And judgement of the minde, doth cause a man to be content.

That

That worthy is to be imbastre, which pleasest his intent.  
 What profits it unto the sicke to offer deyntymeate,  
 Whose fast away hath quite bereft the seruent feuers heate?  
 Of what auayles it unto him the pleasant wines to bring,  
 Who euermore refrayning wine, doth ioy in cleared spring?  
 Some one with Kid, some other thoe wyth Porke refresht to be  
 Desireth more, some songs delight, some other playes to see.  
 So loue to all men is not like: some man a boy desires,  
 And some a mayd, and some a gyll, and some a wife requires.  
 The minde, and not the thing therefore, doth cause a quietnesse:  
 Whereby the pore no lesse their ioyes, then rich men doe possesse.  
 Excesse the riche man doth desire, se we things the pore suffise,  
 To him doth greater charge of house, but lesser ioyes arise.  
 The shipman, or the labouring wight, much pleasure moxe doe take,  
 With egges, and leekes, and homely foode, his hungred malwe to slake:  
 Than kyngs & Queenes with deyntymeate of seas and land to dine.  
 The worthier pleasure then, I thinke, of right we may define  
 That vsed neither causeth harme, nor honeste resulstes.  
 For best it is to couet least, and liue within the lystes  
 Of counsayle god, nor vered be with vaine and fonde desyre.  
 For who the things, he cannot haue, doth earnestly require,  
 Tormented is with frustrate hope and loseth time in vaine:  
 Wherefore desyre thou nothing els but that thou maist obtaine,  
 And rule thy minde with bridling bitt, but he that doth abounde  
 With riches, alwayes couets more then lawfull may be founde.  
 With little and content to liue, he knowes not yet: therefore  
 Whom least of all doth full suffise, him happier iudge I more.  
 For lofty landes doe cause a man, to swell in pompe and pride,  
 Thimmoztall Gods for to despise, and men for to deride,  
 Without all rule, a Carpet knight, and vertues mortall foe,  
 For who doth vertue ought regarde when wealth aboundeth soe  
 Of famous worthy pouertye, Of giftes of God unkende,  
 Of vertues aye the safe defence, to shamefastnes a frende.  
 The byrdle tryde of wantones, and patron of the lyfe:  
 Thou onely canst, and wel despise the shamelesse fortunde ryse,  
 The raging of the Seas and wyndes, whilste in thy little boote  
 Thou kest the safe assured fordes, and rydste by shore a floote.  
 The lofty hilles on hye, full oft, the flashing lightnings smite:

A noble &  
a learned  
Gentleman  
An excel-  
lent philo-  
sopher.

Three  
graue Phi-  
losophers.

Romulus  
the founder  
of Rome.

Carpet  
Knights  
bred in  
peace.

And spring Ash trées long be bette by northren Boreas might.  
Low things do lie unknowen to harmes, the tempestes never greues  
The lowly shrouded Junipers, no; shakes the Myrice leues.  
The famous Anaxagoras, and Democrite the wylde,  
With many mo (whose worthy fame throughout þ world now flies) }  
Did siluer, golde, and riches eke, as heads of yll despysse.  
And why: but that they thought they were not vertues god, no; true:  
Whiche lett þ mind with diuers cares, and hedlong downward threw  
Full many men in diuers vice, but alwayes marke thou well,  
What Fabrice, Cato, and Curius to, these holy men theſe tell.  
Regarde not what the common ſort, and ſooliſhe route doe ſay:  
The example of the god, alwayes before thy eyes but lay. }  
Did not Quirinus conquerour, his banners oft display,  
Commaunded weapons vp to take, and plough a downe to laye,  
And reſt the deluing ſpade a whyle: then would the cottage ſmall  
Content the men, and deinty fare not uſed then at all:  
But Princeley meates, and rousfed romes bring forth as now a dayes,  
A weake, a faint, and tender fruite, and apt to ſpoſt and playes.  
Dlearne you moſtall men at length, put darkenes from your minde,  
Lyft vp a loft your dimmyc eyes: wherto doth will ſo blinde  
You leade: take heede in any wyſe you thither doe not goe.  
By reason, lyke the gods aboue, you are created, Loe,  
By reason are the ſeas and land, vnto your power ſubiect:  
Let errors not therefore as now, but reason you direct.  
The certaine ende of euery thing, perufe you alway well,  
And let the Meate your ſelues ſuffife, that hungers force doth quell  
And Garments eke your ſkinnes to hide, and colde for to expell:  
Let aye the ſlepē that doth refresh your very lummes, be well.  
Of theſe theſe things aboue the reſt moſt nece we haue alway,  
With theſe our bodies, are compact of vile and brittle claye.  
But yet thou oughtſt theſe things to uſe, as Phisick for to heale  
The diuers ſickneſſe that to man dame nature wontes to deale.  
Some one, we ſee, in darynty fare doth riot moſt embrace:  
Some other in excesſe of clothes, and ſome, whilſt they apace  
From learning flye, do vneth know no; ence this life perceauſe:  
When cuermore with ſluggiſh ſlepē, their eyes together cleaue.  
But happy he that is content, with little to remaine:  
No; puts his truſt in things ſo ſrayle, that death will him conſtrayne.

To leaue behinde as none of his: and wayeth well in minde,  
 How short the space is of our life, how all things bayne we finde  
 That here on earth created be: who alwayes one remaynes  
 In prosperouse eke and aduerie chaunce, the iudge, nor Stygian paynes  
 Regardeth not, and nought esteemes what ever fortune flyng.

Unhappy is he whom will doth leade, vnmindfull of the thing  
 That is to come, but like to beastes regardes the thing in sight.  
 Who knoweth not, that by how much the minde is more of might  
 Than is the corps, so much the more in gifts it doth excell.  
 Riches be not the chieffest goodes, therefore appeareth well:  
 For these, because for bodies wealth they onely out be sought,  
 The manners of the owners eke, we see they better nought.  
 Who will accompt them chieffest goodes: for often times, we see  
 Such men with riches as abounde, like brutish beastes to bee.  
 As much therfore as will suffise thy life, no more require:  
 For in excesse do fooles reioyce, in vaine thou doest desyre  
 Thy barnes vphaupte, and hugye mowes of corne, when thou as well,  
 With lesser measure though by much, thy hunger mayst expell.  
 When little cuppes shall thee suffise, why dost thou turnes desyre?  
 But yet if Plutus do thee loue, and plentie on thee flyre,  
 And eke the will unknowne of fates, hath riches delt to thee,  
 What wouldst thou doe: that thou hadst learnt, it semeth best to mee:  
 Least by possession thou be worse, a dolte and counted plaine.  
 And tell mee now I thee require, what wisdome doth remaine  
 Of counsell els, to him in whom great riches euer flowe?  
 And by what meanes them for to vse the sole doth nothing know:  
 Hereby doth strength harme oft and hurte, and beautie eke annoy:  
 By reason lyke the auths, oft doth eloquence destroy.  
 And by these meanes are diuers artes full hurtfull unto manie:  
 Let not the snare of Auarice, thee catche but from her flie.  
 Than this, there is no fury fierce, assuredly, more fell,  
 Begotten once in Acheron amyd the raigne of hell,  
 She was, where flanning syerbrandes she dreadfully doth cast,  
 A hundred thretning heades shē bears with vgly adders brast,  
 Her grædy iawes with bloud of men, coulde neuer haue their fill,  
 With churlish chaps devouring meat, yet soude requires shē still,  
 She spareth none, nor god his churche once feareth to desyle,  
 A cursed neuer sylled beast, A wicked monster vile.

The welthy  
est men not  
alw ayes  
the wyllest.

Couetous-  
nes descri-  
bed.

## Taurus.

Of hit come plagues, and slaughter sharp, wyth discorde, and distresse,  
Wyth treasons, brawlings, and deceipts, and losse of shamesafnesse;  
Contempt of God, with periuries, and chydings fell, with fight,  
With many more, which in my verse I cannot well recite.

From this therefore flye thou thy way, nothing doth more infest:

For nothing more, than this, declares a vile vnworthy brest.

So women, aged men, and boyes, doe couet most alwayes:

Because they lacke both strength and force in minde, & haue no stayes.

An other vice contrary now to this, doth yet remaine:

This same from thee to banish quite, thy senses looke thou straine.

If thou dost spende without respect, in vaine thou shalt beholde  
An hungred est anothers spitte, with deinties manisfolde.

Whan all thy living quite is spent, by ryot cleane destroyde:

Betwene them both the vertue lyes, the vice therefore auoyde,

as reason doth require, so geue, and evermore take heede:

We not to bolde to vse excesse, within thy tether feede.

This ende hath riches, we are bound all men to profite tho,

But first our owne, dame nature sure hath vs created so:

That not alone to vs and ours, we shoulde commodious be,

But also, if that powre wyll serue, to all of eche degré.

What thing more famous is than this? what more deserues the place

Of Gods aboue, then for to helpe the poores afflicted case?

So shall the people honour vs, so get we fame thereby:

And by such actes to Gods full ost, we see doe many flye.

Nothing doth more a man become, nothing for him more miete:

(As sayth the olde and auncient schoole, of Philosophers swete,

Than man to ayde and succour sone, his fellowe falne to grounde.

But now (Alas) D dolefull times, and fashions nothing sounde:

All godlinesse is clean extinct, to no man geues doubtlesse

The welthy wretche, although he hath wherewith to give excesse.

If no man tho he pitie hath, all heartes doe yron same:

No Charity Who geues the begger now a myte: their teares they nought esteeme.

If ought they giue to scoffers now, or else to rake hell knaues:

They do it deale to Colmon birds, and eke to bandy slaues.

No man doth giue the learned ought, the Muses be despised

In every place, some one we see so much hath exercised

The dyse and tables, tyll his purse at length the gorge doth cast;

So oft another vies at Cardes, tyll all his gods be past.

To great  
expences  
to be a-  
voided.

No Charity  
in these  
dayes.

And /

And is not this a greater shame, thus mony for to spend  
 Wherby no honour is obtainde, nor thanke is got at thend?  
 O mindes forgetting God, and eke wyth vices vile desilde:  
 And is it lawfull this to doe? didst thou not once a childe  
 Come naked from thy mothers womb: and shalt returne agayne  
 Resolued vnto durty earth, from whence thou camste certayne?  
 O foole, these gods be none of thine, but vnderneath the hands  
 Of God aboue, and thou but here a straunger in the lande,  
 And burster for a while of them: ne be the gods at all  
 But onely now the vse of them to our subiection thall.

For when the ryuled Charon olde, shall beare thee past the lake,  
 By which the Gods aboue to swaue, do tremble est, and quake,  
 Then here thou wretch to other heyses thy gods thou shalt forsake. {  
 Wherefore we ought to vse them wel, while line of lyfe doth last  
 In occupying about our selues, and helping others fast.  
 Now haue I well declarde, I thinke, if riches ought to bee  
 Accompted for the chieffest gods all men may playnly see.

By boate draw backe, we haue assayde the seas sufficiently,  
 Lo, causing cloudes the Southerne winde beginneth fast to flye.  
 Upsuckt the cloudes from out the seas, the whirlwindes vp to beare:  
 Which doth declare a storme to come, not best we tary here  
 Beleue me now for soze I feare to shippes vntrust Orion:  
 Whilst time we haue let vs dispatche, to port and get vs gon.  
 When as the banisht cloudes aboue shall make the day be fayze:  
 Then Triton shall vs call from hye, and we to seas repayze.

A signe in  
the heauens.  
Neptunes  
Trumpets.

### ¶ The third Booke Gemini.

Vprising was the dauning day, and fading starres did shunne  
 The heauens hie, of Titan tho and halfe to appeare begunne  
 To them that vnder vs do dwell, and halfe discernde our eyes.  
 I meruaild much to see as then, the fier upp to ryse,  
 Amyd the clouds vnquenched thus, these contraries no doubt  
 Ech other now do quite destroy, but is the sunne put out  
 With clouds: it is not fier then, or els to touch the brinke  
 Of Ocean sea, the common sort do lye, thus do I think  
 While as by shose I walkte alone, beholde there gan me meete

An aged man with stasse in hand,in clothing neate and sweets.  
 His hoary bearde with syluer heares his middle fully rought,  
 His skin was white, and ioyfull face, of diuers colours wrought  
 A flowry garland gay he ware, about his seemely heare.  
 When as we met, and made vnto ech other frendly cheare,  
 From whence I came, what place I seke, my name he doth desire.  
 I aunswere him, and did the like with shamefast voyce require.  
 But after that he had declarid his p[ro]per name againe,  
 (For Epicure this man he height,) I was astonisht playne.  
 Like as the poore and labouring soule, in delving of the grounde,  
 A hydden chest amyd the earth by lucky chaunce that found.  
 And thus I said: good father olde, such fauour mayst thou finde  
 Amongst the gods, that al things well may satissye thy minde.  
 Byth wisdom great, and wondrous eke within thy brest doth dwelle,  
 (If fally men do not affirme, as est they doe) Now tell  
 Unto me here, I thee beseeche, of grace the good precepts,  
 With witty lawes, and eke instruct my youth, if nothing lets  
 More wayghty assayres, quod he againe, no wayghty assayres me let,  
 But that for cares and worke I shunne, oft tymes my selfe to get  
 Unto this place I wonted am, and floures vp to take  
 Of diuers hewes amid the meades my garlandes for to make.  
 Willing therfore with all my hart, to aunswere thy request  
 I am, for olde men all to chat, it doth delight vs best.  
 But least by some that passe the way, we here disturbed be  
 Let vs go hence, and vnderneath the shaded holmey tree,  
 That by the waters syde thou seeest, our selues we wyll repose.  
 We went: and thus with pleasant voyce his minde he gan disclose:  
 Some god, young man thee hither now assuredly hath sent,  
 Wherby this day thou myghtst perceave, by wisdom what is met,  
 For, O the gods, in what a mist, and darknesse of the minde  
 Is drent as now the whole estate of mortall humaine kinde?  
 Of them that beare the face of men, two thousand thou mayst see:  
 But one that shewes himselfe a man, is scarcely found to bee.  
 A den of doltes that now the world, may termed be ful well:  
 And place wyth errors stuft, therfore giue care what I thee tell.  
 If wretched darknesse frō thy mynde thou seekest to expell,  
 And first of all thou oughtst to knowe, the true felicitie,  
 Which with a reason firme, and good, ought searched forth to be.

Hereof

Hereof doth wisdome flow w<sup>th</sup> stremes, herof she doth appeare:  
 But fewe there be that can attaine, the truth away to beare.  
 For riches to be chieffest good the greatest so<sup>r</sup>t do say,  
 Another part doth hono<sup>r</sup> take to be the chieffest way,  
 And diuers men in diuers things, the chieffest good doe finde:  
 But I the price aboue the rest, to pleasure haue assignde.  
 And this my part I trust I can, by reason god defende:  
 It is the marke that all shote at, and eke the finall ende  
 To which, the actes, and deedes of men, ar altogether bent:  
 Euen as unto thappointed marke, the shooter's shaft is sent.  
 Who euer would y<sup>e</sup> earth with rakes, or seas with Dres haue tryed?  
 Of martiall power by force of armes who durst haue occupyd?  
 In fyne, who euer would haue sought vertue to come unto,  
 If pleasure then or hope thereof, did not enforce him so?  
 For this the chiefe beginning is, the mid<sup>s</sup>t, and eke the end  
 Of laboures all, for p<sup>r</sup>ufe therof, thy minde a while attend,  
     All workes, if th' Agent reason haue, unto some ende are donne.

The workmans handes it moues therto, & firſt in mind begonne  
 It is: But laſt of all the deede it ſelſe comes forth to lyght.  
 The ende thereof is god, therefore the wo<sup>r</sup>ke doth mo<sup>r</sup>e delight:  
 The will thereof with great delight, the ende for to obtaine  
 Doth force the labour light to be, the cauſe is pleasure plaine.

For truly nothing els it is, but pleasure of the minde:  
 And ſynce by reason hard it is, to teache the rude and blinde.  
 I will attempt by ſimilitudes, the truth for to declare.  
 Why delues the plowmās clubbiſhe hād, & feares y<sup>e</sup> earth w<sup>th</sup> ſhare? }  
 For all the heate of flaming Dogge, hys wo<sup>r</sup>ke he doth not ſpare.  
 Nor hoary winter froſte. Why feares the ſhipman not in minde  
 The roreing rage of ſurging Seas, with threatning Rocks ſo blind,  
 Despiling death at hand, in hope of maſte with ſayly pyne?  
 Why doth the captaine to the fieldē, hys mansfull minde incline?  
 And fiercely doth reioyce, when as he heres the trumpettes blow:  
 With hynieng noyse of ſoming horſe, hys heart begynnies to glow.  
 Why doth it ſome delight alwayes, with paper's pale to bee?  
 And bookeſ of diuers autho<sup>r</sup>ſ made, with daily paine to ſee?  
 Certes, because that after time, when labours long depart:  
 Some gaine or fame may giue him cauſe for to reioyce in heart.  
 For if ſo be that fame and gaine, ſhould not the minde accend

With ioye, both vertue & artes withall, would some be at an ende.  
 For of it selfe the ende is sweete: and for the ende is thought  
 Both niddest and soruer factes so sweete. it forceth also nougat,  
 Of byle or else of honest state, the deedes do seeme to be;  
 For as the lewde lycentious man reioyceth vice to see,  
 In vertue lykewyse, euernioze the good mans Joyes do stande,  
 All things therfore, for pleasures sake we surely take in hande.  
 For pleasure men decline from harmes, for this they gaines require,  
 Things worthy praise, or else reproche, through this they doe desyre.  
 With onely this the Goddes aboue, contented surely bee,  
 For profit is for them vnierte, synce nougat they lacke we see.  
 But thou perchaunce wilt say, the gods with honest ioyes abounde:  
 What then? If with such ioyfull goods, in them no ioye is founde,  
 As if thou shouldest with glistering golde, and pearles, a stocke array.

An other thing here add, as oft as cause be perfect may,  
 It nedesfull is the like effect, from thence should then procede:  
 When as therefore that force of lyfe, is well disposd in deede,  
 And chieffest god obiect to it, it alwayes deth retayne:  
 That this is happiest happinesse, denyeth no man playne.  
 But now from out such fountayne, loe, is pleasure forst to runne.  
 With Musick so, the eares reioyce of numbers apt begunne.  
 So is the Hyght wyth beauty pleasde, the Rose with goodly smell,  
 This iudgement eke I do pronounce, of other partes as well.  
 What sayest thou now to Venus worke, y creatures all doth make?  
 And this the pleasauntst pleasure is, (except thou truth forsake.)  
 Moreouer yet, both Payne and griefe, since greatest yls they bee:  
 Contrary eke to pleasure, now by right we pleasure see,  
 To be the chieffest god deserues of contraryes also  
 The reason lyke contrary is, that sad things to forgo  
 By natures force all things to seke, and pleasures to embrase.  
 Who may beleue that once wyl vs, deceauue that natures grace?  
 The chieffest god therfore it is, that creatures all do loue.  
 But what loue they, or sake they for, but pleasaunt ioyes to proue?  
 That we must vertue seeke, agayne some sorte therebe that say:  
 By sweat and cold while here we liue: and pleasure cast away.  
 And after death, they say, we shall in perfect pleasure liue,  
 Which God to those that do him loue, prepared hath to giue,  
 This boyce with reason cannot stande, but shewes it selfe as vayne!

For

For that the soule doth after liue, when death the corps hath slayne.

Or that it lurkes in lothson lake, of Tartars griesly den:

And payes the paynes of his desert, and takes rewardes as then

Offformer factes, ought none beleue, except his senses fade.

O fooles, it is your Poets pates that haue these fables made:

Who euer wonted were to write such foolish fayned toyes,

Wherby they might delight the eares of fooles with frustrate toyes,

The yokesome place they fayned haue, of Stygian tiraunt fell:

Wher flames the flouds of Phlegeton þ burnes w roaring yell:

Wheras the triple headed Dog, and Tisiphon doth dwell

With adders armde of paynted hewe, and griesly Gyaunts great:

Whyth dreadfull darkenes voide of light, and fyres whose flaming heat,

Consumes no wood, where fryseth cold, without the wynters space,

The bote, without the force of oke, here creaketh in this place,

Whilste her with soules doth overlode the aged ferriman.

Here Sylphus the stony torment, and Tantal waters wanne,

The lusty lusty vessels here, make murd'ring systers beare,

From whence the waters out doth gush, that kept in vaine are there,

Much more than I haue heare declar'd these Poets peilde haue taught

In hell to be, which are not true of children to be thought.

O Gods how great a lacke of wit there is in euery place:

How prone the way to trifles is, and credit you this case?

O void of wyt: which never coulde by reason ought be proued?

Nor by no sense may be dissernde: with feare why are you moued

Of things so vaine? Who credits most, is most himselfe deceaued.

These are, I say, deceiptfull things, whereby be priestes releaued,

For when that once our vitall breath is fadēd cleane away,

No more we be, than first we were before our natall daye.

O to much weake, to fraile, and proude, O nature bolde of man,

Wherby doest thou perswade thy selfe to liue for ever than?

Leue of therefore thou lumpe of claye, the yeares of Gods to wyl:

All things begonne shall haue an ende, nothing remaineth syll.

Both cities great, and mighty men, and basty realmes withall:

The hauiest hylles, and greatest flouds, doth Time at length let fall.

And thinkest thou (O fading dust) for ever to remaine?

Is hope of minde with thee so great: we trauaile but in vaine

In trusting dreames for vertues sake, and fayning fancies straunge.

They be but fooles that things assurde, for vnassurde will chaunge:

For saking

The vile o-  
pinion of  
the vngod-  
ly.

A ryuer  
in hell.

A fury of  
hell.

Charon the  
ferry man  
of hell.

Forsaking things ascertainde here, with doubtfull things to mate.  
 But yet of olde and auncient fame, rewardes remaineth swete.  
 Of little force this nothing is, when death hath had his right  
 Thou nothing art, for what is fame, if it doe nought delight  
 The corps in grāue? what doth the stōne or stocke reioyce in prayse?  
 If here thou hast not them, thou shalt haue never happy dayes.  
 Therefore whyle this our brittle lyfe, vncertaine eke, doth last:  
 The wyse man, to his power, will ioy: noz straite wyll downe be cast.  
 As oft as fortune on him frownes, wyll seeke the pleasaunt life:  
 If any thyng to him shall hap, of bitter eagre strife.  
 Wherefore because I will not now, thāe frustrate here retaine:  
 (Dyong man) ioy while time permits, and banishe dolefull paine.  
 When these his wordes my berded Sire had moude me to beleue;  
 God father then (quod I) for these thy paines I cannot geue  
 Thee worthy thanks, but whilst I liue, I shall to thee be bounde:  
 Within my heart, and eke I shall, reserue thy sayings sounde.  
 One doubt within my brest, doth yet assuredly remaine:  
 For not the deedes we onely must but learne them to obtaine.  
 Therefore I doe require you now, to teache me here the way  
 That wyll me leade to pleasures place, whereby it haue I may.

The way is short and plaine withall, the old man to me tels:

Not farre from hence Voluptuousnesse, that lussy Lady, dwells.  
 Whom if thou doest desire to see, come after me a pace,  
 Wherby thou mayst by me reioyce, in finding out her grace.  
 One parte of thāe the starry orbes, had scarce past ouer than,  
 When stackring vp hym selfe did rayse, thunweldy aged man.  
 Who leading forth I followed on, and hand in hand we went,  
 By straunge vnhauanted wayes we goc, and space a little spent,  
 Beholde appeares a sumptuous house, and strayt I aske my guide  
 What owner kepes that precious gemm, and princely palace wide?  
 Plutus (quod he) possessteth this, and eke an armed knight  
 The way doth kepe, and men to passe forbiddeth by his might.  
 Except they come hym first vnto, and please hym with some gift:  
 But he himselfe doth hold his hall, amid yon towzy clift.  
 Thāe daughters eke he only hath, within his bowre to dwell:  
 Whose names if thou desire to knowe, I shall thee briefly tell.  
 The Daugh- The first of them is Filthy excesse, the second Swelling pride:  
 ters of Ry- The third is Foolish ignoraunce, with countnaunce bolde besyde.

Who

Who then (quod I) shall leade vs now, unto this famous kyng?  
 Three maydes he hath quod gresil thoe, that thereto will thee bring:  
 Chance, Fraud and Vsury, by these haue all men easie way.

The ser-  
uants of  
riches.

I haue no gifts, then aunswered I, thagine these maydes I may:  
 Nor safe it is such girles to trust. Some other way declare.

There (is quod he) another way, there is a way to spare,  
 Which, if thou sayest the word, weel go, leade me thereto (quod I)  
 Together both we went therwith, where depe a bale did lie.  
 With stones the way was all beset, by which our iourney lay:  
 And so begrownē with crabbed thorns: that scarce we see the way.  
 Hereby we found the ragged house, of Seely pouerty:  
 With top vntilde, we past it thoe, and streight a wood we spy.  
 Beholde, then sayth my guide to me, behold you træs so hie  
 Which with their tops do seme to touch, the steamey starry skie.  
 There dwels y Worthie Duccene (quod he,) by whome we shall be blest.  
 But first thou must wash hand and face, and get thē neatly drest,  
 The Goddesse loues no filthines nor flouens can abide.

A riuier small I then percei'd, by grauaile ground to glide,  
 Which with a pleasant gushing sound, prouokte the ioyes of bed:  
 Here wash't I fayre my face and hands, and combde my rugged hed,  
 I trimde my clothes in order fine, and lightnesse hath expelde  
 All graue and earnest things: so that with mirth my way I helde.  
 Nor further of, than once a man a stōne may from him sling  
 The wood was then, whereas we heare, the birdes full swetely syng,  
 And floures swete and fayre we smell of which inowe ther growes.  
 Such woods th' Arabiā neuer saw, though francincise there flowes.  
 Nor yet the Easterne Indian thoe, nor Scith the like doth see,  
 Though round about he is beset, wthy bowes of laurell træ,  
 Nor Atlas that the rowling skier, with shoulders doth sustayne,  
 Though Satyres in y place doth daunce whom Fayries loue doth payne.

A riuier milde about it runnes, with comely water cleare:  
 The bankes so farre asonder stode, as leapes the chased Deare.  
 And in the depth a doughty d'our, of scaley beastes they play:  
 And for a wall, it compass is with losfy pines so gay.

With pines that in their crabbed barks doth Cybels loue containe  
 And Phoebus Cipresse standes them by, of equall heighth agayne.  
 There lackes no Mantes Esculus, no Mapple, Holme nor Oke:  
 Nor plaintræ, Cozke, nor yet the nutte that colour doth prouoke.

Atys a  
bewtiful  
boye whose  
Syble lo-  
ued, was  
transfor-  
med into a  
pine tree.

The wylding, and the Alder tree, the Chestnut, and the Ashe,  
 The Filbert, Pytchtree, and the Palme, the Wyrcb with spriggy lashe.  
 The Firre tree, and the Mrtle eke, and broude leaunde Beechy wood:  
 (When Saturne rulde the golden world) which was our fathers foode.  
 The Cline, the Figge, and Apple eke, and Lothos, Priaps frend:  
 The Iuey and the Laurell tree, that Poets heads doth shend.  
 The Mulbery, and the Poplar tree, that Hercules esteemde:  
 The Peartree, Willow, and y Phune, with Bore that whitley seemde.  
 The Medlar, and the Oline tree, the Elme, the Cherrey red:  
 The Codtree, and the Almon eke, whose floures first do spred.  
 What should I here the Cedre tree, or Heben call to minde?  
 O Cytron, sitte for Tables fine whom golde his place resignde?  
 O other more, whose names if thou, doest take in hand to tell:  
 Thou sooner mayst in number bring th' Aegiptian sands as well.

Thus in we go, whereas the bridge doth ioyne the bankes in one,  
 Of ample space and semely syght, their alleyes long they gone.  
 With Purple Roscs red and white, and Paunseys paynted hewe:  
 Whiite Daffodils, and Violets sweete, with fragrant Lillies blewe.  
 Swete Amaranthe that long doth liue, wyth leaues of crimson die,  
 The Cloue, with Walme, and Cassia to, Mynt, Cyme, and Sauerie,  
 With Safron, Hyuze, and Maizoram, the Gardens ouely gem,  
 Of sauoure sweete: in Idale woodes ynow there growes of them.  
 Both here, and there, in euery place, swete sauours vp they sume:  
 A thousand kindes of Birdes do fill, the woodes with every tune:  
 With diuers notes the cleared ayre, they caused to resounde.

There Progne wayles the great vntroth that in her loue was found.  
 And Philomela doth bewaile her owne, and Itis case:  
 In humaine voice, and painfull throte, the Parat prates apase.  
 Ther varying softly notes so fine, the Goldfinch fast doth sing,  
 And waters flowes the flours vpon, from cleare continuall spring,  
 And here, and there, their courses runne, & moystes y hearbes so grene.  
 No Dragon there, nor greedy Wolfe, might euer yet be seene.  
 No Boze, no Beare, nor Tigre fierce, nor Serpent foule there dwells,  
 To harme with triple hissing young, with poison fierce that swels.  
 In fine, no kinde of beast there iz, but such as peace hath sworne:  
 The longeard Wat, y Hart, the Buck, y Coate w harmelesse horne.  
 The middle heauens then, almoyst, the flaming Phoebus helde:  
 When first we saw the gorgeous place, whereas this Lady dwelde.

Anno

# Gemini.

31

Amid the Woods an ample space, full of sweete herbes we see:  
No treē there grewe, but tables round in order placed be,  
With deinties such, as Capua did the enyde duke prepare:  
Such deinties as they once did eate, the sacred shieldes that bare.  
The time is come (quod Gresill) nowe let vs go drinke and fill  
Our bellies, strength for to repayre. It is the Goddesse wyll,  
That none shall passe with sober head, nor yet with hungred malwe:  
For scotsree here may all men feede, thys is the Ladys lawe.  
When meat doth faile, her maides do fill the table full againe:  
A pace we feede and scarce can rise, so wetes the wine our braine.  
With doubtfull steps our fete do tread, w stackring stumpe we go:  
More earnestly we then desire, the Queene to com unto.

A City  
that hyely  
feasted Ha-  
nibal.

Whom in the field we walking finde, with mighty mirthfull traine:  
Young lusty guts, with boyes, and maides, and doting age againe  
On her right hand a woman goes, with pleasant shining face:  
And in her hande a boye she leades, frō down whose shoulders place  
A dreadfull quynner hanges, with shaftes both cruell sharpe and keene:  
And in his handes a bowe he bare, and drewe the string so tene,  
Though blinde he was, yet straight haē threwe at every man his dart:  
And fiercelye to without regarde, he perced to the heart.  
The shaft returneth straight againe when wyde the wound is left,  
The people all incontinent, he had of life bereft.

Venus.  
Cupid.

But that a certayne woman there, that pityed much the sore:  
Of Godly zeale unto these men, gan helpe and helth restore.  
For when the wounded brestes she saw whereas the darte went in,  
Of any man, and blond so warme, that gushing out did spin,  
Then strayte she runnes her cure unto, & healthfull drincke him giues:  
Wherby, though cruell wound remain, the patient yet he lives.

Another woman yet besides, in left hande leades the Queene:  
Whose chaps do alwayes chaw y cu'd her golles they greasy beeē.  
With musty, dusty, lothsome clothes, whose stinkē doth all anoye:  
And onely to shēe doth delight, in beastly belly ioye.  
Create tankards depe she turneth quite the bottoms vpside downe:  
And in her hande a boy she leades, wyth drousy drouping crowne,  
And winking eies: he scarce could wake nor would his dame permit  
With meate and drinck thus overchargde to haue a waking fit:  
A moysture straunge on her he flyngs, here sounds with whesing noyse  
The boven shalme, with stroke the harpe is forst to shewe his voice.

Gluttony.

Heres

Orpheus  
Arion &  
Amphion,  
three excel-  
lent musi-  
cians.

Here Orpheus doth bewaile his wife, with tooth of serpent tomer  
The dire decrees of darksome den, and labours past and worne.  
And after him both beast and stome, by musick sweete he drawes:  
To Delphins eke Arion here, doth sweetly sing his sawes.  
With harpe the noble Amphion here, doth Theban walles renewe:  
Declaring here his cruel case, by shipmen eke vntrewe.  
And after these, with frisking legges, comes Daunting all the rest:  
Whose eyes a certaine dynnes darcke, had fully then opprest.  
About the heades of every one, their syes a stinking mist:  
And one amongst them all I knewe, that helde this writte in syll.

Sardanapalus here am I, that rulde with princely powre

A prince  
that passed  
his dayes  
in all filthy  
and beast-  
ly delyght

Th' Assirians Realme, see thys I haue for that I did deuowre.

O foolish wretches, whilste you lyue, let never Joyes so go:  
For after death, Alas, there are, no Joyes to come vnto,  
Learn ye by mee O mortall men, the trewest way to knowre.

Now last of all two Monsters came, amyd t he vterst rowe.

Whereof y one with diuers tounges, these fellowes fowle arayde:  
The other verte them soze with pricks, y grieve their Joye alayde.

So much the heauens vs do hate reioycing at our yll:

So farre the Gods aboue, doe same contrary to our wyll.

And though wyth these aduersities we passe our dayes in payne:

Pet haue we not one houre to ioy, in quiet to remaine.

If ought we haue, it is but short, and ioy vnperfect framed:

O lyfe that doste of ryght deserue, exilment to be named.

Why doth the harmes of mortall men, the Goddes aboue delight?

Why had they rather sad we were, than lieue in ioyfull plight?

Whercol did first spring out to vs, such mortall hatred fell?

Wynne thou the gods with patient mind, in bearing euils well.

No space we were of any length, from this vnruly game:

When from the right side of the wood, came forth a comely Dame

With body fyne, and virgins face, and sober semely gate:

(Such one as loue his wife is thought, amyd her great estate)

With haire, and bosom torne, she runnes to vs in dolefull plight,

And not to be despis'd she was, though clothes were base to sight.

And from her ruddy rosye lyppes, these witty wordes did spring.

O caytifes whereto pace you thus? whereto shall phrensy bring

You now: stay here, set down your feete and leape not to the snare,

And hearken to my wordes a while, that I shall heere declare.

Fyrt this (quod she) no Goddesse is, nor her no Goddesse bare,  
 As you (perchaunce) beleue she is, to whom as now you goe,  
 To tentes of whom you couet now to Joyne your selues unto.  
 But is a dzedefull dvery sprite, deceiuing all that liues  
 Unwares of her deceitfully; and gall for honey giues.  
 Let not the face deceiue you now that semeth fayre without:  
 That glisters aye with shining golde, beset with gemmes aboue.  
 You know not yet how soule she is, within those garments gaye:  
 A thousande spots within she hath and castes her men away.  
 Deceiude with false defrauding ioye as fishe their bane come by,  
 Whom crasty fysher doth begile with reede deceitfully,  
 When from the rockes, into the floudes he casteth downe his lyne  
 With harmefull baite the hooke so hyd with hastye course they hine  
 And snatche with gredye iawes þ bayte, and fast they hang thereby  
 And following fast the twyrling thred they daunce full dolefully:

A Simili-  
tude.

The quiuering sandes of Libias lande we nede not for to flye:

Africk.  
Tyrant.  
Two Da-  
gerous  
rockes.

He fearefull Antiphatas house, ne Scyllas rocke so hye,  
 Nor dreadfull drenching Charibdis, nor other monster fell:  
 So much as ought we plesure shunne what harmes hereby do dwel  
 In mortall me: what towns: what realmes: what me of worthy fame  
 Hath it destroide: I wilbe short, and one example name:

Hercules.

Who euer yet Alcides past, who durst such deedes assay?  
 That slew two serpēts soule sometimes in cradle as he lay.  
 He toze the tushes from them both, and thrust his handes so small  
 In midst their throttes. He caused hath Molochus beast to fall.

A Lyon.

He cut the soule Echydna head destroyde the dreadfull drake:  
 The fearefull Bull adowne he threw, and swifte Hart did take.  
 He hath expeld the Stymphalids by force of baleant blowe:  
 The Thracian tyrauntes stable eke, his hande did ouerthowe.  
 He turnde thy course Achelous, and brake thy winding creke  
 He toke the Apples from the maydes, and spoilde the Spanishe frcke  
 Of hugie kyne. He did descende adowne the pyt of hell:

The La-  
bours of  
Hercules.

The dreadfull Dog from thence he drew, that someth poysone fell.  
 The Boxe of Erymanthus to, was slaine of that same hand:  
 And Anthæus eke the strength of him lift vp did vnderstand.  
 He felt it eke that Dren stale, Dan Vulcans wyly whelpe:  
 And after all the wery hire, he could olde Atlas helpe,  
 The starres aboue and swaying poles whose shoulders do sustayne

Cerberus  
Porter of  
hell gate.

C.j.

But

But O thou hurtfull Pleasure, Loe, deceiptful eke and bayne.

The Lordly hests of Gygean mayde, with will he did obey.

And he whom dire Megeras force, nor fende might once affray,

Phlegethon *Noz* quiuering Tartares frosty colde, nor flames of Phlegethon,

A burning *Noz* vggly Charons dreadfull loke, with bristled hayzes vpon:

*Riuet in hell* Did often fondly feare the threates, of milde vnnighty mayde,

*For* shield in hand a distasse beares, *for* helme with coysse arayde,

The hande also that once was wont, vntweldy clubbe to shake,

In maydely guise gan towe to spinne, and eke accounts to make

Of taske perfourmde. And vnto her the bondled flare he beares:

Whilst clothde in womens weedes, the stroke of maides whip he feares.

Amphytrions sone, what beastly tye hath made thee thus so blind?

*For* as that Hag, dame Circes did transforme to swinish kinde

Vlysses mates, bewapt their bones in stubbourne bristles harde:

*So* doth your Duene (nay rather slauie,) chaunge the that hir regarde,

*For* dish in hand to them she geues, of pleasaunt poysen full,

Of which who drinke is straight transformd in Lion, Boare or Bull,

O made a Dogge, or els a Wolfe, the common plague to Shepe:

And other into diuers shaptes, are thus compeld to creape.

But few of that same sort there be, this deadly cup that flye:

And you your selues, these fearfull fates, shall shortly sure come by,

If thou perchaunce wilt after runne, the banners of this whore.

Wherefore be wise and flye the snares, I warne you Sirs before.

Whilst time will serue w brideling bits, and rule your wilfull minde:

And in the priuy hidden snares, let not your eyes be blinde.

Least she, like as the spyder doth beguile the sicly flye:

Whilste as in tender webbe she lurkes, and in her bowre doth lye.

But when that she doth once perceyue, the guiltlesse soule intrapt,

Then out wyth cruell course she comes, the corps in cordes so clapt,

The dusky twyst with nimble legges, about it fall she winds,

With dedly syngs she thrusts hym through, & suckes y bloud she finds.

O mad, to mad, which when he may, to Gods compared be

By reason rulde, yet brutish trayne to hunt delighteth he,

In ussing est of lecherous actes, and pampering Venus frende,

His gredy paunche, and beastlinesse he followeth to his ende.

These wordes with pacience coulde not beare, my lusty gresild guide:

But mourning this his wil so broke, and angred eke beside,

With mumbling wordes I know not what he turnes from vs his face,

Aho

Similitude.

And, unto his acquainted mates, ran th̄ē legde hire apace.

Arete then (for this hit name, she termde her selfe to be)

Vertue.

Let Gresill flye from hence away, regarde not thou quod she,  
The Dwele to darknesse vsde, cannot the glistring sunne abide.  
And as the sick, whome feuer long wyth rageing heate hath tride,  
Refuseth such as may to him, his health agayne restoze,  
Things worse and hurtfull to his life, desiring rather more:  
So soles do follow false things most, and from the truth they flye.  
But flye not thou my warning here, if health thou doest set by.  
Whiche that thou maist more aptly here, walk thou this way wyth me:  
For with these sightes the minde is let, and cares disturbed bee.

Similitude

Then towards the right hand forth shē leades & vnderneath a Way  
That stode thereby, we both sit downe, and thus she gan to say.  
That workman first that made the skies, the earth, and seas also,  
As all the Spheres he hath compeld gaynward the First to go:  
So would he that th'Affects of minde, should Reason eke gaynsay.  
Least minde alone within the corps, with dulnesse should decay.  
For as the Horse by force of spurre, and Dre with pricke, a right  
Are fōrſt to go, and by theyr smart, receiuie the greater might:  
So sharps with force, thaſfects the minde, encreased by restraynt,  
The which effects if they were not, þ mind straight ways would faint;  
And would no worthy thing perfourme. Like as the ship doth slugge Similitude.  
Except the windes her sayles do pufſe, and Dres by force hit drugge.  
Some greatly erre therfore, that say ſuch tumultes of the minde  
A wiſeman neuer ought to ſeale, like forme in marble ſignde.  
These men do think a man to be: and doteing preach in bayne.  
For then in bayne had nature dealt to man ſuch motions playne.  
Whiche iſtoo base for to confesse, we may them therfore vſe  
Moſt lawfully, if Reasons rule, and Art thereto we chuse.  
These greate affections of the minde, with bridle ſtrong he guides:  
And as the horſeman rules his horſe, ſo rules he them beſides,  
Noz once is ouer runne of them he that deſerues to bee  
A wiſe man namde, and not in bayne. But ſewe there be we ſix,  
That vertue knowes for to obtayne, in meaſure for to ſtay,  
Some ſort therfore this ſame do loue, ſome take it cleane away.  
Both ſortes therby in erroꝝ hanſt, for onely Gods alone  
By Reaſon liues, and beaſtes agayne, with onely Henge do grone.  
But man with both is full adornde, commaunded to reioyſe

C.y.

In

In both also:in reason most this part is worthier choyse,  
 And more celestiall eke it is, and listeth men aloste:  
 Wher Lust doth throw men hedlog down and makes the dote ful ofte.  
 Wherefore we ought it least t'obey.although(D nature blinde  
 Of men)that every man it hautes, and few can reason finde.

A soþt therefore amyd the wood saunce number,sawe we play,  
 To which even thou with doltish guide,hadst helde thy foolish way,  
 But that our voyce did thes withdrawe.and didst thou nothing feare  
 Those monsters two,with stealthy steps that followed after there:  
 Knowest thou their names:the one is Greefe,the other Slaunger hight.  
 I not forþbid, nor graunt such ioyes, of sense proceeding right,  
 But rare I wold that they shold be, and eke no vertues foe,  
 For which it never lawfull is,things honest to let goe.  
 But bridels strong thou nedest sure, and closely them to take,  
 For els they hurt:and ioyfull things,wyll malice not for sake,  
 Disordring all, and loke how much,a man doth from them sye:  
 So much the moþe he doth approch, the seate of loue on hye.  
 And he that haunts them most of all,is worthy least of prayse:  
 Abasing eke himselfe therewith,with beasts he leades his dayes.  
 They hurt besides, when as they be to dayly vse retainde:  
 And daungers dire be got thereby, and minde with lets is painde.  
 Nor can the minde be alwayes yet,to things seuere addict:  
 For frayle it is, and ioy it must when endes the sad afflict.  
 And downe the highest hilles descende,to valleyes depe and lowe:

No otherwile than when on earth,doth loue his lightning thowe:

Hating the crimes that here be done.The Eagle bearing fast

Similitude. With byll or fæte, the thre edge tolle,in Sicil fornace cast,  
 Ascends the toppes of heauens highe, and maruailes much to see  
 The princely walles w precious stones that there adourned bee:  
 Astonishte is,to see the place of glistering gold confect,  
 That shines wyth starres,she doth behold w Diamond pillers dect.  
 The costly rouses she lookte vpon,of Indian teeth compacte:  
 She meruailes at the aumple fielde, and light that never lackt.  
 The great delightes that Gods are in,that young cannot expresse:  
 Nor never heart of man could thinke, the worthy pleasauntnesse.  
 She flying fast both here, and there,desireth much to play:  
 By skyes so cleare, and pleasaunt ayres,begins her wings to spray.  
 The earth and quite she doth forȝet,her nest is out of minde;

In princely reigne of thundryng God, such pleasure doth she finde.  
 But after that by hunger's prick, with fasting strength decayes:  
 And heate lackes foode to worke vpon, that now she gan to prayse,  
 The heauens high she doth despise, and downe her selfe shē spædes:  
 To ground, that late she did contemne, and there apace she feedes.

Then I which held my peace so long, such silence for to breake  
 Address my selfe, and not affrayd her tale to stoppe, gan speake.  
 Bycause (quod I) the sunne as now, doth westward fast descend:  
 And night doth hast her course to vse. Before this light do wend  
 Away from vs, and darknesse comes, a fewe things shew to me  
 O goddesse milde (no Patronē thou but seemes a Ghost to be.)  
 What name the woman had, of late that I saw yonder stand  
 Belydes the Quene, and what the boyes be, that she led in hand.  
 Then in this sorte shē aunswere me, doubt not thou shalt discerne  
 By me (if time do nothing let) all that thou seekst to learne.  
 Unworthy things thou hast not askte, I will therefore recite

Her now, that on the left hand goes, and Gluttony shē hight,  
 Her great delight is for to eate, and night and day to drinke:  
 The greatest sorte do worship her, and for a God her thinke.  
 With ioyfull hearts the flaming wines, in gilded boles they mash,  
 And costly cates on burthened bōrdes, the gredy guts they crash.  
 The Chiefest Good they think to be, this Belly God to serue:  
 But out of doubt I thee assure, they from the truth do swerue.  
 For nothing is more vile than this, nor harmeth more the state  
 Of man: The beastes for onely lyfe did loue aboue create.  
 But man for life and reason to, and that he should excell:  
 And so be like unto the Saints, which in tht heauens dwell,  
 He hath ordainde to rule the earth. But they that loue the yoke  
 Of Greedines and Belly ioyes, are dull, and with the smoke  
 Of suming meates their wit is darckt, (like as with cloudes y Sunne)  
 Ne may they yet the truth discerne, but chiefly when begunne  
 Hath boyling wines within the brest, to blinde and dull the witte:  
 And when the paunch is stuffed ful, for bookes they be vnsitte.  
 Wherby it often comes to passe, their witte but small to bee:  
 The end that nature plaste them for, they cleane forsake we see.  
 Nor more they knowe, than doth the herd of Shepe or Dren dull,  
 Pea lesse sometyme, when as with wine, their beastly braynes be full.  
 When as for one, two lightes they see, with boorde and wall to daunce:

Dronkennesse, the death of minde, the broude of all mischaunce.  
 What thing dost thou not force the mind of man to take in hande?  
 What dare not he attempt thow ther: both strife w<sup>t</sup> brawling, and  
 Most cruell strayes thou mouest him to, thou ioyest whē bloud is shead:  
 By thē are secreteſ eſt reuealde, with minde and toug made dead.  
 Both feare, and shamefallnesſe also full farre they ſye from thē:  
 Shunne you this plague (D wretches) now that make you mad to be.  
 And euē as mad as once Orestes was with mothers myght.  
 What filthier thing: what beaste more vile: than is the dronke wight?  
 The meate that he not long before, hath fast deuoured vp  
 He perbakes out, he trembles eke, and ſtinketh of the cup.  
 Ful oft he falles, and breakes his browes, his eyes and legs withall,  
 His ſtuttering wordes he ſtammereth out, no man perceiue him ſhall.  
 Much things he ſaith, & much he doth, that when the night is gon,  
 And ſunne is preſent here agayne, he ſorowes ſore vpon.

Great Alex-  
ander.

The Macedonian King, the ſonne, of Philip graund le Roy:  
 In dronken mode, at table once his frenſ did all destroy.  
 But when the cups their fumes had left, and wit returnde agayne:  
 He found the fault, with teares he mournd, & wiſht himſelfe as ſaine.  
 Why boſt you with your Orgies tain in woodes of Cytheron?  
 Pour Thias daunce, why brag you now your foſilhe drummes vpon?  
 No God your Bacchus is I wiſ, that comes of Cadmus line,  
 Nor loue him got of Semels wombe, as Poets doe define.  
 But Hell hath him ingendred, Lo, Megæra is his dame:  
 No God he is, but doth diſpife the Gods, and hates their name.  
 For godlinesse they nought eſtēme that haunt the pots of wine,  
 Nor well can vſe the dronken Priet, the Sacraments diuine.  
 What neſde I here for to recite, what ſickneſſe, and what paines,  
 Exceſſe of meate and to much drinke doth brede, within the vaines:  
 From hence doe flowe, euē as it were from euerlaſting ſpring:  
 The Arelle, and the Botch, the Byle, with Scaule and Scurfe itching.  
 The Goute oppreſſing hands and ſete, with bleared dropping eyes:  
 With wine þ quivering ioyntes they quake, frō iawes þ teeth out flies.  
 With ſodayne death, & ſtomachs paine, and fulſome ſlinking breath:  
 A greater ſoſt than ſworde hath ſaine, exceſſe hath done to death.  
 Besides, the goodes be ſtraight conuimde, and dolene þ guttes do ſling,  
 The fielde, the house, the houſhold ſtuffe and euery other thing.  
 And now both poore and base he is, whose riches late were greate:

EATB

Drunken-  
neſſe how  
vyle a vyce.Ceremonies  
of Bacchus  
the drunkē  
God.What ſick-  
neſſe com  
by excefſ  
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by ſurfeſ  
then by  
ſworde.

E A T E thou, wher by thy lyfe may last, but live not thou to E A T E.

I haue theē here declared now, the woman what she hight:

And now the Boy with drousy noule, I will theē here recite.

The Boy is hers, and of her borne, and Labour him begat,

His name is Sleepe, his nourse is Leth, his foode is poppy sat.

He brother germane is to Death, but net as she, doth last.

He doth refresh the weried limmes, with dayly labour past.

He doth expell the cares of men, and calleth strength agayne:

Without the ayde of him, no man hys lyfe may well sustayne.

Pet hurts he much, and doth the minde, in certaine wise oppresse:

Diseases breedes, and duls the corps, oft used with excesse,

If foode be small, he small wilbe, for when the meate is spent,

The corps doth wake or else doth rest, with little sleepe content.

More lightly then his rest he takes, and better sleepes doth b̄æde,

But vnto troubled mindes it is, a comfort greate in deede.

And much it is to be desired, when loue the hart doth payne,

When sicknesse greues, or when the mā doth heauy chaunce sustayne:

Then is it more to be esemde than golde or precius stone.

As death, so sleepe doth make the wretch and happy man as one.

But he whome nature hath endewed, with long and happy dayes,

That doth desire expert to be in euery kinde of wayes,

By vertue eke a famous name in earth for to obtayne,

Must watche: for famous things, by sleepe none are perfourmed plaine

And for to sleepe in feathers soft, renowne doth est refuse:

Sbun thou this same, with all thy might thy selfe to watching vse.

For, O what times of quiet length shall fates permit to thee:

When last of all the night shall come and day shall banisht bee,

And breath hath left the quivering ioynts lyke ayre that fleeting flyes,

With long and everlasting sleepe, then shalt thou shut thine eyes.

While as the Goddesse thus did speake, descended downe from hye: The rayn-

Thaumantis, lo, when sunne doth shine that glisters in the skye.

bōw.

With diuers helve that shewes her face, amydde the misty cloude,

Wyth ruddy rosye purple lippes: thus gan she speake aloude.

Godspede theē Goddesse here on earth, Panomphes gem most deare,

Arete chiese of Goddesses (as doth to me appeare.)

Come on thy wayes, for all the Gods desire theē new to see.

Leauē thou the earth, and earthly reynes, where dwellers yl ther bee.

Here is no place for Godly men, all wicked crinies here raigne,

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of Jupiter.

O dronkennesse, the death of minde, the broude of all mischaunce.  
 What thing dost thou not force the mind of man to take in hande?  
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 And euē as mad as once Orestes was with mothers myght.  
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 No God he is, but doth diſpife the Gods, and hates their name.  
 For godlinelle they nought eſtēme that haunt the pots of wine,  
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 Exceſſe of meate and to much drinke doth b̄cde, within the vaines:  
 From hence doe ſlowe, cuen as it were from euerlaſting ſpring:  
 The Arefe, and the Botch, the Wyle, with Scaule and Scurfe itching.  
 The Goute oppreſſing hands and ſete, with bleared droppiſg eyes:  
 With wine þ quivering ioyntes they quake, frō iawes þ teeth out flies.  
 With ſodayne death, & ſtomacks paine, and fulſome ſlinking breath:  
 A greater ſort than ſworde hath claine, exceſſe hath done to death.  
 Besides, the goddes be ſtraight conuimde, and downe þ guttes do fling,  
 The fielde, the house, the houſhold ſtuffe and every other thing.  
 And now both poore and base he is, whose riſhes late were greate:

Drunken-  
neſſe how  
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Ceremonies  
of Bacchus  
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What ſick-  
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E A T E

E A T E thou, wher by thy lyfe may last, but live not thou to E A T E.

I haue thee here declared now, the woman what she hight:

And now the Woy with drousy noule, I will thee here recite.

The Woy is hers, and of her borne, and Labour him begat,

His name is Sleepe, his nourse is Leth, his foode is poppy sat.

He brother germane is to Death, but net as she, doth last.

He doth refresh the weried limmes, with dayly labour past.

He doth expell the cares of men, and calleth strength agayne:

Without the ayde of him, no man hys lyfe may well sustayne.

Pet hurts he much, and doth the minde, in certaine wise oppresse:

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If foode be small, he small wilbe, for when the meate is spent,

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More lightly then his rest he takes, and better sleepes doth brede,

But vnto troubled mindes it is, a comforst greate in deede.

And much it is to be desired, when loue the hart doth payne,

When sicknesse greues, or when the ma doth heauy chaunce sustayne:

Then is it more to be esteemed than golde or precius stone.

As death, so sleepe doth make the wretch and happy man as one.

But he whome nature hath endewed, with long and happy dayes,

That doth desire expert to be in euery kinde of wayes,

By vertue eke a famous name in earth for to obtaine,

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And breath hath left the quiuering ioynts lyke ayre that fleeting flies,

With long and euerlasting sleepe, then shalt thou shut thine eyes.

To much  
sleepe  
burthen.

While as the Goddesse thus did speake, descended downe from hye: The ray-

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With diuers hewe that shewes her face, amyddc the misty cloude,

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Come on thy wayes, for all the Gods desire thee new to see.

Leaueth thou the earth, and earthly reaignes, where dwellers yl ther bee.

Here is no place for Godly men, all wicked crinies here raigne,

The name  
of Jupiter.

Religion none, no faysh, nor grace, but vertue in disdaine.  
Here foolishe sondenesse holdes the balle, imperiall Scepter aye:  
Fraude, and deceipte, all men amongste, is vsed here allway.  
Go to therefore in hast, as now, breake of thy tale begunne:  
Let lettes be losde, and with lyke course, let vs to heauen runne.

Arete than, beholding me, these wordes began to say:

I cannot now (as faine I woulde) all things to thee display,  
But when the day againe repayres, and night away shall flyde,  
To thee, shall I sende one, be gladde, to tell thee all beside.  
Farewell therefore, & w<sup>t</sup> these wordes, gainwarde the skyes they spring.  
The Westerne wynde did them receiue, and upward fast them bring:  
Like as when wicked Scylla flies her fater following fast,  
Alost by little vp she hyes, and he gan after hast  
With grēdy minde, and through the ayre he skores both here & there:  
Desiring much to wreke the fault of cutting of his here.  
She striues her selfe in cloudes to hyde and mounteth out of sight:  
And Nisus thether percest fast, that both be out of lyght.  
Adowne þ cloudes doth sunne descend, & forth þ starres they shinde,  
And I the way that Greyberd led, full sadly then declinde:  
And whome I come, my promyst ioyes in heauy hope to finde.

## ¶ The fourth Booke Cancer.

O Sunne that with perpetuall course about the world doest flye:  
The Parent chief of euery thing, and Dyamonde of the skye.  
The Prince of all the Starres, and spring of euer lasting light:  
Beholding every thing abroade, whyle as wyth colour bright  
Of crimson hew, thou leauest alose the brinkes of Persian lande  
With rysing face, and passing forth doest hyde thy fierie brand  
Amydde the westerne fluddes, and lasse of all, doest burne the hyll  
Of Calpe great, and eke that course, frequentest alwayes Styll.  
By thee, doe all things plaine appeare, whose colour late the night  
Bereft, hir darkenesse by no meanes, abyding once thy lyght.  
The syght and eye of all the worlde, who partes in fourre the yeare,  
And changest times, and with the times althings ingendred heare:  
While as by crooked line thou runste in lively pictured spheare.

Gibet altare  
in auncient  
time called  
the pillars  
of Hercules

O starre divine, and of the Gods, O fairest God, All hail:  
 We worship thee, and from the hart, wher never troth doth quail,  
 Our prayers here we make to thee, behold vs now therfore  
 With ioyful face, and ioyful day, with ioy thy selfe restore.  
 Disperse the cloudes from hence, and let the day be bright and cleare:  
 Let Seas lay down their rozing lokes, strait, when thou dost appeare.  
 Let Shippmen safe frequent their course, vpon the waters plaine:  
 Defend the corne, the treas, and vines, from pouring shoures of raine.  
 And from the boystrous whirlwind mad, and stormy stones of hail:  
 Let pleasaunt aires on vs be blown, from fiery Pyros bale,  
 And make all thinges by thy returne, in quiet rest remayne.  
 O chief defence, and Poets ayde, All hail to thee agayne.  
 Thou fillest the mindes of Poets all, with sacred holy spryte:  
 And mouest the heades of euery one, with sugred verse to wryte.  
 By thee they gain the laurel leafe, and everlasting fame:  
 Al hayle therefore, and helpe me now, my singing verse to frame.  
 And succour these my first attemptes, direct my course withall,  
 Til unto long desired porke, my bote, and I may crall.  
 Thus, whylste at Castale sprynge on knees my humble sute declarde,  
 The Muses all about me past, the God my prayers hard,  
 From towers of Delphos high he heard, and straight as semde to me  
 The stæple beckt, and therewithal a shining light I see  
 From out the Chauncell came, and eke, a wonderous voyce I heare,  
 Which wyth these words, as thē me thought, resounded in mine eare.  
 O yong man boyd of blysse, and whom, such destnies dire do payne,  
 That spendst thy lyfe wyth bitter yeares, pull vp thy hart agayne.  
 For Pacience, payne doth ouercome, and in thafflicted case:  
 The valeant ought sor to despise, the fawning sortunes face.  
 For vertue then doth most preuayle, when most she is restraynde.  
 Doest thou not see, whome fortune oft, had fully once disdaynde,  
 The same wyth changed hand she ayds, and lysteth vp on hye:  
 Now this, now that, nothing endures, beneath the hauy skye.  
 When glouming weather foule is gone, then pleasant dayes ensewe:  
 At length thes swelling seas be caulme, that erst the windes so blewe.  
 When Winters season sharp departes, repayrs the flourcd Sp̄ring.  
 Fie sure thy minde therefore as nowe, and faynt not in the thing  
 That bytter seemes: prepare thy selfe sor better destnies.  
 The tyme shall come (the starres aboue, altring their course in skyes.)  
 C.v.

If death before, thē not destroy, when this thy present name  
 That now doth lye both drownde & hid, shall gayne immortall fame.  
 For I my selfe wyl present be, and eke my learned rout:  
 The Sisters nine in every place, shall stand thee round about,  
 And take thee from the commen sort, and cause thy name to lyue  
 For euermore. This aunswere here, to me did Phœbus gyue

So praying. But scarce can I the Gods beleue such things of me,  
 Under so crabde aspect of starres, I know my byrth to be.

So soore the heauens do me vere, but yet from thence I go:  
 Wyth ioyfull heart I wander forth alone, and alwayes so,  
 These wordes in minde I muse. O Lord that hap might be,  
 That God or man I might now meete, as promisid late to me  
 Arete for to send to teach, that I the rest might knowe:  
 O that from heauens hye shē would descend the earth belowe,  
 And me with pleasaunt words instruct, as erst I did her heare.

A valley long there lay betwene, two hils that bounded neare.

A narrow path there was, y she wes the trauayling wight his way:  
 This path I toke, and straight I saw, two shepheardes there that lay  
 In grasse full greene agaynst the bāke, who (bagges & bottels downe:  
 Wyth crab tree staves wherw they walkt desirous of renowne)  
 Began to striue who best could sing, but iudge they lacked than,  
 Whose sentence shuld the strife appease, and prayse the finer man.  
 As sone as they me present spyde, they both me calde vnto  
 And wild me for to syt them by, and iudge who best could do:  
 Then one of them, (when that he had wyth Oten musick playd)  
 His staring eyes on heauen cast, and on thys sort he sayd.

O faire fayre of Dardany, of loue beloued (o childe)

That seruist the gods wyth frothing cup of pleasaunt Nectar milde:  
 Come downe from highe now frō y Skies, a fayrer far than thee  
 In earth remayns that vnto loue, cupbearer now shall be.  
 Him, Iupiter despising thee, shall take from hence, and place  
 Among the starres for envy burst, (O thou in wretched case.)  
 Peld vp for griefe thy wolfull ghoste, but rather not departe:  
 Thou shalt wyth wines the Gods salute, and I enioy my harte  
 Philetus deare (without whose sight, no kinde of thing is sweete  
 To me,) no not my life to haue, without his presence meete.  
 As oft as him on horsbacke swist, (the Gote, or Hart to chace)  
 The Fayries spie, with loue they burne, and wylsh that louely face

wylsh

Wyth thousand kisses soz to meete, as many giftes wythall:  
 And floured garlands trim him giue, contending best who shall.  
 And Apples fayre in baskets bring, and Grapes of pleasaunt tast:  
 O that neglecting to be please, in him were not so plast.  
 O that this liuelie Impe would shewe, himself alwayes at hand,  
 To ease the wretched louers grieve: then happiest should I stand.  
 No man in all the wrold my mate, but he doth cleane despise  
 My plaints, and faithfull louers sutes, and hates my doleful cries:  
 And as the shaft from bowe departes, so from me fast he flies.

But flye not from me thus, nor hate me so (Philetus deare)

I am no cruell Cannibal wherby thou shouldest me feare.  
 But worthy to be lou'd I am, perchaunce if thou me knowe.  
 Soz though vpon my body rough, the hoary heares they growe,  
 And though from chin with locks vnkept my grielly beard doth fall:  
 I am not yet yll saucured sure, soz beard and bristels all  
 Be decent eke, and meete they be, soz syghting folkes and strong:  
 Let maydly men haue tender skinnes the sheaphearde all among.

In richesse none doth me excell, of beastis I lacke no stoe:

A thousand kine my pasture fadeth, of Swine full fyfty score.  
 Amoegst my groue of Dkes they rume, my kine wyth calues do sway.  
 By lussy Cotes w<sup>t</sup> Kid they swell: ne want I Whigge, nor Whay,  
 Fresh Chese, and olde inough I haue take what thou likist, away.  
 All mine is thine and I thine owne, though cruell thou deny.  
 If thou me louest, and wouldest thy selfe somtyme come sit me by,  
 I would thee pleasaunt Apples get, that hangs on braunches hy,  
 Wyth Golden sydes like yellow ware, and red as Strawberies die.  
 I would thy lap wyth Fylbertes syll, and Puts of diuers kinde:  
 How oft, how oft, mine armes should I, about thy myddle winder  
 Two thousand kisses would I giue, those roseyn lippes of thine:  
 Doubt not (swete boy) but walke with me by cleared spring so fine  
 we both wyll rest, and gratesull sleepe, wyth hausing armes will take:  
 Allurde wyth shade of hushing trees, and noyse that riuers make,  
 While Greshops in the heat do chirp. Alas, and doss thou now  
 Despise both me and all my giftes, that here to thee I vow?  
 Do naught my wosull teares thee moue nor all that I can say:  
 More fiercer far, than Tigre stout, (whose whelp is tane away.)  
 More deafe, than pictures which be made of Parus Marble stone:  
 And harder eke than are agayne, the Mountaynes every thone

A Comp-  
siloa.

Of Alpes high, and Adamant strong. What doth thy beauty god?  
 If all men so thou doſt despise, with fierce and cruell mode?  
 And slayſt y ſoules of woful wightes whose hearts thine own be tride?  
 Thus wiſe her ſelſe in floures fayre, the dreadfull Snake doth hide.

An applica-  
tion of a  
Companiō.

Beauty laſ-  
teth not.

And thus with poſon hony myrt. Lay downe Disdaine abyde  
 A monster vile, and vnto God, the auncient enmy, Pryde.  
 Nor be not thou with Grace beguilde, or forme of fading hewe:  
 For Beauty laſts but little tyme, like flowre fresh and newe  
 Full fayre at fyſt, is gone in tyme, while flouring age doth laſt,  
 While tender ſkinne in face doth ſhine, let not in baine be paſt  
 Such happy tymes, but vſe the giftes, now graunted vnto thee  
 While tyme doth ſerue, for every thing by vſe commended be.  
 The tyme ſhal come when this thy chin with briftled beard beset  
 Shall vggly ſeeme, and eke thy face ſhall riueler wrinkles fret.  
 And when thy golden lockes ſhal tourne to ghastly gresild heares,  
 To late then ſhalt thou ſoule bewayle, the losſe of youthfull yeaſes.  
 And oſt thy ſelſe ſhalt ſay, Where is my beauty olde now gone?  
 Where is my colour fresh become, both red and white in one?  
 Taine hope, (Alas) of this thy face, then ſhalt thou ſore lament  
 Thy chaunged cheekeſ, and face ſo foul, thy ſelſe when repreſent  
 Thou ſhalt thy glaſſe perceiue. But why thus waste I wind in bayne?  
 What meane I thus in barren ſoyle, to let my ſeedes remayne?  
 Unhappy wretch in bayne I toyle, my deſtnies will me ſo:  
 O cruell deſtenies, that now, ſo ſore againſt me go.  
 And chiefly now, when wretched loue hath peart my wofull hart:  
 Of greater force is lucke in loue, than all the ſwelling part  
 Of richelle great, or noble blond, to deſtnies vertue thrall:  
 By luck in loue the prince deſpilde, the Clowne obtaines the ball.  
 But though moſe fiercer thou remainſt, then fearfull raging drake,  
 O doelſte my loue no moſe eſteme, than weedes in fenny lake.  
 Yet the (Sweete hart) I ſerue, and thee for euer shall I loue:  
 And nothing ſhall thee from my minde, (Philetus deare) remoue.

This ſayd, he held his peace, and thus this other gan to ſay.

Mellina, paſſing floure of wheat, and whiter farre abyay  
 Than frothing ſome of raging Deas, or Allablaſtar ſtone,  
 And boyled Milke: moſe red than are the Cherries every one  
 When ripe they hang, or Mulbry frute while yet no black they weare.  
 More fayre tha trees in time of ſpring, whē braūches bloſſoms beare.

Moſe

More sweete than are þ withred figges, or vynes that new be made:  
 Such lippes, such brests, or eyes I thinke, dame Venus never had.  
 What shold I here commende her thighes, or places there that lie?  
 Such partes in practise put, than speake, with better will wuld I.  
 Not onely her, of mortall men her prayse Mellina gaynes:  
 But Gods her loue, I saw my selfe a Satyre take the paynes  
 To hunt her once, and when he had the game pestil in pawes:  
 Agaynst a Cozke he taught her tricks of wanton louers lawes.  
 She cald & shrkt, and has wood, would straight her ayde haue borne:  
 But soze astrayd I was to mete the shagheard horsons borne.  
 Soz once I durst my enemy try, his patience for to proue,  
 How oft she beckes and byds me come, with eyes that rowling moue.  
 And of her self she calles me thus, and fast begins to twine  
 Her armes so white about my necke, like Juey, or the Vyne  
 That wonted are their neighbor træs with winding course to brace:  
 And fast the wanton bytes my necke, and softly on the face  
 With hand in spoȝt she smites me oft, and by her trouth she sweares  
 That none on earth but me shē loues, nor none god will she beares.  
 But yet am I not such a soole, that I holde this for trewe:  
 For women all in lies excell, and when wyth fawnings newe  
 The naughty Queanes begin to liere, the more thou oughtst astrayd

To be. These words in song he spake, and more he would haue sayd:  
 But seuen wolues by chaunce shewth, came creeping close the way  
 From rockes adowne amid the træs, desirous of their pray,  
 And on the flocke they run, now these, now those they lea and byte,  
 And mouthes in bloud they stain. Againe the masty cures they fyte,  
 With barking boughing noyse, to beat their enimies from the ground;  
 A noyse full greate made in the dale, wyth roaring cry doth sound.  
 Then both the shephearde des rise in hast, the wager quite vndone:  
 With sling, and staues of Wke in hand, togither both they runne.  
 And I, behinde alone remaynd, and soȝt another way  
 With doubtfull minde and diuers thought I went, as farre as may  
 The brasen Canon cast his ston at thrice: And there a spring  
 That spouted vp wþ bubling sandes where thicke the Plantræs cling  
 I found, and round about the grasse full grene it doth embrace,  
 With seats of sandy Tophus ston. I gesse it was the place  
 Wher Fayries sit in Summers rage, when Dogdayes heat doth glow:

Not farre from hence I sawe me thought a Service træ to grewe, solued into  
 Whose land.

A stone  
that is  
soone re-  
solued into  
land.

Arete signifieth Ver-  
tue.

Timalphes  
is, by inter-  
pretation,  
Precious.

Vranius o-  
ther wife  
called Cæ-  
lum or Cæ-  
lius that is  
to say Hea-  
uen, he was  
Father to  
Saturne.

Lopas in  
this place  
signifieth,  
Spumam  
marinam,  
the frothe  
of the Sea  
where of  
Venus was  
ingendred.

A riddle.  
of the nyne  
spheares  
of heauen,  
whereof  
the Fyrst  
being called  
the first  
Mouer, tur-  
neth from  
East to west.  
And with  
him carayeth  
the others  
that of the  
selues do  
move from  
west to East.  
The Second  
of them

Whose fruite did make the branches bend, and therto fast I went:  
(For ripe I them perceaud) and some with hast in hand I bent,

And eate them vp, desyring then, with water for to slake  
My burning thirst, and to the well my iourney forth I take.

And downe I bowe my self, and there my lippes in water fyne  
I dipt, and whilst I drinke, the stones in Christall waters shine.

Whilst these are done, a yong man down from heauens to me set  
That Goddesse god, Arete fayze, of me not negligent.

With falling flight he cuttes the ayre, more swifter much he flies  
Than haukes, that striue by force to take, the pray before their eyes.

And straight he commes to me, that then with weary limmes did rest  
Amid the grasse, he bids God Den, then vp my selfe I dress

And worship there to him I make, He (passing man in fame)  
I am did say Aretes sonne, Timalphes is my name.

My mother hath me hither sent, that all that doth remayne  
Behinde vntolde, I may disclose to the in oder playne.

Then both togither downe we sit, and thus he gan to say.

The Woman, and hir boy, that stode on lefft syde yonder way,  
Thou knowest, my mother told the playne. Now restes there for to tel,  
What hight the woman, and the boy that on the right hand, dwel.

Hir Venus men do call and say that of the salt sea sud

She then created was, when that olde Saturne in the flud  
Unkinde his fathers stones did cast, So say the Greekish sorte:  
(A people fansies fynt to fayne and lies for to reporte.)

Vranius hir (of troth) begat of Lopades, by rape

Vranius Syre of euery thing, than whome of larger shape

Was Atlas not, nor yet the fierce Enceladus so strong,

Nor gorbellyd Typhæus huge, nor all the Giants long,

That euer earth did yet bring vp. Nine heads him nature toke,

Whereof the highest is vvoid of eyes, and Westward styll doth loke.

Gaynward the East the other stand, aboue a thousand eyes

The second hath, and on a pece doth all the rest suffise.

His right hand Northward out he castis, the lefft to South he sendes,

With both his hands y wold he metes, his feste the flocke of fendas

Doth touch, his head the skies doth rech, a Shepheard rich in dares

Above al men, of euery flocke thorough all the earth to feede,

He puttes them out, the number would of them excede, if not

That monster Pamphagus his sonne with greedy rauening throte

Shoul

Should them denoure continually, with Atropos his wise.

This Venus now Vranius got, and ioynde in wedlock life,  
To one Pedogenes a God, and bad they should encrease.

This is that Venus, wþþout whome the vse of earth would cease:  
And al the world wþþ briers thick vnseemely should be thought.  
Hir God hath ordeyned, that she myght the losse which nature brought  
Full recompence, which God appoynts that hurtfull cannot be.

What then of them shall I reporte content with chastite,  
That sayre encrease do not esteeme: but boyd of issue die,  
And leau no signes of them behinde, they sinne assuredly.  
And if the truth may here be sayd, vnworthy byrth him giues  
Nature, of whome not one is borne. vnworthy eke he lives  
By whome another hath no life. Yet they whome sicknesse let,  
Or other meanes do them constraine no children soþ to get,  
Opprest with cursed pouerty, do feare that they shall see

Their children begge, infend Saincts life, of whome but fewe there be,  
Let them restraine, god leau they haue, but many wþll no wyse,  
That they may others este desile, and lead a lechours lyfe.  
And soþ because that moþe they myght the common soþt beguile.  
Under pretence they giue themselves to sacred things a while,  
And churches haunt, and priests of God they counted are to be.

They diuers lawes and garments straunge do vse, and thinke to see  
The heauens highe wþ scraped crowne, cleane things yþ beastes do sive,  
And after things vncleane they runne, while as the paunche they plye,  
And gene themselves to drowsi reast, which both do foster vice:  
Stale Virgins are they thought to be while close they cast the dice,  
The darke night al in vice to spend their mindes they whole apply.

None truely vse a Virgins life, but such as come thereby

When crooked olde vnly age, or sicknesse soþe them fret:

Or restlesse payne of carking minde, or gift of God them let.

All ouer plus from out the corps doþ nature cleane expell.

Heresof it comes that in night dreames sometimes doþ Venus dwell,  
In dreames that shew the ioyful acte and pleasant spoþte in deede.  
Let them more chaste than Sibyls be, or founnes of Vesper weede.

Of two, which wþthier is Iaske, esteemed soþ to be,

The barreine bowes that frutelesse fade, or else the fertile tree?

The ground that giueth good encrease, or sand where nothing growes?

Or thoughts of men of none effect, or sond and foolish bowes,

conteneþ,  
the whole  
number  
of fixed  
stars, The  
others a  
Planeta  
pecce.

Against  
those that  
contemne  
Marriage.

Apply

Apply our selues not to despise the sacred natures best,  
Which would y b̄ed should b̄eade agayne which made such ioysful rest  
In wedlock bed, thee not to feare, but rather to allure.

Why wilt thou nature thus withstand: no hurt in Venus sure  
There is, if hir thou lawfull vse with meane, and not exesse.

But to much vnde she strength abates, and drownes the valiantnesse:  
Destroyes the wit, and shortneth life. Now must we here display

Dame Venus sonne, whose force doth cause both man & God obay.  
Who brond withal, and quiuered shafts makes all the wold astrayd.

To whonie(though yet a boy, and blind) hath every thing obayd,  
That Earth, or Sea did euer b̄eade, or Heauens hie contayne.

O Lord what rage of flames, and fyre in every place to rayne  
This boy hath causd: what force hast thou O quiuered Cupid now:

No strength thy power may once resist, thy conquest makes to bow  
Both beast and man, and Gods aboue, with darthes of thine alone.

(His heart through pearst) ful oft hath made y thūdring God to grone:  
And diuers shapes on him to take, his lightning laid a syde,  
(And region leſt of starry skyes) on wretched foyle to slide.

Hath not disdaynde sometime the forme of Eagle swift to beare,  
Sometime a Bull w frowning face, sometimes a Sheapheards cheare  
On him to put, sometime to ſeme a Snake, and now, and than  
With flames to come, in Satyrs ſhape: now Golde, now like a Swan.

Neptunus also once ychaungd to fluddes of Enepey,  
While he pore wretche thy dart did ſeale, with Salmonide he lay.

And oft a Dolphin would he ſeeme, a Ram, or Horse to bee.  
With all the seas he coulde not quenche the flames that burnt by thee

In brest so blinde, and heart of him, a tale to long it were  
Like actes of all the Gods to ſhewe to theſe in order here.

How Phoebus did a Hawke become, and eke a Lion kende:  
Or call to minde the woodē attempts of raging Tartars fende,

But vaine it is to time to ſpende: for if I ſhould expounde  
The Lordes, and Ladies everychone, whome cruell loue did woynnde,

My tale woulde runne to muche at large, & dolone(befo'ree) woulde hidē  
His glistering beams syz Titan bright, y ſmoking wheeles ſhould ſlide,

Amid the washing westerne waues, But here I thinke it best  
Such things to leaue, ſith many men haue plainly them exprefſt.

And now the truth we will declare, this Boy did neuer ſlow  
From Bacchus raines, as Grece did ſaine, No ſure: if it were ſo,

Eche

The hurt  
of Lechery.

All Crea-  
tures sub-  
iect to Loue

The grea-  
test and wi-  
fest men of  
the earth,  
haue beene  
daunted  
with the  
fond affec-  
tions of Loue  
such as for  
their other  
vertues  
were ſup-  
poſed to be  
Gods.

Eche man that hateth wine, should loue but destny him begot:

Because in every kinde of loue this destny knittes the knot.

All mortall things, this desteny rules : She doth to all beslow  
Conditions eke with fortune to, and ende of lyfe doth know.

Of gr<sup>e</sup>ater force than beautie is, this destenie assurde,

Though beauty cause of burniug flame hath louers linckes procurde;

Of greater might than Golde it is though once with Golde did bye  
Olde Saturnes sonne, inclosde in towres with Danae faire to lye.

Familiar syght, and licence had full oft to take, and lue

Logither both, when none shall see which riding way doth giue,

By which to loue we in do come, by which is Venus got,

All this can nothing sure preuaile, if destnies fauour not.

By destny ioinde, by destny broke, the louers knot, and ring,

By this the vile deformed slauie, sometimes obtaines the thing

Whiche rich no<sup>r</sup> faire can haue: by this the faire and gentle wyse

Is of her husband est despilde: and more contents his lyfe

A ragged iade in house to kepe. By this the wife disdaines

Hir husbande faire of gentle bloud, and greater ioy sustaines.

A lither lousy loute to haue, or bnaquainted wight.

And if so be that loue, were not by Gods aduise ment right

To euery man appointed here, by limites parted iust:

No doubt of all might one be loued, and on them all should lust,

And every man might safe enioye the Damsel that he likes,

But as the fisher doth not take the fishes all in dikes:

Nor foulers all the birdes do catch, nor hunters all doe kill,

But every one his chaunce doth take, obtaines, and hath his wi!!,

So, loue to every one is delt by Gods arbitrement.

So doth the seruant base full oft his Lady well content.

So shall the bursten bleared lout, and crooked fathere olde

A blisfull girle to wife obtaine. For as the Marchaunt bolde,

That vnderneath vnhappy starre with wares his ship doth freight,

And cuts the fearefull soming seas, is often spoild of weight

By losse of ship, or Pirats fierce: so he that flames wyth loue,

The starres, & luck agaynst hym both: doth seeke the rockes to moue.

An euil name, and cruel wound, receyueth he agayne.

And este his loue to get, doth he the losse of lyfe sustayne,

But he, whome destnies fauour well, and fortune smiles vpon,

His heart, and ioy, may sone obtayne wyth quiet rest anon.

Desteny  
ruleth In  
Loue.

That is to  
say Jupiter.  
The daugh-  
ter of Acri-  
sus King  
of the Ar-  
giues.

Similitude.

Similitude.

No Loue  
without  
Lucke.

D. J.

But.

But sure of fewe this grace is had, so god are Gods to fewe:  
 Except such one as close doth kepe his ioyes that none them knewe.  
 No trust there is at all in man, deceipts are vised vile,  
 Now every man doth practise how his fellow to beguile.  
 If any man unto his frende his secretes doth disclose,  
 Then must he stande in feare of him least he his frendship lose:  
 Least he in angry moode reueale that earst in harte he hydes.  
 If free, therefore thou sakest to be, and safe to liue besydes.  
 Let no man knowe thy secrete deedes: thy frende haue alwayes so  
 While frendship lastis, that thou forsee he once may be thy foe.  
 Which thing in p[ro]fesse hath est ben knownen, for se we such frends we see  
 That alwayes loue: and much herein ought enuy scarde to be,  
 Which euer striues, the happy chaunce with poysone sell to stayne.  
 Take heede therefore of enuy Syrs I warne you louers playne.  
 Let no man know thy minde in loue, but hide this loue of thine,  
 (If witte thou hast) and let not thou thy syer forth to shinc.

The mynd  
not to be  
disclosed.  
Enuy a  
Monster.

A monster vile is Enuy sure, a plague that rageth Hell,  
 A deadly hurt, than which a worse is hard to finde in Hell.

It hunteth vertue in every place, god dedes asunder teares,  
 God men she hates and doth disdayne the happes of others yeares.

A hard mat  
to hyde  
Loue.  
Our will  
is nothing  
without  
God.  
Every man  
must dooe  
what in  
him lyes  
to liue well

Although no man can well kepe close his owne vnsainted loue,  
 If Fates against him let, and nyll the eniuious lightes aboue,  
 Small force in wit of man there is, where Goddes do not agree.  
 In bayne he toyles that seeketh ought when Gods against him be.  
 Yet ought we not for this to leaue our willes and wittes to strayne:  
 For he that hath the race forth runne, and palme cannot obtayne,  
 Is worthy prayse: and enuy all vpon the Goddes he layes,  
 Who often god men downe haue put, and soules eralting rayse.

A happy man is he, to whom from tower of heauens, grace  
 Is graunted, whom God guides himself, whose byrth v lucky face  
 The happy starres haue shinde vpon, to him commes ioyfull loue:  
 And boord of woe long swetenesse he wyth pleasant life may proue.  
 For loue is daynty, swete, and milde, if destynge cause not Payne:  
 Whose darkes the man that never felt, doth sensesse syll remayne.  
 What beast might euer yet be found, that felt not Cupids flame?  
 Al creatures vile and base we see haue tasted of the same,  
 God willing so. therfore who seekes this loue, a thing of fame  
 He seekes: for if the king, and Lo[r]de of all the world, shold not

S  
All

All things created here retaine in loues assured knot,  
The w<sup>or</sup>ld shold straight be at an end, and the elements decay.  
That eche man loues h<sup>a</sup>e keepes, and it defendeth eke alway.  
But no man seekes the thing to kepe that he sets nothing by.  
Wherfore the order of all things shall last continually.  
For euerlasting is the loue of God, that all doth guide,  
Though all things made do fal and fade, the kindes yet neuer slide.  
For those the blessed God doth loue, but not the bodies so.  
Wherof the cruel death hath power, for no man suffreth tho  
The thing he loues to perish quite, if he can it defende.  
But who denies? God all thing can, and he can them defende.  
But he the bodies doth not loue, wherfore he lettes them die:  
But not the kindes he so permits from their estate to flie.  
What doth the potter care, of thys or that hys pot be burst,  
Turning the wh<sup>e</sup>ele, and chalke in hand despysyng now the first,  
A newer sort of them he makes, now ouer all this same,

The skye, the grounde, the seas andaire, and raging fiers flame,  
And eak in fine, the w<sup>or</sup>ld it selfe (by loues enduring knot).  
So many yeares doth stande and laste, for if thys loue were not:  
The elements altogether woulde with bursten bondes go fight.  
Now downe to earth, þ Heauens woulde shewe forth they; blissefull light,  
And beames so warme: þ seede shoulde grow, and eke the fiery flame  
This Aire his neighbor, woulde consume, ne woulde, but out of frame  
His shoures on earth þ aire put down, ful bare woulde seeme ech soile  
The seas shoulde quench the fier quite, or rather fire boyle,  
And waste away the fyshy seas, and nothing spare to spoyle:  
As once, when Phae: on rulde not wel the firy soming beastes,  
(His dreding sore the monsters highe) his owne god fathers heastes  
Belieuing not, vnhappy wretch was dround in his desire.  
Then all the w<sup>or</sup>ld therewith began to burne with blasing syre,  
Syll he by force of lightning smytte, come tumbling headlong downe,  
And in þ clouds his flames did quēch. Loue b<sup>r</sup>edes in every towne.

Assured Peace, the w<sup>or</sup>thiest is of all things here we see:  
In time of peace do all things growe, and all things lively be.  
Then liue men safe, in safety eke the trauayling wight he stands,  
And takes his iourney voyde of harme, and scapes the robbers handes. The crimo-  
nity of  
Then buzzing Bees in hives be kept by god advise and care,  
And beastes in pastures fat are fed, the ground is torne wyth share,

The 4 Ele-  
ments, fyre.  
ayer, water,  
and yeart.

Similitude.

And yeldeþ fayre encrease in tyme, then plenty beares the sway:  
 In bread, and mylke, and holsom oyles, then euery where they play,  
 The sounding shaume doþ þe prouoke to daunce, the Thyas round:  
 But idiotes, none do envy peace, and couet Martial ground.  
 Such times did flow when Saturn ruld his Empire here alone:

(O worthy age more worth than Gold) but now, O griefe to mone,  
 All things doþ Discorde vile disturbe, wyth raged motion mad:  
 And filles and feareth euery place, wyth broyling tumult sad.  
 Nowe fierce we forced are to be, & lawes wyth sworde to slake:  
 The furies all of hel they swarme, a thousand bryndes they shake,  
 A thousand snakes wythal, and moue the proude hie minded Kings  
 And common people mad to be, what godnesse to you brings  
 (O wretches mad) your death to hasten wyth battes, & byl bow blade:  
 To late when as she never commes, but mischiefe this hath made  
 That plaguy pride and hunger mad, dominion for to haue.  
 O dust, what makes thee prouid to be? whose stinking guttes in graues  
 The filthy wormes anone shall teare, why sekest thou so for golde?  
 Thinkest thou for euer here to liue? O wretch, O wretch, Behold  
 How vaine, how shorþ, how fleetteth sone our life before thine eyes?  
 A graue anone shall close contayne thy bones, and shall suffice.  
 And if so be that loue should knitte, the heartes of men in one,  
 This would not be, for every man his frend would tend vpon.  
 And all men for their partes would ayde, the fred that they hold deare,  
 Assuredly, nothing more good, nor sweeter doþ appere,  
 Than truly while we here do liue, of many loued to be:

The como-  
dity of  
frendship.

A safe defence are alwayes frends, agaynst aduersitie,  
 The mynd in doubtfull things they ease and helpers seke to bee.  
 Thy cares and losse they lighten much, they wepe and wayle with thee.  
 But seldom perisheth the man, that thus is rich in frends.  
 When fortune laughes vpon thy lucke, and happy chaunce thee sends:  
 Wyth thee thy profyts they embrace, with thee they ioyfull bee:  
 Wyth frendship they thy haps increase, and feast in mirth wyth thee.  
 Who list therefore to leade his life, in safety, and in ioy,  
 Creat stoe of frends for to retayne, let him his care employ.  
 By many meanes this thing is got, which(as I can) I shall  
 Declare: but now to understand, is nedefull fyrt of all,  
 Which loue the people call of minde, a motion for to be:  
 For wel to will it is the same, that men call loue we see.

The mind alwayes it selfe desires, the Good thing soz to proue:  
 And seekes the Euill soz to shunne, these two alone her moue.  
 These two therfore the causes be, and loues assured ground.  
 But Good in thre deuided is, wherof one parte is found  
 (As learned men discoursed haue) Delighting soz to be,  
 The other Honest eke appeares: The third Vtilitic.  
 So likewyse Yll in thre we parte, first Hurtfull we esteeme:  
 The second Vile deformed is, the third doth Greeuous semme.  
 Who so that loues, refusing these, or els desiring those,  
 He loues. Loue diuers is, like as the spring from whence it flowes.  
 Not worthy praysed like to be, nor worthy like dispraye:  
 Nor only differ thre foresayd, in generall kinde alwayes,  
 But diuers speciall kindes himself, doth eche of thes contayne:  
 Which kindes when as they diuers be, make diuers loues agayne,  
 What so euer aydes, that profit is, but is not yet as one.

Much goods vpon the body waight, and much the soule vpon,  
 Strength, Beauty, Health, Actiuity, these soure the body sweth:  
 These things whatsoeuer creature giues from the the profit floweth.  
 Two goods agayne the soule contaynes, as Maners milde, and Art:  
 Like as the soule hath vertues two, the Will, to whome the parte  
 Of Maners all belong, and Minde, to whome the Truth to know  
 It proper is, and from the mind like diuers gods do flow.  
 The Learnings nine thts minde adorne, which Poets, Muses call:  
 Equivalent to circles nine, that roule aboue vs all.

The Will doth diuers gods possesse, of which these soure excell:  
 Wit, Justice eke, and Vertue strong, that conquers troubles fell.

The goods of the wylL  
 With Her that bridleth eke our mindes, and modesty doth bring:  
 From these, as from the fountaine first, do all the other spring.  
 Which whosoever seekes to know, let him go tosse the booke:  
 Of Stagerite, or (if he liste) in Platoes works go looke:

Which two are lightes to all the world. Whatsoeuer then it be  
 Such like to vs that gives, that terme may profitable we.  
 As to the body medicine is, and eke the healyng leach:  
 And to the mind the booke, like wyse, is mayster that doth teach.  
 But those that profiteth the soule, more profitable be,  
 And better eke, bycause it is of greater dignitie.  
 As is the mayster than the man, the shipman than the ship:  
 Than is the cart is he that holdes, the lassing carters whip,

The goods  
of the body

The goods  
of the soul.

Aristote

But by delay, or out of hand, doth profit vs eche thing:  
 As to the hungry man the golde, and he that golde doth bring.  
 The cooke, and eke the foode it selfe. The like I doe declare

Of Plesing gods in diuers partes, deuided is their share.

Of which the body some do please, and some the soule delight:  
 But yet the pleasures of the soule, be alwayes more of might,  
 And common eke to Gods, and vs, whereas the bodyes ioy  
 Is graunted vnto brutish beastes, to them a proper ioy.  
 Not lawfull vnto them it is, with ioyes of soule to mell:  
 For haue they all the senses ffeue, and onely knowe they well  
 What taste and sense of feeling meanes. They Musick nought esteeme:  
 No swete perfumes with princely smell, to them doth pleasant seeme.  
 Regard they ought the paynted lynes of fine Apelles hand?  
 Or muse they on the brasen plate, of comely Corynthe land?  
 Or wonder they the sight to see, of shooting Circus game?  
 If ought they smell, if tune or syght, them please, it is the same  
 That taste, or feeling makes. As when the Lion fierce doth spye,

Similitude. In fieldes by chaunce a cowe, he leapes, & listes his maine on hye.

And twines and twirls his twisting taile desirous of his pray:  
 Or when the somer horse beholdes, the gadding mare astray.  
 With hauty head vpheld he runnes, and here and there he kickes:  
 And leapeth hedge and ditch abrode, while lusty guts him prickes,  
 And causeth all the skies aboue, with hineying noyse to shrike:  
 When meat therfore, and gendring act, the beastes do chiefest like.  
 And syth to them it proper is, it is therfore most vile:  
 And fit for villaynes to possesse, fyne wyt it doth exile.  
 So often vsde, it body hurtes, who therfore this obeyes:  
 Is made a sole, and for to serue, is after eke alwayes,  
 Than ouer others for to rule, but vsd them moderately,

And if thou minded art to know, the gods of Honesty.

Remember what before I sayd, for of the minde they bee:  
 The Manners milde, and Learning eke, as I declarde to thee.  
 But giue god care what I shall say, those gods that doe delight  
 While as they last, do pleasaunt seeme, and after of no might.  
 Example, for beholde the ioyes of Song, and Venus play:  
 But that that brings the body god, that profits, men do say.  
 The gods thereof be pleasant eke, as Health obtayne doth please:  
 So profits it agayne we see, that healeth eche disease,

And that, that causeth gods of minde, we well may Profit name:  
 But these, as sone as they be got, then pleasant are the same.  
 And Honest out of hand they be, for all that vertue b<sup>r</sup>ings,  
 Doth profit much, and delt her selfe, aboue all other things.  
 She pleaseth most, and honest is, her iust rewarde and hire  
 Is honour, onely due to her: therefore who doth desire  
 Much loue, while he here liues to haue, let eyther him devise,  
 To please or profit them he loues, or else in any w<sup>y</sup>se,  
 Let him haue vertues good in store: The which the dogged sorte  
 Shall force and eke constraine to gyue, a prayse and good report.  
 Whom<sup>e</sup> though they hate yet shall they feare: first of all he must  
 Of those whome he doth seeke to please, marke all the manners iust.

For all mens willes do not agree, nor all their studies on:  
 Such seedes unlike dame nature sowes, ingendring vs vpon.  
 The one doth hate that thother loues, that one doth most dispayse  
 The other lifts aboue the Skies. Wherof appeares alwayes,  
 That eche loue al thinges not a like, nor al men do desyre,  
 One god that profits, like to haue, nor honest like require.  
 Wherefore we first of all must learne, what pleaseth best his brayne  
 To whome we seeke, lest else perchaunce we laboure all in vayne,  
 In doing things of them unlikte, this is not hard to knowe:  
 The talke assuredly declares, the deedes from them that flowe,  
 And hidden heart, al men talke most, of that they most do loue:  
 And most attentiuе are thereto, ful many things that proue  
 His loue at home may est be spied. The plowman holdes at home  
 The Plow, the Goade, the Poke, þ Kake, the Spade to temper lome.  
 The Knight his glistryng armour hath, that hangs at home full hy:  
 So he whose house wyth booke abounds, a student rightfully  
 May demed be, and this I say of every other man.  
 The hand and tong declares the heart, such things as pleaseth than  
 Who seketh friendes let him perfourme, for fawning loue doth get.  
 But most men yet doe gape for gayne, and all mens hearts are set  
 On gold, and giftes, and many friendes by gyftes obtayned be.  
 But sure such loue endureth not, for when that gayne doth flee:  
 Then sayleth frēdship, chiefly then when hope to haue, is gone:  
 But som there be (though fewe of them) that styl remayne as one,  
 And mindfull eke of frendship shewed, do never cease to loue.

But graunt th'unthankfuls frendship sayle, it doth not yet behoue.

D.iiiij.

How to get  
friendes,

The

The god and frendly man to leauue, (who may as rare be found,  
As Phoenix bird in all the wrold, that b̄edes in Arabs ground)  
To profit many men, and ayde, with all his power the same:  
This way to heauen onely leades, by this obtaynd the game  
Great Hercules, and many more, whose worthy fames remayne  
As yet wyth vs, whome never age can cause to die agayne:  
The gentle and the liberall man is lyke to God aboue.

Great sortes of men agayne there be, delighting things that loue.

Wherby such men they most esteeme, that please at things do bying:  
And chiefly children, youth, and such as are of great liuing,  
Do couet ioyes, and pleasures seke, but such loue is not true:  
For when that pleasure once is gone, then frenship eke adewe.  
Yet sometymes sure it profitis much, and many get therby  
Riches, and many sauour get. Thereforo let him apply  
His minde, to please who frenship sekis (so he go not astray  
From boundis of right and honesty) but eche man profit may  
And pleasure eke two sundry wayes, by wordes and daede besyde:  
But safer eke and easier tis, such frenship to prouide  
By wordes, than daedes. But now tis best for to declare the way,  
By which it may be brought to passe, which thing performe you may,  
If holsome counsell thou dost giue, and warning hurt declare,  
And teach how profit may be got, of euill to beware:  
In praying Gods to send them helth, and send them well to fare.  
In asking gratefull things for them, in whome consistis thy care.

If thou desirest any man, with wordes for to delight,

Of him, and eke of all his thinges, doe prayses thou recite:

And if he euer any acte performed worthy prayse,  
Commende it much, for wisemen now, and foiles at all assayes  
Would praysed be, sometime agayne, with swete, and pleasant style  
Delight thatentue eares of theirs, prouoking them to smyle.  
Or telling of some pleasant tale, though new, or olde it be:  
(If it be worth declaring) tell some worthy historie.  
If thou perceiuest any thyng that doth his minde delight,  
In any case, dispayse it not, but say the crowe is white.  
And if thy Conscience be so straignt thou darst not say so much,  
Then hold thy tong, saye never a word, for now the time is such,  
That wysdome great it is to sayne, (as true the people say)  
Ye cannot live that knowes not how with both his hands to play.

Sometime

He must  
please that  
feketh  
frends.

Sometime, belue me, now it hurtes the truth soz to defend,  
The place, the people, and the time in minde do thou perpend,  
That nought thee hurt. But some therebe y<sup>r</sup> rather loue to prayse  
A man be hind his backe, and take the same for better wayes:  
They do but well. Such kynde of prayse more thanke deserueth sure.  
Unsayned eke and unsuspect, it semes to be more pure.

For some doo vse to flatter men when as they present bee:  
True frieds whereby they might be thought, whom whē they absēt see  
With biting words they laugh to scorne. Well is it to reiect  
Such clawing guestes, it is the vse of Gnatoes falowing sect.

Flatters,  
to be auoy-  
ded.

Note, few again at least, some one such merchant shalt thou finde:  
That all thyngs will abroade declare that issued from thy mynde.  
Such prateing mates inow there be, he speakes much god (saith he)  
And doth commend your maystership, of him dispaysde you bee.

In fewe wordes now the truth to say, nothing doth more delight  
All kinde of men, than manners god, and life lead all vppright.

Of greater force than riches, this, or learning eke it semes:  
Though euyll men be learnde, or riche, yet no man them esteemes.  
Nothing more odious is than vice, but if thou honest bee  
And god, all men shall thee embrase, at least (I think) none thee  
Wyll hate. A sentence olde it is, that maners lyke in all:  
And study like is it (they say) that loue is fedde wythall.

Honesty, &  
vertue, pro-  
cureth Loue

So merry tys when knaues be mett, so leard with leard remayne: Like so like  
So haunt al kinde of beastes their herd, I speake not this agayne.

For how can they be ioynd in loue, whose mindes contrary bee:  
When one thing soz to wyll and hate, frendes vse it is we see?

Loue lastes not longe in wicked men, soles frendship lastes not long.  
For priuate wealth that yll men seke by right and eke by wronng,  
And cruell luste to harm and hurt that yll men all possesse,  
With pryde, and wrath togither boþ, the frendes of folysness,  
Makes suming humors rage abrode, and ioynes them by the eares.

That onely loue endureth long, whose rote dame vertue beares,  
Which honesty engendreth hath, this onely knittes the hartes:  
Of godly eke and faſtfull men, with loue that never partes.

What loue  
endureth.

And more it is to be esteeme, than is the loue of kinde:  
By which the fater loues the sonne, and eke with louing minde  
The other kinsmen doe imbrace. For children often hate  
Their parentes deare, and fathers oft haue grudgde the childeſ estate.

The brother hath bene scéne(er this) to worke the brothers wyle:  
 But never true Orestes yet, dyd Pylades beguile,  
 Nor Pylades Orest to ayde, did death esteeme there while.

But here it comes in question, if by any meanes we can  
 Procure the loue of euere chone, the god and euill man.  
 For loue in many partes disperste, is weaker every houre:  
 In fewe of greater force it is, in two of greatest powre.  
 Denyded thus in many partes it vanisheth awaie:  
 Who byddes seeke not to many mates, doe therefore truely saye,  
 For harde it is to liue among so great a companie:  
 With them as it doth frendes become, eke conuersant to be.  
 For firyd fayth denyes her selfe, with many sor to dwell,  
 With fewe her selfe she doth content: wherfore beleue thou well,  
 Thou shalt not many faithfull finde. Loue not in any wyse  
 The common sort, nor seeke their loue, for discorde then doth ryse,  
 And pleasant peace with fewe remains, the common prease forsake:  
 Of pressing men with troubles, they their troublous name doe take,  
 A fewe, and god chose thou thy selfe, with whom to leade thy lyfe  
 By many yeares in safe thou maiste, and also boide of strife.  
 Lyke as therefore, thou canst not loue so many seruently:  
 So, canst thou not of such a sort, be loued faithfully.  
 For who so loueth not for troth, is worthy of no loue.

A civil common loue there is, wherewith it doth behoue,  
 The common sorte to loue, with which eche god, and euill man,  
 We ought assuredly to loue: which is perfourmed than,  
 Whan as we no mans hurt procure by wordes, or else by actes,  
 Whan as we leade our lyfe that none may wel controul our factes.  
 Whan we to all men curteouse be, and eke with frendly face:  
 Doe them salute with honoys due, and praysing them imbrace.  
 But yet, at first it doth behoue with fewe to leade thy life,  
 If thou doste seeke in peace to liue, and flye from foolyshe strife:  
 Them chiefly shun whom nought thou knowst. It cannot be perdyne,  
 That we in thornes, and thistles tredye, and scape vnprikkt thereby.  
 Nor care thou not a whyt, if that the wicked loue not thee,  
 Thinke it ynough if he not hate, ne shalt thou hated be,  
 If thou from them doe stand aloofe, such hurteth not the snake.  
 But if, sometime it doth thee please the company to take  
 Of tag and rag, and neighbor John, let tongue in silence dwelle:

Frendship  
hardly con-  
tinued a  
mongst  
many.

Yll com-  
pany to be  
auoided

And

And take good hēde what thing thou saist, and alwayes harkē well.

And seldom speake, it is the signe of one, whose head is light  
To much to prate, he est offendes that so doth wordes recite.

But such as rare and wylsely speake, deserue the chiefest praise:  
And in the prudent mouth it is a godly gift alwayes.

Speake yll of none behind their backe, ne yet before their face:  
Let this thy chiefest warning bē, and rule of chiefest place.

For prate not thou to no intent, nor ydle wordes let fall:  
For then shall eche man laugh at thee, and eke a fole thee call.

If thou shalt aunswere any man, or if thou question finde:

Before thou speakest in any case, determinyn in thy minde.

For when it once is fledde from thee, thou canst it not restraine:

The worde that once is flosyne abrode cannot come home againe.

A godly thing also it is, in talke to tell sometime,

The pithy sense of aged sawes, and auncient poets rime.

And now and then examples founde in worthy stroies olde,

Do giue the talke a greater grace, if they allude so tolde.

Alwayes therefore, it nædefull is on diuers bookes to rēde:

And, as the Wēs now there now here, on sondry floures to seude.

Expell thou anger farre from thee, away with pride, that else:

Such kinde of men cannot be loud, and alwayes shewe thy selfe  
Of gentle minde, and lowly eke, so shalt thou all men please:

If any man thy hurt procure, proue thou hym to appease

Rather with Wit, thā furious moode. To Wit doth Strenght giue place:

Shē Conqueresse doth all things tame: the Tigres stout in pace,

And Lyons fierce by art are wonne, and ships in seas doe swim,

And towres stronge by art doth bear the Elephant on him.

By this the Bull doth bear the yoke, and horse of strongest might

By this constrained is to beare, the bridle, and the knight.

Wit all things rules with aide of force, to threate much wyth crackes,

Is cowardes glise, & womens strength: to men belongeth factes.

The wyse man doth dissemble hurt, the valeant prates no whitte,

But when he sees the time, then dare he doe that shall seeme fyffe.

First take good hēde that none thee hurt, and if by iniury

Thou harmed art, when thou seest time reuenge it rightfully.

If thou canst not, let grieve a while within thy heart remaine,

Least that by scolische bostring wordes, thou maist more harm sustaine.

Tys naughty playing with edged toles. The wylsman will restraine,

And

And spie hys time, and eke geue place his soe with wordes to traine  
 That pleasant seme, and fawnings eke till he him bryng to snare:  
 So winnes the wilde vnruleye colte, the witty horseman ware.  
 So on the Drens necke the yokes, the plowman putteth on:  
 So Lyons fierce the Chariot drawes that Cybel syttes vpon.  
 So (Tigres wood) you doe obey to Bachus brydle raines.  
 Great wit it is to conquer thus, and hide the inwardre paines,

Tyll time conuenient come. Therefore this must be markt beside.

Wheresouer thou remainst, let not thy mouth be stretcht to wide,  
 With laughings loude, but when nede is then laugh thou moderatly:  
 It doth declare a simple wit to laugh excessively.

And on the other side, it is not fyt for any man  
 Alwayes in dumps to be, therfore lie thou them now and than.  
 The middle kepe, there vertue sits, no Jester would I thesse,  
 And yet, if that thou canst, I would that pleasant thou sholdst bee.  
 Enough(me thinks) I haue now said, my message here doth ende:  
 For whiche to thesse, my mother me from heauen hie did sende.

Now time commaundes to leauē h̄ earth, and skies aboue to climis;

From whence I wonted am the earth, to se full many a time.

Pusing that it so little semes, and rounde as any ball:  
 Amid the ayre to see it hang, haueing no stay at all,  
 Sustained only with his poysse: the sea doth eke appeare  
 About the earth full serpent lyke, to crangle haere and there:  
 And like a little b̄oke to runne. Here eke I doe beholde,  
 The Padus, Tanais, Ganges, and that Histre, waters colde:  
 As oft as showers do cause the dikes with wet to overslowe.  
 And when thy mouthes aloose I see(¶ Nilus) then I trowe,  
 They be (thoughe great in dede they are) but seauen gutters small.  
 And hence I b̄ewe the bloudy b̄oyles with shining swordes that fall.  
 And fieldes besprent with purple bloud, And foolish kings therby:  
 Who (while they couet more to haue and never thinke to dy)  
 With dire debate do battailes bryng, the giltlesse soules to kill:  
 And shewes the Gods a gasing griefe repugnant to their will.  
 And there I see their places change both riuers, springs, and clouds,  
 Hils fall to dales, & dales to hils, and place (where once grewe woods)  
 With coulter tild, and whereas plowes before haue ruune their race,  
 Theyr woods to growe, transformed towns & all things changing place.  
 He blessed is that may the like prospect to this obteine:

Whereso-

Padus a ri-  
uer in Italy.  
Tanais a ri-  
uer deui-  
ding Eu-  
rope from  
Asia.

Ganges a ri-  
uer in In-  
dia draw-  
ing golden  
sand with  
his siluered  
streames.

Histre the  
greatest ri-  
uer in Eu-  
rope, com-  
monly cal-  
led Donaw.

Nilus a ri-  
uer in Ae-  
gypt, the  
only hope  
of their pro-  
vision.

All things  
chaunge.

Wher Asia, and Affric he may see, and Europe eke againe,  
 That swels with wealth, and weapons eke, & diuers nations strong  
 That there do dwel, whome Cancer burns the Aethiops them amog.  
 Cilicians fierce, and Tartar Turkes, and men of Scithian grounde.  
 The shouting Parthes, Arabians eke, where frankincense is founde.  
 The Thracians wylde, and Arimaspes those valiant men in fight:  
 The Frenche, the Italian, men of Spaine, the sturdy Englishe wight.  
 As many people moare beside, on whome the sunne doth shine,  
 While he aboue, or vnder goes, the Horisontal line.

Wouldst thou not hither wyll to come, if it might lawfull bee,  
 For any mortall man to doe: if body let not thee?  
 But this can hap to none, but vs whose bodies framed were  
 Of finest aire, and not of earth, a while therfore forbeare,  
 Till death thy soule shall lose from bonds, and tyll that time, A dice  
 I go, this said, and aunswering I, away from me he flew.  
 In hast he flies wyth swifter course thā windes theselues, my thought,  
 And spreading wings abrode the skies, wyth course againe he caught.

## ¶ The fifthe Booke Leo.

I seeke not here Th'Arabians wealth nor stones of value hye  
 That redde seas brede, ne golden sands in Tagus streames that lye.  
 Nor people proude to gouerne here with sceptred hand and mace:  
 Such things my lucke hath me denyd, nor once I waile the case,  
 That destiny hath not giuer me such, so euuen the nought, as god,  
 May like obtaine to reap the golde of wealthy richesse floud.  
 Full oft we see thunworthy heds of witlesse people crownde:  
 Whose bodies eke are trim bedeckt with robes of purple rownde.

Those things I would the Lorde of all, on mee would here bestow:  
 Which neither fooles nor wicked men may euer hap to know.  
 That makes a perfect man in dæde, and nere to saintes aboue:  
 O mighty loue what is the cause: or what should thee thus moue  
 Wisedome to none or fewe to geue: in euery place we see:  
 Both pleasaunt, faire, and lustye brutes, and wealthy men to bee.  
 But vnieth may the place be founde, in all the world so wyde:  
 That byngeth forth such any one in whom doth wyt abide.

A wyse mā  
hard to be  
found.

Dost thou perchance more worthy think, a guide of soules to bee:  
 More noble is that power, vnder the which more noble be,  
 For worthier tys assertainly to rule by force of powers  
 Both castells stronge, and fortresses, wyth large and aumple towers:  
 Than Lorde of folde and flocke to be, and droues of beastes to guide.  
 Perhaps thou dost it to that ende our doings do deride,  
 And makest man thy laughing stocke. For nothing els to be  
 The life of men on earth doth seeme, then staged Comedie.

*Compariso.* And as the Ape that countersets, to vs doth laughter moue:  
 So we likewise doe cause and moue the Sainentes to laugh aboue,  
 As oft as stately steps we treade with looke of proude disdaine:  
 As oft as richesse we to much doe craue, or honours gaine.  
 As oft as we like Saunder snuffe, our selues do bragge and boaste.  
 What lesse is it, what part is played, when holding honours most,  
 With sceptred hande, a crowned Dule, an Asse of stature faire,  
 Of them beholden is to syt a lost in stately chaire.  
 Despising every other man though he be like in case:  
 Desiring yet to here the sounde, of God preserue your grace.  
 And to be duckd and knelde vnto, and haue them kille his feete,  
 Nor seeth the mad man what he is, how vaine and apt to flete,  
 Like water bleb, and thistle doun, that flieth in every place:  
 I am no such, nor seeke I doe, to liue in such a case.

But you (O Gods) aboue that dwell, and blessed are alone,  
 That liue in euerlasting ioy, if case you thinke vpon  
 The cries of mortall sinners here, and if you not despise,  
 The humane prayers that we poure, and teares of wretched eyes:  
 If you beseeche to graunt me here, a pure and perfect minde,  
 By which the truthe I always may from falshode aptly finde.  
 And vertue eke from tice discerne, least I as boyde of wit,  
 Should shun the things that I should haunt, and follow things vnsit,  
 Far if so be it may pertayne to any mortall man,  
 To liue as thus in blessed ease: by this meanes thinke I than  
 That I may blessed be. But sure I am therein deceaued,  
 As with me are all those that haue the very same beleaued.  
 For no man ever happy was, nor ever yet shalbe:  
 Not though the goods of all the worlde in hand possessed he.  
 Nor though he did in wit excell. But some perchance will doubt,  
 Except my leaues by reason strong do boult the matter out.

No man  
happy.

Sparks

Marke thou therfore this present booke, that sekest this to know:  
According as they best can doe my verses thee shall shew.

Pour sacred dores (my Muses swete) set wide and open here  
To mee your Prophet, and refreshe my minde with waters clere  
Of Parnass hilles, which soe I thyself disclose your secrete wares,  
Shewe me the truth, for well you know what hath bene done in dayes  
Of older time, and presently, and what shall eke ensue.

Now syr of all I will declare, wyth name and not vntrue,  
Whom we ought Happy soe to call, then will I touche the thing  
Whereto the God Apollo highe, by wisdome shall me bring.  
I say therefore, that onely hee can haue the name of blest:  
Who hath the chieffest god in hande now presently possest.  
But all men this not truely knowe, when eache one best doth daime  
The thing that most his minde doth plese. The Asse doth more esteeme,  
And Mule, the barely graine, than Wirt, that deinty fishe of meate:  
Than fleshe of tender Thrushes sod, than loynes of Hares to eate.  
So golde the gredy shudge doth wylsh, and alwayes prayse soe best:  
So honors thinckes thambitions man, and milksop Venus nest.  
Howe fewe, Alas, the truth may know: what myl of errours blinde  
Our iudgements hide: because that fewe haue now a perfect minde.  
Eche man doth iudge, & ech man speakes according to his wyll.

If their owne selues some things are good which never can be yll, Some  
And never harme. So god there are, not of themselues that bee: things  
Which somtyme help and eke besyde, do somtyme harme we see.  
These are the bodies outward giftes, vse makes them god or nougat: good sim-  
As if a man his countrey saue by Strength, this Strength is thought  
Then god to be, but if he harme the giltlesse innocent: ply: Other  
And with this Strength his countrie wast, then now incontinent,  
This Strength shall counted be soe yll. Like sentence I declare,  
Of riches, honors, eke of rule and all thinges els that are.  
The owner est such goddes destroy, although he vse them well.  
So hurts the Bees they bony swete, so makes the Beuer yell.  
His boyling ware, like riuers streame, they fade and flerte besyde:  
And doubtfully in error passe, and never certayne byde.  
Not therfore they be chieffest gods, nor who so doth abound  
Wyth such may counted be to haue, a happy life then found.  
But rather if the truth be sayd, those gods vnperfect bee,  
Which unto vs do profyt bring, and hurt in like degré.

For else might povson good be iudgd, that sometime health vs byngs:  
 And nothing shuld be counted yll, among all wordly things.  
 When as nothing so hurtfull is, but sometyme helps agayne.  
 But those that of themselves be good, and alwayes god remayne,  
 Doth make the happy man in dede, but what these same now be,  
 All men knowes not, with reason sharp therefore then seke must we.  
 (Minerua graunting grace) and some these things perchance will say  
 Is nothing hard to know, syth them both chaunce and corps denay.  
 Then must they nedes be god of minde that makes vs blest alone:  
 This bolt of theirs is well bestowyd, but mark yet hytt they none.

Fyrst must we commō things declare, our purpose shew that may:  
 Like as the torch amid the darcke doth shew the gadlings way.  
 Worke, working, or the man that workes, is euery kinde of thing:  
 The work it selfe an end we graunt, and him as beginning  
 That workes, we take, the middle eke, the working for to bee.  
 Now which of these more worthy is, becommeth vs to see.  
 Ech thing that moues, doth farre excell, the moued thing therby:  
 This playne appeares, the end doth moue the workman certainly.  
 For what is he takes ought in hand, but doth before perpend  
 And in his mind doth full conceaue, therof the finall end:  
 The end therefore more noble is. That working eke besyde,  
 Is much more base than is the end, by reason like is tryde.  
 Hereof we must conjecture nedes, the chieffest god to bee  
 A certayn end: but every end is not of best degrē.  
 But only that which is the ende of every other end,  
 To which the other ends haue all recourse: as clouds descend  
 Dogyther all in roaring seas. For reason would that so,  
 Unto the sure and perfect thing, thumperfect things should go.  
 And for to come to better state, the thing that is more base:  
 None other wise could wel be kept, god order in this case.  
 That thing therefore that is the last, and ende of all the rest:  
 That nedes must be the perfect god, the chieffest and the best.  
 Agayne, of euery kinde of thing contaynde in compasse round  
 Of all the world: some hauing lyfe, some boyde of lyfe be found.  
 But those that lyfe retayne, excell the bodies lyfe without:  
 Then whatsoeuer is chieffest god, must liue, enswers no dout.  
 Of things that liue, some reason want, and haue no speach to vse:  
 The rest haue speach and reason both, and them we best do chuse.

The last  
end of all  
things is  
the cheefest  
good.

The

The chieffest good therefore hath speach, and reason perfect tyme:  
 Of those that reason haue, great part, their liues in pleasure slide.  
 And parte agayn their liues consume, in labours great and payne:  
 But of them both their state is best, that pleasant life retayne.  
 We must nedes (Ergo) thincke the life of chieffest good, most swete.

Of those that liue most pleasantly, some parte away do slete  
 In little time, and sonie againe, remayne for longer dayes:  
 They that continue longest age, their state for best we prayse.

The longest time therfore doth liue, the chieffest good of all:  
 Whom thundring loue, and great lehoue, wont mortall men to call.  
 He shakes wyth fearfull noyse the flames, and flashing lightnings fell: God the  
 Black stormes he sends, with thunders rore he maketh the skies to yell. Chieffest  
 Unbindes the blasts, and sets them forth that makes the seas to rore,  
 That dries the soming flioud with force, unto the ratling shoze.  
 And shakes enclosde in caues the earth, wherby comes tubling downe  
 The buildings byg of euery towne: and strength of every towne.

But some perchaunce do doubt if God, whome we chieffest good do call:  
 An end may be, syth we haue tolde before that end of all  
 A framed thing must be, and here, this end to haue we say  
 Beginning and a middest thereto, which all men will denay.  
 He always was & shall lyue, no end to him can be:  
 All things he made, and of no man was euer framed he.  
 Before him nothing could be seene, nothing can after bide:  
 This doubt with answeare for to loose, loe thus I do prouide.

The workman fyrt and maker here of all the world, and all  
 Things in the same contayned clere, this same we God do call.

The end of all the world likewyse and all thing in the same:  
 Him God that guides the stars aboue, him God we also name.  
 Yet lawfull therefore is it not, a worke to thinke this same.  
 For every end is not a work, his minde that worke doth frame,  
 Seekes not the work alone to make, but farther doth intend:  
 As he that frames a chest, doth not his paynes and labour spend  
 The chest alone to make, but for some other cause it frame,  
 As somthing for to kepe therein, or else to sell the same.  
 More worthy euer is the ende the later it doth fall:  
 And worscher things to better drieue. So God is end of all,  
 To whom eche eather thing conteds, for whom the world doth stand:  
 And all things eke therein that be, and for himselfe his hand

The eterni-  
ty and cuer-  
lastingnes  
of allmigh-  
ty God.

God created the world and all therin conteynd for his own glory.

God without begining and without ending.

Created all, and not for vs, as some sir Johns doe say,  
 That call and bawle in every church, and leade pore soules astray.  
 Whō words they dolts of daulcoks make, what cause, what wit of ours?  
 What noblenesse, what godnesse is contaynd wythin our powrs?  
 For which the world so vast should frame so great a prince as he?  
 Wee all are full of filthy vice, and soules we also be.  
 Scarce one in all the worlde there is, whome poysone doth not try  
 Of greedy scraping Quarice, or filthy Lechery.  
 Whom swelling pride doth never vere, whome Pre or Pleasure blind  
 Doth not throw hedlong down, why then what godnesse can we finde  
 In vs, or what deserts, that might so great a workman moue,  
 The skies, the seas, the frutefull earth, to frame for our behoue?  
 Loues not he gentle vndeserude: so thou perchaunce wylt say:  
 This is but fond, for who wyll loue, th'vnthankfull wretched alway?  
 But he that wit doth lacke beside: whose natures disagree  
 So much, what meanes, or how may loue betwene them lincked be?  
 For God himself all tymes surmounts, in whome no end is spyde  
 Nor never he beginning had, yet end of all besyde,  
 And syt begynning eke he is most chiese, omnipotent,  
 Aboue all things, than whom more god can no mans head invent:  
 Dy yet a Lord of greater power, or one more excellent,  
 Who hath no neede of any thing, yet althings neede his might:  
 Who eche thing doth beholde, and yet not subiect to our sight.  
 Contayning all god things in him, and boyd of eche ill dæde:  
 The contrary all misers borne, of vile and filthy seede,  
 To wayling woes and dolefull teares, and thousand daugers dyre:  
 Continually wyth these or those diseases, set on fyre.  
 But little tyme remayning here, and that in grieve and payne:  
 Alas in what an errors myſt, our liues we here do trayne,  
 How eche one weake of minde we be, with diuers chaunces dolde:  
 Lamenting this, and wayling that, in fraude and vices bolde.  
 Who after that we waded haue, through cares and carking thought:  
 Are here compeld this life to yeld, resolued sone to nought.  
 The distance vs betwene and God, this (Ergo) doth declare  
 More great to be, than if we should the seely Flea compare  
 Unto the mighty Elephant, what knot of amitie  
 Can knit these two god questes in one that so vnequall be?  
 Thinkest thou thy Flea may haue the loue, of this same mōſter strōg?

Wyth

Wyth like doth loue and concord dwell, and eke th'unlike among  
 Alwayes doth hate and discord reigne, small sayth at least, but wrong.  
 Hereby some sorte appeare, whome men prophane our law doth deeme  
 And they that cowles do weare and hoods, our aduersaryes seeme,  
 Call heretikes, account vs mad, and doltheads vs do call:  
 Because we hope the Skies to see, and liue the Gods wythall  
 So; euermore in happy life, with diuers other toyes,  
 Which folish minde and prating young, do promise vs as ioyes.

For speach doth make vs beastes excell, wher if we lackt the same  
 Which God vs givis, & eke our hadds, by which we all things frame  
 No beast more vile than we were then, no beast in worser case:  
 For these same two aboue the rest, givis nature all her grace.

Hereof doth all our pride arise, therof eche Art begonne,  
 For voyce doth warne the present, what to doe or what to shonne.  
 And letters to the absent speake, So; if a beast might shew  
 By words the secret motions hid, in heart that he doth know,  
 If talke among them might be had, if that they; syngers syne  
 Were apt to write, no doubt we might beholde an Asse sometime  
 Of greater wit than wae: and beastes of every other kinde  
 Would greater reason haue in them than man in vs may finde.  
 And boldely durst themselves preferre, eche other wight before:  
 And eke the Asse would proue himselfe, of estimation more  
 Than wae, the tongue and hand therefore, not reason causeth thus:  
 Eche other kinde of beast to be a Subiect vnto vs.

This they affirme and more besyde. If men be borne they say,  
 Of parêts dumme, whose hands are maiunde or cut from thê away,  
 And liue in woodes not nere to townes, and tongue and hand doe faile  
 Like other beastes: (I praye thê) what can humaine wit prevaile?  
 What reason shall in them appeare, thinkst thou they will not leade  
 Their liues as vile as other beastes: what wisdome may they pleado  
 More than the reas of brutish sort: one sprite they all possele,  
 Though it unlike doe seeme to be, because they doe expresse  
 In body diuers forme: and haue of great diuersitie  
 Their members all, wherto is ioynde, a diuers facultie.

If diuers Carpenters you bring like learned in their seat:  
 If some of them lack instruments, no doubt the difference great  
 Must needes amongst them be, for they can nothing aptly doe  
 That want eche kinde of tole that doth belong their wo:ke vnto.

The neces-  
sary benefit  
of the  
tongue and  
the hands.

No crafts  
man may  
want his in  
strumets  
wherewith-  
all to work

Noz aster him shall Orpheus drawe, the beastes and rockes so hic:  
 If he should lacke his musickes sweete, ne once would Paris flie  
 (Being armed well at every poyn) vnarmed fierce Achill.  
 Wyth such a sorte of reasons vyle, these fooles our eares do fyll,  
 But more of them perhaunce I will, hereafter bring to light:  
 When I shall of the soule of man, some sentences recite.  
 For there I will it proue diuine, immortall eke to be:  
 Which two of beastes no man will graunt. Now where we stād wil wē.

The chiefe and perfect god is God, and who so him possest:

May called be of euery man, the happiest man and blest.  
 But who can him obtayne to haue: for eche thing had as yet:  
 Is farre more vyle than he that hath obtayned it to get.

And every kind of thing possest, is eke of balme lese  
 Than is the owner of the same, that then doth it posseste.  
 For even as lone thou mayst contayne, the Ocean sea as well:  
 Within the compasse of a dish, or of an Oyster shell,  
 (A candle set before the windes, A subiect dust to graue)  
 Than Lord of such a mighty power, by any meanes to haue.  
 Alone God al things doth posseste, and hath himselfe alone:  
 He only hath the happy life, besyde him blest is none.

A certaine chiefest god there is, beside this same foresayd:

Whiche euery creature may obtayne, yet like to them denayd.  
 For diuers natures all they haue, some one thing this doth please: -  
 Some other thing doth seeme agayne, to be the others ease.  
 Al thing therfore may well obtayne, a certayne happinesse:  
 If not so perfectly as God, himselfe doth it posseste,  
 But by some meanes, and for a tyme, while things that doth agree,  
 Wyth nature best, he can obtayne, ne feele aduersitie.  
 But (al things past) now time requires, that we shoulde speake of man:  
 Who hath the chiefest god in hand, and counted happy than,  
 When seeming vnto nature god, he all things doth posseste:  
 And saies in all his life no harme nor kinde of bitternes.  
 This may be counted chiefest god, that all good things contaynes:  
 That giues all kinde of plesant things, that puts away all paynes.  
 For only plesant doth not make, nor vertue yet doth give  
 The happy life, as some do write, in ground of Grece that liue.

With many gods of greater worth, than fewe, are counted playner:  
 As is the bushell counted more, than one poure leely grayne.

Philosophi-  
call, and pi-  
thy reasons.

God incō-  
prehensible

God only  
blessed.

What felici-  
ty man  
hath.

One good thing glues not happynesse, though it be chiese and best;  
 But one in all that makes the lyfe, compact in all the rest.  
 So can not onely one that rules, a towne procure to stand:  
 So can not of a thombe be framide, a full and perfect hand.  
 And sith that of two partes we are, the body and the minde:  
 Then happynesse the happy man, in both these partes must finde.  
 He must be whole, and sound in Corps, and of a lusty myght,  
 He must be sayre, he must be fresh, and of a lively spright,  
 He must be god, wise, Learnd, Discreete, and gifts of both retayne,  
 Powre like not known nor hurtfull chaunce, and if he not remayne  
 In long estate of happy yeares, yet blest he can not bee,  
 Though all the same commodities foresyd to him agrée.  
 For happy life that doth not last almost is worth nothing,  
 As well haue certayne sayd before, not one day makes the spring,  
 Ne bringeth it on Swallowes swap. But at his latest day,  
 With easy death and smallest payne must he depart away,  
 And passe with ioy the Stygian lakes, resolute from mortall dayes,  
 Nor in his life time glosy wantes nor at his death his prayse.

But may there any one be found wyth vs that mortall are,  
 Which hath all these things in his time? I thinke him very rare:  
 To whom nothing desired lacks, nor dolefull chaunce doth light  
 In all his time and yeares, who liues and dyes in happy plight.  
 This is the very Phoenix byrd whom durst the Grecian faine,  
 The Grecian of a foolish head, and of a frantick brayne:  
 Who thought of one might issue come, and bones consumde that bee  
 To ashes colde, a byrd to bæde which never men could see.  
 But so that she may wonders sing this nation not esteames  
 The truth to say, a nation whole addict to toyes and dreames,  
 At whose example Latins dote. The happy man therfore  
 Is rare as Phoenix byrd. But wee are all both lessie and more  
 In wretched case, although yet some than some more misers bee,  
 Because that like estate to all is not, nor like degréé.  
 He that therfore doth most god things, and euill least suffayne,  
 May counted be a happy man. But he whome cares do payne,  
 And fewe god things at all possesse, may called be full well  
 A wretched man. Syth none therfore is happy, wee must tell  
 How least vnhappy we may be, and how in better case  
 Our liues to leade in greater ioy, and with more pleasaunt grace.

C.iiij.

And

Man consisteth of  
two parts,  
the soule  
which is  
immortall  
and the bo-  
dy which is  
Corrupti-  
ble.  
Aristotles  
felicitie.  
What be-  
longeth to  
perfect  
happines.

The vanity  
and light-  
nes of the  
Grecians.

No man  
happy.

Kings and  
Byshops  
live not  
the happiest  
lyfe.

Similitude.

Princes  
subject to  
greate  
Cares.

The sweete  
nes of li-  
berty.

And to begin I not beleue it true that all men prate,  
How Bishops great and mighty Kings do live in bess estates.  
For as in every other thing extremity is thought  
But yll to be, the meane as good, so here excesse is nought  
In riches, for to much of eche doth hurt, who hath therfore  
Most riches, hath no better life, than he that mosle is pore.  
With euils like they vered be. So he that is to fat,  
And hath his paunch wyth guts bumbast not lighter is for that,  
Nor soner moues thā doth the wretch whose skinne doth leancesse stek:  
The one doth feblenesse forbidd, the other satnesse let.  
And as the Sea with greater floudes, and soming sorce doth yell,  
And casts himselfe in mountaynes highe while he discouers Hell,  
Anid the depth the tempest rozes and yet doth least appere,  
Is moued most with raging windes, but now the shoare full neere  
The shallow Seas with louder noyse doth bounce vpon the sand:  
So Kings that haue the supreme power and rule of rulmes in hand,  
With greater cares tormentid are, and greater grieses of minde,  
Although the coimmon people yet, these wounds doe never finde.  
For secretly whithin their heartes their torments they do hide,  
Addē this thereto, they alwayes haue a mischesous mate beside  
That bereth them, and Feare it is, suspecting every twigge,  
Hereof sometime do treasons bræde somctyme a Spanish figge.  
They dare not walke alone, nor eate except it tastid be.  
More deare than any kind of price O worthy Libertie,  
The chieffest Gem, and Jewel sayre, which taken once away,  
We sweete, and pleasant vnto men, nothing inuented may:  
And death it is alyue to be. The pore and seely soule,  
Wher as he list both night and day in safetey may go proule,  
Ewyther within the Cities wall, their places sayre to see,  
And playes beholde, or viewe the signes of olde antiquitie:  
Or if his pleasure rather be without the wall to walke,  
In Orchards sayre, and Gardens gay, amyd the floures to stalke,  
Or if desire of countrey sight remayne within his hart,  
Nothing him lets but may alone when he seeth tyme depart.  
He needes no shuffling sorte of men, nor croude of clientes thicke,  
As oft beside as he doth thirst or hunger doth him prickē  
Apace he falles thereto, nor feare of poysen doth him let.  
For baser food che byrdes abrode in woods had rather get:

Ans

And greater pleasure farre they take in pecking sedes wyth paine,  
 Than if a cage of pearle and gold their bodies should containe:  
 And there be fed with daynty meates. Full oft a king therefore  
 May liue in wretched case no doubt, nor makes him happy mo<sup>r</sup>  
 (Belue me now) his regal crowne. But on the outward shew  
 The fooles do gase, and what within remaynes they little know.  
 For I him count in best estate whome Fortune giues a meane,  
 Whose living doth not much ercede nor substance is to leane,  
 Who hath himselfe a pretie house to which doth ground belong,  
 That giues his master malt and wheat and other grayne among.  
 O what a great and godly gayne the ground well tild doth breede,  
 The husbandman that labours well of few things stands in neede.  
 For eyther trees of diuers kindes a long in order set,  
 With little cost on them bestowde do greatest profit get,  
 O sundry sortes of frutesful grayne and Corne in furrowes cast,  
 With greate increase commes vp agayne. O if to labour fast  
 It please him in Orchards sayre, of whose increase doth spring  
 Such pleasant frutes that may compare wyth dish of any king:  
 Except you rather lyst ercede, than reasonably to lyue.  
 The meane estate therefore is best which eyther chaunce doth giue,  
 O dead mens will, or dowry of wife, or trauayle of the hand,  
 O cast of minde by marchandise to fetch from land to land,  
 In breeding beastes, with cattels heird, thy stables full to drue,  
 In keeping doues on houses hie, or honied Bees in hiue.  
 O winter milles black oyles to grinde or milles that meale do make,  
 With these and diuers other meanes sufficient gayne to take  
 Doth wisdome teach such as geue not their mindes to slouthfulnesse,  
 Nor suffer ill and poysone sweete of drousy laziness.

But chiesly yet this is the gift of Lady Fortunes grace,  
 She setteth whome she will aloft in rich and welthy case,  
 She Lady is of euery thing and riches all doth giue.  
 It is not to be sought beside in seruice for to lyue,  
 For nothing mo<sup>r</sup> an honest man becommes than liberty,  
 But he of nature is a slau and of no dignety,  
 Unhappy rather, and a wretch, who can the yoke sustayne  
 Of masters hestes, and them obey for hope of foolish gayne.  
 The meddowes fat, nor all the Golde nor price of Indian lands,  
 Is so much worth that thou shouldest haue thy meate in others hands,

C.iiiij.

And

Similitude;

The means  
estate the  
happiest  
lyfe.  
Comenda-  
tion of  
husbandry.

Meanes to  
lyue by.

The uni-  
versall  
regiment  
and ample  
rule of La-  
dy Fortune,

The mis-  
try of such  
as serue.

And rest at others will, and when thy master byds shē go,  
Then like a ball from him thou must be tossed to and fro,  
And serue a man perhaps more worse then thou thy selfe sometime:  
An Asse, unlearnde, a surfeiter, that bowes his yeares to wine.  
A sond and filthy thing it is, when thou maist leade thy life  
With little living safe and free and boyd of all such strife  
To beare the yoke of bondage vile, for hope of greater gayne,  
And frēdome sell, the chiese of all, and stately checke sustaine.  
O mindes of men degenerate why seeke ye greate mens halls,  
To be an hononr vnto them and make your selues as thralls?  
Who worth you all that shepherdes neede like beastes of brutish sorte,  
That of your selues not able be to keepe an honest porche.  
For who so serues by any meanes can no wayes happy be,  
It is an Alles parte to beare the saddle stylle wee see.  
Therefore who commes of parents free, or of a noble kinde,  
And doth possesse as much as may suffice himselfe to finde:

Obiection  
agaynst  
marriage.

He nedeles thē his chaunce bewayles. But som perchaunce will dout  
The maried or the single life, which best of them, for stout  
And prouid the wiues are often scene, and oft to chide and brall,  
And catch their husbands by the pates, and often naught withall:  
Besides the cares of children vere, whome grieues the sicknes rage,  
Or else vntimely death doth take. The daughter come to age  
With monied bagges a mate requires, or else Dame Lais schole  
Doth practise there, and stayns the house. The sonne proues oft a sole,  
Limesingred oft, and harlots kēpes, a brawling marchant stout,  
A swearing Goose, a Russian wilde, a vile vnshamefast lout.

Lais a very  
faire and  
beutifull  
harlot at,  
Corinth,  
w.th whom  
none might  
medle but  
such as  
brought a  
fate purse.

The aun-  
swr.

He seemes not to be free beside who so euer hath a wife,  
Must alter needes condicions all, and leaue his youthfull life,  
Forsaking strayes must byde at home, not ryde from towne to towne,  
Nor in the night tyme walke the stretes in beating dozes adowne,  
And keping Joane. Its needfull then to liue aduisedlie,  
And see thy goods they not decrease, but may augmented be,  
Least in thy age the wallet come. Although these things be so,  
Yet think I sure with maried bed and nature for to go  
More better farre, as shē to vs of birdes and beastes vntame  
Crample shewcs, how both the kindes themselues togither frame,  
And ioyne in one of duty must, and alwayes so remayne:  
Encrease to get and nourish vp their yong wyth equall payne.

Wherby

Wheraby the kinde may styll endure and never more decay,  
 For weé as every kinde of beast are moud to Venus play  
 By natures will, a wosser thing shall hap to thee be sure  
 If thou thy selfe wilt never seeke this thing for to procure.  
 And boyd of issue shalt thou dye and yeld thy corps agayne,  
 A straunger then shall haue thy goodes for which thou tokest payne.  
 And when that aged haizes shall hap & sicknesse shall thee hent,  
 Who shall thy wearied age relieve? who shall thy hurts lament?  
 Thy brother or thy kinsman nere, or will doe this thy frende?  
 No sure, for to be heye to thee they rather wish thine ende.  
 On thee aliue they wayt and fawne thy goods at grane to take,  
 And eche man loues and feares thy god, of thee no force they make.

O mischiefe great, O beastnesse, and vile desire to get,  
 O piteous plague eche where dispersit, on profit all be set:  
 The vertue left. Who seketh now the righteous thing to vse?  
 What man is he that will not now all goodnesse cleane refuse  
 If any hope of gayne he haue? GOLD guides the lawes we see,  
 And myght of Gold than strength of bloud of greater force to be.  
 For Gold both shamefassnesse and faith are set abrode to sell,  
 For Gold the Gods aboue be serude and weé set frée from Hell.  
 But now the wife her father leaues and mother deare belyde,  
 With al her house and houshold frends, with thee alone to byde  
 For euermore both night and day, and of thy seede shée beares  
 A swete and goodly golpowlde Boy of small and tender yeares:  
 And kindred newe to thee she brings and doth thy house enlarge,  
 And helps thee eke in every thing and takes wyth thee the charge.  
 Betwene you all things common are, both god and euill things,  
 Whatsoever harmeth one, hurts both: and that which profit bringes  
 Unto the one, that profits both. If sicknes make thee weake,  
 Or greater age, then doth she strayt erhozte thee well and speake.  
 She confortes thee, shee helps thee then, shee never leaues thee there,  
 Shee watches thee and watching serues. Likewise thy children dere  
 With all the meanes they can they keepe, for both your blouds are one  
 And Image like: And when the day wherein thou must be gone  
 Is come, thou art not cleane extinct but shalt aliue remayne  
 In them, who then shall represent their fathers face agayne.

But some there bee that rather had in common harlots bed  
 Uncertayne children get, therfore they list not wiues to wed.

C.v.

The incom  
modities  
of single &  
unmaried  
lyfe.

All thyngs  
for money

The Cōmo  
dity of a  
good wyfe.

Such

Compariso  
betwixt a  
wyfe and a  
harlot.

Good ad-  
vise to be  
taken in  
marriage,

Ydlenes to  
be eschew-  
ed.

A man  
must chose  
his owne  
wyfe, and  
not stand  
to the elec-  
tion and ap-  
pointment  
of others

Such kinde of men I cannot prayse nor wise I have them thought,  
For wife with doury helps thee well where harlots bring thee nought.  
A wife doth bring thee store of frendes, where harlots bring thee foes,  
A wife thou shalt in safety haue, a whore with griefe and woes.  
The one will trusty syll remayne, the other false alway,  
And fearing to be cast at large, she stealeth all shē may.  
And for her selfe shē heapes vp all her state for to repaire,  
Wher thou hast plukt her belles away and cast her vp to aire.  
More, if thou keepest a whore, thy goods are but in quasy case,  
Of wiues are children lawfull got, of harlots bastards base.  
To wed therefore it needfull is, but fittest fyrt to see  
The maydes estate, the parents eke, their manners what they bē.  
For often times the children doe their parents after take,  
For trees according as they are like fruities are wont to make.  
Aske counsel of her neighbours, close, A faithfull friend to thē,  
I meane a woman honest send, her whole estate to see:  
If shē be fayre, if shē be fowle, If sounde, or soore, to knowe,  
If she lacke wit, if shē can spinne, if shē can knit or sowe.  
These are the workes for them to vse, and vertuous wemens dēdes,  
For to eschewe all ydlenesse, which chiefly vices bēdes.

For ydlenesse the minde corrupts, and leades it vnto euill,  
To wanton lust and filthy vice, and fansies of the Deuill.  
This ydlenesse doth ouerthrowe and Cities downe doth pull,  
For if that Lucrece had not giuen her selfe to workes of wull,  
And if the chaste Penelope with webs had never wrought,  
But both amyd their halles had sat with ydle wanton thought:  
This might haue please perchaunce among a thousand woers, one  
And of the others Virgins death should never fame haue gone.  
But best it is for thee to vewe these things thy selfe alone:  
For other men among (for troth) firme sayth remayneth none.  
For all men now wyl fayne and lye, and truth is quite exilde,  
Few saythfull shalt thou find: but if thou wilt not be beguilde,  
If thou wouldest all things better proue, then make thy selfe a spye:  
And seeke all things thou goest about, to see with present eye.  
Wherfore I warne thee earnestly, take heed that thou her see:  
(If that thou canst) what one she is, to whom thou thinkst to bē  
In mariage ioynd, least afterward, in vaine thou dost lament;  
And least it doe when time is past, thee of thy dēde repent,

But

But if perchaunce (as oft it happes) thou liuest in wretched case

Wyth wicked wyse,deceiude by fate and frowning Iunos grace.

Fyrt mildly doe such one erhort sweete wordis with her frequent:  
And giue her giftis and all that may,her wayward minde content,  
Wyth sweete deceytes her overcome,now fast thyne armes embrase  
About her neck, and though shē shun,cast kysses on her face.

Meanes to  
wynne a  
wayward  
and curs'd  
wyfe.

With all sweete meanes appease her yre. If this doe not preuayle,  
Use bytter wordes,be angry then and chide her fast, and rayle,  
Put on thy brasen face, and sume and feare her then with threts.  
If this doe nought procure, and by thy wordes shē nothing sets,  
Trye thou the matter then with stripes and softly on the backe  
With bouncing blowes bebast her well,that all her bones may crack.  
If thou suspect thy wife of play,then kepe no lusty men,  
Nor fellowes fayre,with whom shē may be prating now and then.  
Thou art deceaued,if thou dost thinke that any kinde of man  
Wyll saythfull be in Venus case: No man is faithfull than.  
For shē reioyceth to beguile,by fraude is loue possest  
And unto Venus alwayes fraude a thing is counted best.

But as a chiefest thing take hēde there entre not thy doze,  
Nor Fryer satte,ne lusty Monke, nor Priest of any loze.

Escheue these knaues,a greater plague than these can none expresse,  
These are the dregges of euery sort and springes of foolishnesse,  
The common sinke of mischieses all, and Wolues in felles of shēpe,  
For pence, and no deuotion sure,to God these wretches crēpe.  
And with a colour false of truth,they simple soules beguils,  
And vnderneath religious cloke a thousand mischieses vile.

Vyllanie  
coloured  
with religiō  
on.

A thousand haynous dēdes they doe,desflouring Mayde and Wyse,  
Whorehunters vile, and Hodonites,the seruaunts all their lyfe  
Of beastlinesse, and belly ioye:The things diuine they sell.

What wonders great inuet they not:what dreaines doe they not telle  
The common people to deceiue, and to procure their gaine.

Heresof doth superstition ryse, and thousand fanfries vaine,  
Whiche,if the Gods be wyse,they skorne, and doe refuse to beleve.  
The Godly man doth worship God with earnest loue, and trewe,  
And not for gold: Alway wyth gayne, thou shalt see them denye  
All sacred seruice here on earth, and God himself on hye.  
Thēselues therfore this flocke doth serue, & not the Saincts aboue,  
And profit causeth Gods to be; which if thou once remoue,

Both Temples and their Altar stones, shall flat lie on the ground:  
 Nor any more amongst them all, shall any God be found.  
 These Juggling mates and ffores false, expell from thē therfore:  
 And take god hēde that none of them, do enter at thy doore.  
 Least thou doe sing the Cuckoes note, through fayned vertue such:  
 Nor if thou any Gossips hast, beleue them not to much,  
 For vnder colour of this name the knaues do many play.  
 Take hēde besyde that from thy house, shē often do not stray.  
 Nor let her haunt thy neyghbours house. It hath bene sene full oft,  
 That whoremasters haue hid them selues, amyd thy neighbours lost.  
 Appoynt her mates for company, of chaste and honest dame:  
 Let mother Wē, be put from thence, and every bawdy dame.  
 And sace thou not wyth other whores, thy selfe for to relieu:  
 Nothing doth cause her moze to frowne, nor nothing more her grieue.  
 For nothing more reuengement sækis, than when shē is begilde:  
 And sēs that with vnstedfast loue her bed is thus defilde.  
 Then all with yre shē flames and hates, then doth shē eke begin:  
 To work her housband like despite, then choler boyles wythin.  
 Then rageth shē like Bacchus priest, whom to much wine doth prick,  
 Beleue me well she is but rare, that doth not use the trick  
 That harlots use, when that she is, decciude of lawfull part:  
 At least if she can not in dede, yet sinnes shē in her hart.  
 For will with vice prouoked thus, in vice will farther slide.  
 But if thou takst her with the dede, let lawes on her be tride.  
 Be not ashaid but let the lawes be reverenced of thee,  
 For they are as a certaine rule by which we are guided bee.  
 Least thou shouldest give a greater paine amid thy raging yre  
 Offending God, in folowing men than doth the fault requyre.  
 For common people never use the rule of reason sage,  
 But are sedusse with furies fell, like beastes of brainles rage.  
 Ne hast thou lost thy liberty by marrying of a wyfe,  
 Because thou maist not walke the stretes and leade a russians lyfe.  
 This can be calde no liberty but rather licence nought,  
 Who so is free doth saeme to serue, such is not to be sought,  
 It bringes the owner to much harme. And not to can doe ill  
 Is better farre, than haue such vice adherent to thy will.  
 How many men haue beeene destroide by to much liberty?  
 How many men in safetie liue with bridles dost thou see?

The beha-  
viour of a  
marryed  
man to his  
wyfe and  
bedfellow.

Lawes are  
not to be  
contemned.

And

And if thy children sicknesse vere why shouldest thou wepe or waile?  
 Go sēke in hast to make them whole if that will not prenaile.  
 And if that death will haue them needes then vse a patient minde,  
 Thou art not in this case alone, but fellowes shalt thou finde.  
 The griefe that we with many beare, we better may sustaine:  
 We all are borne to this intent, to render lyfe agayne.  
 For of our fyſt beginning doth the fatall ende depende,  
 And certaine is the time decaſed for all away to wende.  
 And either ſone or latter doth eche man his graue descende,  
 To death which is of euils all the laſt and finall ende,  
 Not of the valiaunt to be feared: what doth it ought anaile  
 The deaſhes of them with teares, þere haue loſt their lyfe to wayle?  
 Is it a thing ſo wretched here to leauē this fooliſhe life?  
 To ryd thereby our mortall corps from all vnpquierit ſtrife?  
 And for the hurly burly here, eternall lyfe to win?  
 Perpetuall rest by death we gaine, or els the coniuning in  
 To lyfe agayne. But weape thy fill, in time thy teares ſhall ſtay:  
 And all thy cares and grieſe beſyde, from thæ ſhall time conuay.

Death the  
end of all  
cuyls.

But if thou wanton children keepe, or of a greater shame,  
 (O Father fonde) deſeruing ſtripes, then thou art moſt to blame,  
 And cauerie chiefe of all their hurt, who taughtſt not them to know:  
 Both maners good and vertuousneſſe, while tender yeares did grow,  
 Not yet with vices foule defaſt: neglecting thou the minde,  
 Didſt only bring their bodies vp, like beaſtes of brutiſh kinde.  
 Hereoſo many fooliſh geſe, and nougaty men remaine,  
 With whom eche citie peſtred is. For all in age retaine  
 The maners that they diſceive when yonger yeares were riſe:  
 And eche man as he liud in youth, ſo leadeth he his life.  
 The tender twigge at firſt may boſte according to thy minde,  
 But whē the bowes get elder ſtrength, no more thou ſhalt them winde,  
 Nor from the place that yong it helde, thou ſhalt it cauſe to flye:  
 So doth a childe in tender yeares eche way himſelfe applye,  
 But when that elder age is come, looke which way firſt he went:  
 That kepes he ſtill, and will not change his firſt conceiude intent.  
 Of cuſtome long is nature bred, and yeldeſ hir ſore alway,  
 No vſe that long time hath bene kept: yet ought we for to pray  
 To God, within the motheſ wombe that he may giue god ſaſde:  
 For ſo we ſhewe our ſelues in lyfe, as we therein doe b̄æde.

Parents  
ought to  
be mynd-  
full of the  
good bryng-  
ing vp of  
theyr chil-  
dren.

Yll bryng-  
ing vp,  
the caufe of  
Lewd per-  
ſons.  
A Simili-  
tude.

That which  
is bred in  
the bone  
will never  
out of the  
fleshe,

Shorte com-  
patisons.

Geue not  
Children  
to much  
liberty.

The wery  
way to the  
habitation  
and dwel-  
ling place  
of Lady  
Vertue de-  
scribed.

Whosoever doth come nought frō thence wil seldom vertuous prone,  
Though manners god, the schole hym teach & thousand masters moue,  
Well maist thou nature rule sometime, but never her expell:  
For she is still of greater force than all thy guiding well.  
Yet something will shee alred be with vse and daily toyle,  
So with continuall husbanding doth beare the barren soyle.  
So lions fierce of mighty force obey to man as king.  
So by continuall exercise eche Art in time doth spring.  
Wherefore instruct thy children well while tender yeres doe grow,  
And teach them honest wayes to walke and vertuous lyfe to know.  
Permit them not to rampe abrode according to their will,  
Than liberty no kinde of thing for children is more yll.  
If thou be wyse holde fast thy raynes and warely well them guide,  
For mortall things by natures force are moude in vice to side.  
And willingly thereto they run, if helpe no labour bring:  
For without Art is nature wont to giue no perfect thing.  
For God himselfe will not permit, that wee with slouthfulnesse  
Should heauy ware, but stirres vs vp with cares and busynesse,  
And as with spurres, þ slouthfull pricks. A pleasant place ther lies,  
That ryseth vp with craggy rocke amid the steamy skyes,  
Full of delight, than which more blest a place cannot be founde:  
To whom the swete Elysius fields, and Temp of Thessall grounde  
Doth place resigne: here nighe the Pole and nigh þ starres that shine,  
Dame Vertue dwells, and there enioyes a thousande pleasures fine.  
But vengeance crabbed is the pathes, both narrow and vnaplaine  
And so be grown wyth thickes of thorne, that never can attaine,  
The vile and slouthfull minde to passe of earthly cares possest:  
And few pure mindes aloft doth bring, whom God hath chose as blest  
Aboue to dwell amid the skyes. Full crabbed is the way  
To Vertue sure, but plaine to Vice, by which wee sone doe stray:  
To which we all runne easely. Who therefore doth intende  
To trade a childe in vertuousnesse, must labour him to mende,  
For without labour, nothing god can well perfourmed bee:  
The force of daily labour, doth all things dispatch, we see.  
First ought (you fat hers) to take heed above all other things,  
Your children haunt no ill resort, for custome alwayes brings  
Eche kinde of manners unto men, yea though they Sainetes should be:  
Ill company will them corrupt. But chiefly let them slie

From haunt of lustye youthfull b<sup>r</sup>utes, for youth is alwaies bent  
 To vices all, and filthy be, and filthy talke inuent.  
 For wholly is this age addict to naughty ryots daede:  
 That they vse not the haunt therefore, of yong men take good heed.  
 Thou that intendest for to keepe a childe in vertuousnesse,  
 Now vse to chide, and now the rod, and plaine the way erpreesse,  
 By which they may their feete direct: in no wise fauour shewe,  
 And euer angry; let them not the loue of fathers knolle.  
 For nothing can more hurtfull be, than speake them faire vnto:  
 Then greater heart in vice they take, then all things dare they doe.  
 When y<sup>e</sup> for truth shalt take their words and makst of them to much,  
 Bewitched soze with doting loue, to children fauour such  
 Is hurtfull sure, for feare alone doth make them vice to fly,  
 Not reason then: and sone they sinne, if they be not put by  
 With brydels harde, and as they doe full oft in vices fall,  
 Spone causling them, so seldom they returne if none doe call.  
 According as they bring them vp so all men children haue.

Beside all this we must inuen<sup>t</sup> our bodyes health to saue.

For health is far more worth thā gold. T H E healthy deluing lout, Health to  
 In better state accounted is than crased kyng, no doute. be cared for  
 First ought the cause be knownen, wherof such sicknesse vile are sowne  
 In corps of men, tormenting them, for once the causes knowne,  
 More easily mayst thou shun the effectes. And causes pulde away,  
 Th' effectes of them that did ensue incontinent decay.  
 The causer first of each disease is chiefeſt Nature ſure,  
 As oft as vnder naughty starres the byrth doth procure:  
 While as the childe doth inwardē take the motions of the ſkie,  
 Or else begot of naughty ſeede: the cause doth often lyne  
 Amyd the parentes of the childe, when they perſourme the acte  
 Dispoſed ill, with naughty bloud, or ſore diseases racte.  
 More causes are there yet beside, as labour, toyle, and reſt,  
 Both colde, and heate, with ſleepe, and meat, and ioyes of Venus neſſ.  
 Eche one of theſe, doth Strength abate and hurt the lively ſpryte,  
 As oft as we to much them vſe, or vſe them elſe to lyght.  
 Excesſe of both doth ſicknesſe bring. Of meaſure health proceſſes.

The perturbations of the minde diſeaſes often bredes.

And to much ſadnesſe, feare, and grieſe, and to much myrth, as well cause of  
 Doth kyll, if we will credit ſuch, as histories doe tell.

Yll compa-  
ny to be  
banished  
from Chyl-  
dren.

The child  
must not  
know the  
the fathers  
affection.

The cauſes  
of ſickneſſe,  
ſome natu-  
rall ſom vi-  
olent.

Affections  
of the mind  
cause of  
ſickneſſe.

The Ayre doth hurt, the Water harmes when they be both infected;  
Hereof doth come the plague sore, whereby the guttes are vexed.  
The common Rot doth many ky whole, and divers sicknesse sore  
Doth brawling, figh, and falle procure, with thousand perils more.  
These springs and grounds of mischieves all (if thou thy health set by)  
By all the meanes thou canst invent, seeke thou from them to fye.  
If thou be sick (as nedes thou must sometime) what wilt thou doe?

In sickness Deserr not then the medicine long, but loke thou sone thereto:  
remedy While as thy sore is yet but grene, nor yet thy mortall soe  
must pre- Possessed hath his pitched place, anyd thy corps. For, loe,  
fently be A little water doth suffice, to quench the breading fize:  
sought. But when that it is fully growne, and flames begin to spire  
Wyth vaulting course agayne þ Starres: scarce Riuier, Spring, or Lake  
Will then suffice to quench it out. Shift therefore timely make  
To know the cause of thy disease, and sone to put them out  
The contraryes, Contrary things eche one expell no dout.  
If cold haue thus procurde thy harme, vse things to heate agayne:  
If trauayle, toyle, or meate the hurt, from them likewyse refrayne.  
If naide require, then seeke the aide of some Physitians hand,  
Or Surgians helpe: in surgians Art more knowledge sure doth stand.  
For playne and sure apnieres the work, that in his hand he takes:  
But Leache (whom we Physitian name) while he the water shakes  
Wherby he doth his iudgement giue, and seales the beating bayne  
And takes the dung, he is deceaude, and doth deceaue agayne.  
But wyth vnlke estate of harme, the simple soule doth die  
And gives the balde religious men, a cause to sing and crie.  
The other having gotten golde, accuseth God on hie,  
And saith that he was onely cause, wherby the man did die.  
And fast with siluer fluffes his purse, with swete reioycing hart:  
All men (Alas) are healed now, by chaunce and not by Art.  
Nor he that any Art knows well, in practising of it,  
Against va- But seldeome he doth chaunce to erre, or doth offend no whitte.  
jeance Physitians. But these among whereof we talke, among a hundred yll,  
There scarce is one whom they can sauie: or whome they do not kyll.  
How chanceth this? But for bycause that fewe of them doth knowe,  
What thing they do, what Physicke is: but while they seeke to fowe  
Wyth witty words, and Logiks Art, thunlearned for to blinde:  
Of Physiks cure the Principles, they scarcely seeke to finde.

Instructed

Instructed thus with nedelesse Artes, themselves they homwards hy;  
 And fast with Ergo there they prate, and bygge they looke therby.  
 Hereby they stipendes do require, and thinke inough the same:  
 (Nor are they here deceipte) for this, that with an honest name

They may be murderers of men. O lawes of wretched kinde  
 That can permit such mischiefe great, O Kings and rulers blinde  
 That spye not thys deformed thing, O you that guide and raigne:  
 Permit not such a wickednesse, chace hence this plague agayne,  
 And succour bring to mortall kinde. By these same murding knaues,  
 How many men both night and day haue found their fatall graues?  
 Let them haue perfectly their Art, or let them not professe:

For other Arts if they doe erre, the harme of them is lesse.

But this except it perfect be, is full of perills greate:  
 And priuily doth rage, as doth at home the plaguy sweate:  
 It is not god therfore to trusste such men, whose learning stands  
 In precious habite to be seene, and to adourne their hands  
 With rings and hopes, and precious stones. But this y I shall tell,  
 Wherby thou mayst thy selfe retayne, in minde reserue thou well.

See that thy diet holsome be, and eate not thou to much:

For mischiefe great hath come to men, by ouer feeding such.

Hereof doe most diseases brede, beware especially  
 As of a poysone strong, that doth enforce the corps to dye,  
 That thou no meate agayne do take, till that received last  
 Be well consumyd, and perfectly his full digestion past.

And every day vse exercise, by pace, or other feate:

Wherby thy ioyntes thus moued, may procure a warming heate.

For mouing is the cause of warmth, and aydes the stomack well:

Encreaseth strength, and humors nought from out the fleshe expell.

Breake not beside thy quiet rest, for sleepe the body feedes,

And helps the mind: wher harm to both, excessive watching breedes.

Expell thou sorrow farre from thee, and heauiness exile:

For it dries vp the synowes all, and makes the body vile.

And grised haires vntimely plants. The ioyfull heart agayne

Doth make the limmes & membris strong, and ioyfull yeares refayne.

The other things beholde thy selfe, that earst I tolde to thee.

Phisick a  
most peri-  
lous profes-  
sion.

A good dy-  
et to pre-  
serue men  
in health.

Moderate  
feeding and  
daily exer-  
cise the con-  
tinuers of  
health.

Hipocrat. 6  
Epi.  
Part. 4.  
Aphorism.  
20.

A thing more precious farre there is, by which we happy bee  
 And like to Gods, and heauens haunt, in earth remayning here:  
 Although this grace to few is giuen, fewe worthy do appeare

Such honor highe for to possesse, and if to know the same  
 Thy minde desyres, I will thee tell, Dame Wisdome is her name.  
 This is the greatest god of all. Than this of greater grace  
 The Gods can nothing giue to man: To this resigneth place  
 All that that breedes in red Sea sandes, or all the golden gods:  
 That Tagus keepe, that Hermus hath, or in Pactolus clouds  
 Whatsoeuer growes. If truth be sayd, to her no Princely raygne  
 May be comparde, she is the Mother of all Godly trayne,  
 And greatest vertue is. O blest, yea blest, and blest agayne,  
 As much as mortall man can be, is he that doth obtayne  
 Of God, this godly gyft to get. But some perchaunce will seeke  
 What wisedome is to know, and sure the troth herof to speake,  
 Nought else but knowledge chefe shē is, by which the pured minde  
 Whō neither mortal waight doth presse, nor earthly thought can blind  
 Doth scale and clime the skyes aboue, and there in ayzy place  
 With God doth dwell, despising here, all things in mortall case  
 As dayne, ascending alwayes vp, much like the flames of fire,  
 Regarding light these earthly things, doth things aboue desire.  
 And doth discerne the good from yll, and truth from falsehode nought:  
 And things of blind and mortall men, that chieflē here are thought.  
 As pleasures, realmes, and riches great, with hie triumphing gear.  
 For which both night and day they toyle esteming not a heare.  
 Bewayls the bayn and fading thoughts, declaring here the way  
 Of living well in order iust, and eke the dying day.

The rest among the wiseman shines, as doth the sunne full bright  
 Amid the starres, and doth despise, the force of fortunes myght.  
 And vnderneath his fete doth treade, eche harme with constāt minde:  
 Nor moued is besyde with feare, or dread of death vnkinde.  
 Nor feareth once the paynes of Hell, but takes with myyth his grane:  
 And laughes to scorne the fansies sond, that common people haue,  
 Not doubting here this lyfe to leauē, replete with wretchednesse  
 And full of toyles, hereby to get eternall quietnesse.  
 In fine he equall is to loue, to him adherent be  
 Four things: For well he counsell giues, and clearly iudgeth he,  
 All erroz quite from him remoude, he guideth also right:  
 Both humaine things and eke diuine, are subiect to his sight.  
 This last that I haue here rehearst, is chiefe of all the rest:  
 Than which there is no greater thing, that here may be possell,

Wisedome  
 the grea-  
 test lewell  
 on earth.  
 Tagus a  
 riuer in  
 Spaine  
 Hermus &  
 Pactolus  
 two riuers  
 in Lydia  
 full of gol-  
 den sand.

The office  
 of wisdom  
 wherein  
 shee is con-  
 versant

A perfect  
 wiseman.  
 Foure  
 things inci-  
 dent to a  
 wiseman,  
 1. Good  
 counsell,  
 2. Sound  
 Judgment  
 3. Right  
 governmēt  
 4. Contem-  
 plation of  
 heavenly  
 and earthly  
 things.

But

But no man can this wisedome haue, fyll cleane he purged bē,  
 From euery haynous vice and crime, and all iniquitie.  
 For wisdome doth deny to dwell, amyd the sinfull hart:  
 And hateth eke the mindes vnpure, sith she is purest parte.  
 And no man can this wisedome haue, except he be discrete,  
 And learned be in many Arts. Know these to be the feate,  
 Wyth which is wisdome frē obtaynd, wherof I would say more:  
 But time commaunds me here to shut, and end this booke before.  
 My Lions tayle hath long enough, continued here hit stile:  
 Wherfore my, Musc, now hold thy peace, and rest thy self a while.

## The sixte Booke Virgo.

Sōme I beleue of canckred minde, and of malicious face,  
 Who thinke they only know the troth and onely haue the grace  
 All doubtfull things with iudgement right, and knowledge full to trie:  
 Wil say I never tasted yet, the blessed sprigs that lie  
 In Aone fieldes, or sacred fouds that Phocidos doth frame,  
 Nor that the Laurel leafe I doe deserue, nor Poets name,  
 Bycause I write not fancies sond, and monsters maruelous,  
 And fayning not deceiue the eares, of such as credit vs.  
 For they suppose the Poets parte, is only lies to tell:  
 As if it were a thing to vile, soz them with troth to mell,  
 And lawfull not, their iudgements I accompt both naught and vayne:  
 And swēter seemeth farre to me, the truth soz to retayne.  
 To aged wiues and witlesse boyes, such trifles I betake.

Some barke abroade the battels big, that Giaunts great did make.  
 With Gorgons grim, and Harpies vile, and mighty Cyclops wilde:  
 And shipmen soze inflamde with song, of pleasaunt mermaides milde.  
 With Circes old that monstrous hag & beastes that thēe heds weares  
 Chimæra vile, and Atlas strong, whose mighty shoulders beares  
 The starry skies, ichangd to rocke, that cloudes hath sozroued est  
 With Persea hie, and Tantalus, Prometheus wretched theft.  
 And Tityus stout, and Belides, and what so ever more:  
 The doting Grece hath Latins taught, in long time here tosoze.  
 I wish not I so much to drincke, of Aganippes streames:

Aonis, that part of Bœotia which is hilly where also the spring Aganippe is.

Gorgones were most terrible women, or rather monsters, they were three in number: Stenia, Eriale, and Medusa. Harpies, were monstrous women ravenous and greedy, there were three of them n̄ namely Aello, Ocypite, & Cæleno.

Cyclopes, were black Smythes having but one eye, they made Jupiters thunderbolts.

Chimæra a monster. Atlas, A giant that under proped heaven with his shoulders,

No; seeke I so the Laurell lease, of glisstring Phoebus beamies.  
With Iuey leaues the hear's to decke, wherby I so might faine.  
A Poet thus to be I blush, and am ashamed plaine.

If needes wee must such trifles write and vse such pleasaunt lies,  
Troth thus dispisde. Of many young is had, but few are wise.  
(Belue mee well) and many write with hauty verses by:  
And many haue the Græcians young, and Latin perfectly.  
And while so many things they know their wisdome is but thin:  
With princely wordes theyr stile is deckt, but small effect within.  
The outward Image only shewes, and picture light we spy:  
But what good thing remains therein? what fruite is had therby?  
What learneth he that readeth them? what knowledge hath he got?  
But dreames and folish fancies sond, that life here profit not,  
Whiche for to know, and not to know, is all of one effect.  
Though they mee Poet call or not, I will not yet neglect  
The troth to say, and lies to shunne. Truthe makes the perfect minde.  
Whiche who so euer most doth know, approacheth niste the kinde  
Of Saintes aboue, and happiest is, although the folishnesse  
Of people rude him not commend, nor prayse his worthynesse,  
Nor fauour him as he deserues, nor titles of hym tell.  
Wherfore My muses now approch, and Sycophants farewell.

Proserpina,  
a yong  
maide whō  
Pluto stole  
away and  
caried with  
him to hell.  
Lethe, a ri-  
uer in hell.  
the water  
wherof bre-  
deth forget-  
fulnes.  
Calliope,  
One of the  
nyne Mu-  
ses.

Behold, I enter now the way whiche with a lothsome shade:  
The Cipresse and the Neutræ hides, with leaues that never fade.  
The dolefull fieldes and darksome raigne of Proserpine I see:  
Wherin the Letheus riuier runs, with streames that dakked be.  
Amid the poysoned fieldes abrode, doth sleepy Popey spring.  
On silent shores, Calliope wherto dost thou me bring?  
What monsters for to see dost thou command? what noyse to harke?  
With dolefull noyse of yksome Owles, soundes all the woods so dark.  
The scrichowles cry with woeful tunes and loud lamenting noyse,  
O Muse, wherto dost thou me bring: behold, with wayling voyce  
The hilles and valleis all do rose, and Echo back doth beat  
The mourning tunes: An answer giue, what grief is this so great?  
What is the cause of mischief such, what kind of people those  
That all be cladde in mourning robes, and wailing vesture goes?  
What men are they that thus in blacke, with weeping fill the skies?  
Alas, what sight of bodies slaine, lie here before mine eyes?  
What hath here causd this bloody bryyl: who made this slaughter fel?

How

How many Kinges and Bishops bones lye here? I know them well.  
 Is yen same death alose that comes with bloudy sythe in hand?  
 With dzedfull face, and ghastley louke: before whose face dooh stand  
 A thousand heapes of sicknesse, a thousand daungers eake:  
 Armed with to fierce a gard, my thinckes I heare him speake  
 With hellish voyce as he doth come, to him I will geue eare:  
 And what I heard wyth all my hart, I will declare it heare.

The self same death am I, that with my sythe do cut like hay,  
 All things that live vpon the earth, the rule and eke the sway  
 Of all the world, hath loue me delt, and biddes me none to spare:  
 But hie and low, to fle and kill, them downe with equal share.  
 Wherby may none escape my hands, not one can flie from me:  
 The hauy heds of mighty kings, by me suppressed be.  
 The pride and pompe of prelates flour, I cause a downe to fall,  
 No kinde of creature here doth live, but vnto me is thall.  
 Although he (flying) pearce the partes, of Nozthern Boreas ground:  
 And passe the ragd Riphæan rockes, yet shall mine yre be found,  
 And he my power and stroke shall fiele. D though he do descend  
 The Soutthern partes, where shineth bright the starres to vs unkend:  
 Yet there he shall me surely finde, and finding me shall dy,  
 My sythe, both East, and West doth kil, I set not richesse by.

How many men hath this my hand downe cast from state on hie?  
 And hedlong shoued with mortall might, in darksome graue to lie?  
 I well remember Priam once, when slaine at Altar stome  
 He sacrificed was to me, the guide of Macedone  
 The proud, with fighting hand that put so many realmes to flight,  
 To whom no like could then be found, by force and deadly might,  
 Of this my dart, in Babilon, soze wounded downe did fall.  
 What should I here the Latine Lordes, and Mars his nephues call  
 To minde, the Lordes of all the earth, whose valeant vertue plaine:  
 Did ioyne their rule to Ocean seas, and fame with starres to raigne.  
 Could I not when me list, all these destroyd to hell throw downe?  
 Depriude theyr hands of scepter stout, theyr heades of regall crowne?  
 Of wordes their mouthes, of sight their eyes, of moving members all?  
 And eke their bodies thus destroyde, in filthy graue let fall?  
 He feares the Inde, th'Arabian, the More, the Scithian fell:  
 All they whom Asia and Europe keepes, in Affrik all that dwel.  
 Both kinde and place are one to me, nor times obserue I than,

Princes  
must dy.

No man  
can fly frō  
death.

Priamus a  
King of  
Troy who  
had fifty  
sonnes. &c.  
Great  
Alexander.  
The Ro.  
mans.

The wisse-  
man dyeth  
as well as  
the foole.

Nor maners way, nor yeres esteme: the God and Guill man.  
The Wise, the Foolish dolt shall die, the little sucking will:  
The young and old, the sayre and soule, with reason like I kill.  
And he that yonder I do see, approaching to my land,  
When as his destenies permit, shall sele my deadly hand.

These fearful words w<sup>th</sup> hellish mouth, this churlish thief out b<sup>y</sup>ayed:  
Wher with my senses all did sayl, and I remaind affrayd.  
My bloud therwith forsooke the venes, and left the outward part;  
And shrouded close within my brest to succour there my heart.  
But chiefly when this fearfull fiende, had sent the plagues of Hell  
To them that ranged on the earth, amid the croude to dwell,  
Which knew uot of that mischief great, then forth abrode they fly:  
And here and there they catche and snatch eche one they can com by.  
Then bodies sick on ground are laide and deepe for paine they grone,  
And many there with Sythe in hande doth death dispatch alone.  
And passing forth shee did reserue till daughter next begunne,  
The liues of all whom Lachesis not yet had fully spunne.  
Thus trembling all my ioynts therwith and all amased, Then  
My selfe vnto gan saye these wordes: D<sup>e</sup>ares, D<sup>e</sup>bowes of men  
D<sup>e</sup>labours vaine, deceiuing hope, D<sup>e</sup>fleeting ioyes of minde,  
D<sup>e</sup>time that euermore doest chaunge, D<sup>e</sup>fading humaine kinde,  
How vayne and how vncertayne is this transitorie life?  
How subiect vnto every harme, of thousand evils rife?  
Which outward shewes a pleasant face both sweete and framed well  
But inward, D<sup>e</sup> what Gall, what griefe, what poysone there doth dwel?  
What are we wretches here but dust, with winde and rayne vycast?  
And like the brittle breaking glasse and shadowes fading fast?  
Much like to Roses that doe shewe a gorgeous gaudy face  
When sunne doth rise, and whē the night appeares do lose their grace.  
To day with myrth aline, and foode to wormes within a while,  
This day in sayre and lusty plight, and straight a Carrian bile.  
Alas, what doth it vs auaile to houard vp heapes of Gold?  
And place to haue, and clothing riche, and Gems of price to holde?  
Great realmes and cities strong to guide, in houses sayre to lye?  
Aloft to luke, and thinck our selues full like to Gods on hye?  
If death do al things take from hence, if we like smoke, or dust,  
As wretches fade, if that so sone our pride, our pompe and lust  
Do passe, and end for evermore. As I these wordes had sayd

The pesti-  
lence.

Lachesis,  
shee which  
spinneth  
the threed  
of mans  
life, she is  
called La-  
chesis be-  
cause she  
seweth e-  
very man  
his lott,  
The vanitie  
and mysterie  
of this Life.  
Compariso.

With

With whispring voyce my selfe kno, beholding all astrayd  
 With quaking pace this Chastly fiend: Wy; Orpheus mother deare,  
 Why art thou thus she saith afeard: be bolde and of god cheare,  
 FOR feare is signe of beastly minde, vnfyt for men is such,  
 What is the cause that shouldest thee moue to feare this death so much?

Then answered I: God Lady mine nature doth force me so,  
 What living beast her not abhorrs, and seekes from her to go?  
 She takes from vs both life and goods, delightes and all at ones,  
 The corps to nought resolues, for what remaines but dust and bones,  
 Which bones in tyme returne to dust. In fine all goodly things  
 She here from vs doth take away, and chieflie mischiefe brings.  
 Whom would not therefore such a beast and vgly Monster feare:

Nature ab-  
horreth  
death.

Except his heart were made of steele. The Loue hys daughter deare  
 With smiling lippes began to say thou rouest beyonde the white,  
 And art deceiu'd with forme of truth and shadow of the light.  
 It is not easy for eche one the truth it selfe to know,  
 Thys is the selfe same bow that doth amid the great wood grow,  
 With trees of oder thick embraste, that misty errors hide,  
 Nor cuer might this golden twig of many men be spide,  
 But only unto them, to whom the milke white Doves it shew,  
 But I of sede celestiall borne, the truth doe fully knowe;  
 And can it well to thee declare if thou to here require.

I aunswere then: (God Lady) sure I nothing more desire.

Wee must depart from hence (quoth she) come after me a while.  
 And so forth shée leades, not far fro thence where Phoebus highe did smile  
 With beating beames vpon the hill, whose pleasant shining light  
 Did put the misty cloudes abyde, and darknesse all to flight.  
 Besyde a spryng wee both sat downe, and vnder Laurel shade,  
 Beginns my guide with pleasaunt voyce, & thus her wordes shē made.

An Ape (quoth shē) and iclind Stock is man to God in Skye,  
 As oft as he doth trust his wit to much, presuming hym,  
 Dare searche the things of nature hid his secrets for to speake,  
 When as in very daede his minde is dull and all to weake,  
 If he be ignorant of things that lye before his feete,  
 How thinkst thou those things shall he see, which God & nature swete  
 Within their bosoms close haue hyd: yet al at fingers ends  
 This hasty, blinde, unhappy foole, perswades himselfe he kends,  
 So much himselfe he beares in hand, of all your folishnesse.

Our wyl-  
dome foo-  
lishnes to  
God.

The spring and chiese this Selfeloue is, (and plainly to confesse)  
 A darknesse great, that causeth you to know the truth the lesse.  
 Away with this, and better things thine eyes shall quickly spy,  
 And those that erst for god thou thoughtst thou shalt for god deny,  
 And those that euill now thou thinkst, thou wilt not euill frow,  
 This darknesse from thy mind expel. I will therefore thou know,  
 That mortall state is nothing else but blathers full of winde,  
 Which here and there on rolling ball enforceth fortune blinde.  
 To whome, if any wyt they had, should death more welcome bee,  
 Than life, syth living here all men wyth-harmes oppressed be.  
 And se we good things they here do vse not full of bytternesse,  
 Which true I think thou wilt beleue, when I shall here expresse  
 The goods and ylles of mortall life as briefly as I may.  
 These two conford, the humaine life wee playnly shall desplay  
 What thing it is, and whither death ought so much fearde to be.  
 But fy! of Riches wyll we speake: which every land, wee see,  
 Doth prayse, doth seeke, doth wonder at, and couet instantly,

I wil endeuour them to blashe. (Good Lady) then, quoth I,  
 If it you please, this labour spare: for once, and long agoe,  
 This lesson learnt I perfectly, Minerua taught me thoe,  
 Now forward shew some other case, not things foreknowne retell.  
 The whole estate of pleasure to, Arete told me well,  
 So did her sonne Timalphes eke, let this thoe passed be  
 Thereforo, and then declare at large what els it pleaseth thee.

Then aunswered she, of Noblenesse I somthing here wyll say,  
 For that is one of chiefest Goodes, and at this present day  
 Every man would be a gentlema. All men do seeke this same to haue, and think they it obtayne:  
 Although as farre from it they be, as is the Spaniard playne  
 Remoued from the man of Inde. But what is Noblenesse?  
 Of value what: the truth I do intend for to expresse.

But what availeth it as now the truth of ought to say,  
 Syth no man will it now beleue, syth all men it denay?  
 Compariso. Some kinde of beastes doe flye and hate, continually the light,  
 And rouning still amyd the darke, do wander eke by night:  
 So, many neyther can, nor loue the light of truth to finde.  
 For God with nature so diuides the state of mortall kinde,  
 That vnto him that sees aright, the state of man alone  
 Doth seeme to blashe the nature full of other beastes eche one,

So diuers are the thoughts of man, and so unlike they be,  
For many still pursue the darke, and truth can never see,  
And on the Sunne do alwayes loke, with watrish winking eyes,  
A fewe with open sight it veue, whose minde is of the Skies.

Nobilitie therefore, as dowe the common people say,  
In heapes of Riches doth consist, or in the Golden straw,  
Or else in Bloud, as oft as he bred vp of Gentle line,  
Of Belliers, and Grandfathers can brag, and armes define,  
And can his valiant parents praise: this iudgement I refuse,  
For styll the common people lye, as they were wont to vse:  
A like opinion many haue, but fewe haue reason playne.  
If he shold be a Gentleman that riches doth obtayne,

Why then god Gentlemen may be Iohn Frankling and his feares,  
The Butcher, Barbar, Fishmonger, and he that horses reares,  
The Shepheard, and the Baker, and the Tanner with his hide,  
The Baud, the These, the Crasyer, and other all beside  
Of fylthy sorte, for them among full many riches haue,  
And many may, for Fortune ofte extolles the wretched slau,  
And often she doth thowle a downe with her vnequal hand,  
Such as of late she did permit aloft on wheele to stand.  
At that time only Marius was, therfore in noble state,  
When as a victor he came within the Romanes gate:

(The Counsell and the Commons all reioycing much thereat,) An example no lesse pithy, then true, descri-  
bing the va-  
siablenes, &c  
often alte-  
ration of  
fortune in  
Marius the  
noble Ro-  
mane.  
With crowne of Bayes, and horses whyte ydralone on Chariot sat,  
But after that from thence expeld, by wicked Syllas might,  
A banisht man to Minturne fled, lay hid, and wanted light  
In dungeon vile, or when he was constrainyd to beg his bread  
In Afrik land, (The lawes of Gods, The powres to little dread,) Sylla a no-  
ble Roman  
who tooke  
his petigree  
of the an-  
cient house  
of the fa-  
mous Sci-  
pios.  
And bread most apt for ditchers toughe. Was not this noble man  
A wretch as now: from him aloft fled Noblenesse as than:  
And strayght wayes she did eke returne when Marius came agayne,  
By lot of chaunged starre to Rome: Their sentence sure is bayne. Minturne  
a towne in  
Campania,  
where Ma-  
rius hyd  
himself  
hard by a  
Lake side.  
If noble state consist in Golde, of earth doth Golde procede,  
Of Fraude, of Stealth, of Vlery: we Ergo then do speare  
Of noblenesse by Fraude and Stealth, and Vlery indeade.  
Iudgement blinde of common sort of reason cleane wythout,  
No Golde can make you noble men, no riches thus can cloue, Riches can  
not make a  
gentleman,  
For worthier is Nobilitie than any precious god,

J.f.v.

With

Wish Golde it is not bought nor solde. But some now brag of bloud,  
 And prayses of their kinred prate, while they most wicked bee,  
 And of their parents actes they tell and olde antiquitie,  
 Of Grandis daedes, and bloody spoyle, of Tinkles winning ground,  
 And though þ flouthfull beastes themselues wþ thousad crimes aboue,  
 And vertue lacke, yet are they thought god Gentle-men to be,  
 Bycause they come of annient bloud, and noble Ancestrie.

Why braggh thou thus wþ others acts: and talkst thy Parents prayse?  
 When as thou art a shame to them that liude in alder dayes?

The Crowe a Swane would seeme to be, and eke the prating Rooke  
 With Peacockes feathers false ystolne would like a Peacocke looke.  
 But nature doth forbyd, which is the spryng of noblenesse:

Hereof comes beastly mindes, and mindes addict to Godlinesse,  
 Of her procedeth euery kinde. The body canseth not  
 The for to be a Gentleman, but minde procureth that.

For many Clownes haue bodies bigge of fayre and lusty stafe,  
 An ornament is noblenesse, to minde appropiate,

And certayne force of nature bred, which mighty things, and by  
 Desyret still, and things of base estate settes nothing by,

By which the mind doth striue, aloft lyke fiery flame to ryse,  
 And lyke the Herne to pearce the clouds, and baser things despise.

Whosoeuer can this strength obtaine by gift and force diuine,  
 He shall be god and painefull eke, of powre in counsell fine;

And toyle sustaine something to doe that shall seeme worthy prayse,

That he him selfe may laude deserue in long and after dayes.

But not to al doth nature giue a thing of value such,

Pea vnto fewe she doth it deale, whose worthy fame so much

For euer liues in peoples mouthes, long after deathes distresse.

But D conditions yll to tell, D wondrouz fransinesse:

Who would not now be calde, and thought, a Gentleman by name,  
 D knauish sorte, D creatures vile, beyond all kinde of shame:

Triumphing names do the delight, and fame abrode to yell,

The glory likes, then why not payne, and vertuousnesse as well

Contents thy minde, that worthily thou mayst be named than

A Gentleman, lykes it the more a wise and sober man,

Deseruing not, than of desert accompted for to be?

Why is not Chalke for Chese as well delighting vnto thee,

As lying name of Noblenesse? D vile disguised spright,

D Monkey,

The gentle-  
man of  
byrth Ly-  
uing Like  
a villayn  
loseth hys  
gentrie.

A noble  
mynd  
makes a  
gentleman.

Comenda-  
tion of no-  
bilitie or  
gentrie.

Iack wyll  
be a gentle-  
man.

O Monke, learne to bryde wylle, to guyde thy minde aright,  
 Reason to vse, to sye the things that shamefull are and vayne,  
 Haunt righteouesesse, & know thy selfe, and labour hard sustayne.  
 Fly slouthfulnesse, wherby thou mayst attaine to vertue hy  
 Then mayst thou well a Gentleman be calde, and worthily.  
 This, this, is true Nobilitie: these gifts the Gods bestowne,  
 And these rewardes to men, vnto the unlearned sorte vnknoynge.  
 This way the auncient Romanes went, by this theyr Empire flew  
 Aboue the starres, and when it ceast then bad their state adiew.  
 For when as their vnhristy seide (their Empire thus encreast)

Did spring amid more prosperous yeares, they following, inward preaste  
 Great riot, playes, and Wantonnesse, did cleane forsake the state  
 Their fathers helde before, whereby did noblenesse them hate:  
 And went againe the heauens to till ryot forswarde wrought  
 And vice, whereby was Rome at length cleane sackt, & spoild to noughe.  
 It is not kinred thoe, nor bloud, nor spechelesse Imagrie,  
 Nor heapes of Golde that can theire make a Gentleman to be.

Virtue, virtue, by her was made both Hector and Alcide  
 Of noble state, by this agayne right Gentleman was tryde  
 That wight to whom the Iliades got an euerlasting name.  
 With diuers other worthy States, of still abiding fame.  
 Why bragst thou that thou dosse descende of noble stocke and bloud?  
 Great syres theire got, what then, if thou thy selfe be nothing god,  
 If thou a villaine, doe defile and staine thy familie,  
 Then is thy bloud no honour sure, but mere revroche to theire.  
 Thou art a Monster, shame to them from whom thy bloud doth passe,  
 As when the stately Lion stout begettes a sely Asse,  
 O Ape of Elephant is borne: for Noblenesse not so,  
 Is left you here by Testament, nor Vertue giuen so,  
 As House and Land & Housholde stufse. This nature cleare hath delt  
 Unto thine Auncestours before, which yet they all not felt.  
 For if þ shal þ lyne well searche fro whence thou first wert twinde,  
 Thou shalþ perchaunce of thine own bloud full many a cobler finde,  
 And many a Carter cleane, and one of them theu shalþ well see  
 Was first that causde in time thy stocke, such Gentlemen to bee:  
 Whiche as it did in time increase, so time shall it decay,  
 For time doth here bring every thing and time takes all away.  
 Amongst vs all what man to come of Pompeis bloud is founde?

Good enter-  
prises and  
virtue  
makes a  
gentleman.

Effemina-  
cie and de-  
licacie.  
The de-  
struction of  
all Nobili-  
tie and  
common  
weales.

A gentlema  
ought to do  
lyke a gen-  
tleman.

An apte &  
fit compa-  
risoun.

In time all  
things flou-  
rishe and in  
tyme all  
things pe-  
rise.

Of riſe,

Of Cæsars line, or of that man to whom did Affrik grounde  
 A surname giue by vertue great: what man would once haue thought  
 That such a stately stocke as these should euer come to noughe:  
 The highest houses often fall and come to mære decay:  
 Oft comes the little house aloft. Of man the state alway  
 Can not endure. The skyes aboue doe alter mostall things.

But thou wilt say, what kinde of seede is solwe, such fruit it bringes,

If I of noble stocke doe come, then shall I noble bee:

Not so, for oft a squall is borne of Godly men, we see.

And faire and eke welfauourd men yll fauourd knaues haue got,

Of witty men haue Alles come. The mind ingendreth not

As doth the corps of fathers seede, nor in the fathers sure

It lyes, to giue the children minde. This, nature doth procure.

What fruite can noble seede vþ bring if skyes doe not agree?

Most true it is that people say, The yeare, not husbandrie

Doth giue the corne a god increase. If seede amyd the grounde

Though best be cast, and therto starres agreeing not be founde,

Therof will eyther Darnell spring or lost it els will be,

Thus noble children for to get the father not (we see)

Sufficient is, except the grace of Heauens him permit.

That many base, proue noble men of this here chaunceth it:

Who by their vertue and deserts obtayning fame thereby,

Did after noble make themselves. What was the Vergil hye?

What was the famous Cicero? what Cato wyse: diuine,

O: what els was Horatius: all borne of Franklynnes lyne.

Of whom did learned Homer come? whose Syze nor countrey, we

As yet doe knowe, Demosthenes hys father tell thou me,

And mother of Euripides? declare the worthy line

Of Socrates, of him I say, from whom the lawes diuine

Did Plato learne, who counted was as then Apollo thought

The wyllest man, hym Mason got that in the Marble wrought,

And eke a Midwyse was his dame. We also well doe knowe

That many haue bene crowned Kings whose parents were but lowe.

Not seldome Emperours haue come from base and small estate

To honours hye, What sayst thou then, syth all degenerate,

Both horse, and dogges, & other beastes from their long wôted kinde:

For nothing can long time indure, but all things worse we fynde,

In time to be by natures rule, and law that still indures

He mea-  
neth Scipio  
Africanus.  
a valiant &  
conquerous  
Romane  
Captaine.

A saying  
not so po-  
pular, and  
common,  
as certaine  
and trut.

A catolo-  
gue or bead  
row of such  
whom ver-  
eue made  
famous &  
honoura-  
ble, being  
professed  
Poets,  
Rhetoriciâs  
and Philo-  
sophers.

Of desstenies, till that againe another byrth procures  
Restored state, this altering the worldes chiese grace I take.  
This is the highest workmans prayse, of little things to make  
Great matters, and the ample things reduce to small estate,  
To chaunge the face of every thing, and still to renouate

Most prudently all things in tyme. I doe not here deny

But that it is a godly thing to come of parents hye,  
And to be borne of auncient bloud: for it is worthy sure.  
With ayde and god examples eke such fathers do procure  
Their children like them selues to bee, if fates do not say nay,  
Or Nature strong of force to much: which who so seekes to stay,  
As wel may clime with heaped hylls in heauens high to dwell,  
Depriving loue of regall seate, as same to vs doth tell,  
When Phlegres fieldes the tumult felt of ghastly Gyants stout,  
How then the great Enceladus, by force did bring about  
The great and huge Olympus hill with Ossa for to lie,  
While Ossa then was ouer prest with mighty Pelion hie.  
But yet we count not this ynough, though all therefore thee call  
A Gentleman, and thou art faire, and framed well withall,  
Of pleasaunt face, and farest well, and goest in pround aray,  
And thereby shewst thy noble stocke, for this no man can say  
Thou art a Gentleman, but that dame Fortunes grace is thine,  
And thou full like a Gilded pufte, and like a Marble signe.

But who regardes, for now ynough it is, to haue the name

Of vertues, and of gentlemen, eche man to seeme the same  
Desyret more than it to be. O Gods aboue that guide,  
Now names of great magnificence and titles high besyde  
All men desire and arrogate, they hunt and it possesse,  
The Asse a Libarde calles himselfe, the Ant a Liorette.  
Who will not Gentle, Just, and Wyse, well Learnd, and Honest now  
Be counted here? contented well with barke alne of boly  
And outward shadowes of the thing: that vnder such a cloke  
His wicked maners he may hide. Now name beares all the stroke  
And not the thing: well take therfore this noble name to thee  
As Pasquill is at Rome, and as both Theues and Harlots bee,  
To marble signe, and painted poste in noblenes agree.

I put the case a Gentleman by name and eke in dede

Thou art, what god shall it thee doe, hereof what shall procede?

Thou

A Comen-  
dable thing  
to be de-  
cended of a  
good  
house.

Phlegræus  
campus  
A field in  
Campania  
where Gy-  
ants were  
buried.  
Enceladus  
a Gyant who  
was smitten  
with a thû-  
derbolt frô-  
heauen and  
buried un-  
der the hill  
Etna.

Olympus  
Ossa & Pe-  
lion three  
mountaines  
in Thesla-  
lia.

Men are  
more de-  
lighted  
with vaine  
shadowes,  
then with  
the substan-  
tiall natures  
of things.

Thou aunswere wilt, I shall haue praise, and honours shall obfayne.  
 Are these rewardes not to be sought: or seeme they to be vaine?  
 Of Noblenesse doth Vertue breed, of Vertue Praye doth spring  
 And Honor cke. I will not (for it seemes no lawfull thing)  
 With vertue finde a fault: but if with cleare and perfect eye  
 Thou shalt beholde the truth in deede, then shalt thou playne espye  
 What greene and paynes this vertue brings, & bytter lyfe doth make,  
 Though they that are of Stoical sect, this for to graunt for sake.  
 And syrte we will the moxall parte beholde, so difficill  
 That who so seekes it for to keepe must needes employ his will  
 Great cares and labours for to take, with nature warres proclayme,  
 And fight he must: for nature so doth minde of man constraine  
 Both weake and prone in vice to be, and vertues enemy.  
 O God, ful soone in vice eche one doth fall full readily.

Promethe-  
us the sōne  
of Iapetus  
by the bo-  
dy of the  
Nymphe  
Asia his  
wyfe.

What is the cause that nature is of man so naught and vile:  
 Was this thy fault Prometheus: or doth the fiende beguile,  
 And plant such ylles in mortall brest as fame doth playnly tell?  
 And causeth loue of wickednesse? The way that leades to well  
 Ful hard and sharp and paynfull is. Who can the god now fynde?  
 Of his owne selfe not one, who not of yll and wicked mynde?  
 Such one as feare of King or lawes prohibites to offend,  
 Or such as canuoit well perfourme the crime he doth intend.  
 To winne and banqnishe nature, doth require no litle paine,  
 Therfore it nædefull is to striue from yeres of youthful trayne,  
 With dayly fight and labours great, the vices to restrayne.  
 For custome wonted is to breaue the force of nature sure,  
 If that by many yeares it hath beeene vsed to indure.

The Lyfe  
of man a  
warfare.

Mannes life a warre fare (Ergo) is, eche field the enemy  
 Posseth full, all full of theeuers, such ginnes who then can fly?  
 So many nets who van escape: for when that Fortune smyles,  
 Then cræpes in sond Laciuousnesse, and stings with thousād wiles,  
 Fast by encampeth Swelling Pride with Slouth and Glutony,  
 And Foolish boldnesse straight doth ryse with griefe and leare thereby,  
 And poysone fell of Enuy and yre doth then possesse his minde.  
 When as he liues in great b̄hap, then sackes he for to finde  
 All meanes he can away to drue his wretched pouerty,  
 Then false he playes, he robs and steales, his lack for to supply.  
 Oh Lord thus wise are mortal men, betwene the cruell rockes

Prosperity  
and aduer-  
sity both  
hurtfull to  
man.

Of Charybdis and Scylla tost, of both receive they knockes.  
 And while they sake these yls to shunne, to other straight they fall.  
 If valeant they doe sake to b, ethen daungers dire they shall  
 And ykesome labours also sole, if vertue they doe haede  
 That guides the actes of mostall men, then them commaundeth neede  
 Al ioyes to drie and put, away, and eke with saged sawe  
 A lise vnpleasant for to leade. If iust and righteous lawe  
 Sake any man for to obserue, then profyt must away,  
 This iustice is of many praynde and fewe retayne it aye.  
 If prudence any man do please he must in any case  
 Beware he put his trust in none, for now in every place  
 Are great deceipts, and perilles ryffe, and with simplicitie  
 In fine who that is god receaues most often harme we see:  
 He least in safety liues and fales more hurt than all the rest.  
 For this same wold a storehouse is, where mischieves al be prest,  
 All goodnesse here exiled is: the simple Hares thereby,  
 The fearfull Hart, y harmelesse Gotes, their harme com sonest by,  
 But rare the hunter hunts the Beare, amyd the woods so hy,  
 The Lyon reafts, go now thy wayes, and doe thou leade simply  
 A gentle life with innocents, that soner so thou may  
 Unto the greedy gaping Wolves become a grattfull pray.  
 The woold(alas)doth now abound with Tyrants ouer all,  
 The strong treade vnder fote the Weak, the mighty hurt the small.  
 The Egles chase the fearfull Swannes, the Hawkes doe Throstles kil,  
 And swete and gentle harmles doues destroyes with crooked byll.  
 The speckled Serpent kylles the Frogs and Lizardes vp doth eate,  
 And in the woods the greatest beastes of lesser make their meate.  
 Thou monsters also doest posselle(Dea of mighty powre)  
 That with a gaping greedy throte the little fish devoure.  
 Not Dea, not Earth, not Ayre is safe, the enemy every where  
 Is now at hand, it profits small to live vnhurtfull here.

Behold how god is vertues parte that goodnesse here doth trayne,  
 For when ye hane it gotten once with labour, and great payne:  
 Amid your enimies all shé doth you thus vnarmed send.  
 But thou wilt say, such vertuousnesse doe Lawes and Kings defend.  
 O would to God that this were so, but now in every place  
 With money lawes corrupted are, and eke the Princes grace  
 Is please with precious gifts and sute, the Lawes set them on rack

Many iustices but fewe iusticers.

The simple honest ma  
alwayes most har-  
med.

Might o-  
ver comes  
right.

Lawes  
abused,

That

That eyther haue no pence to pay o; frendship els do lack;

*Similitude.* The other scape as innocents howsoeuer iudgment trye.

Lyke as the fly that smallest is, in weaued Cobweb hye

That Spyder makes, remayneth wrapt, where is a greater stray

Shae breakes the nettes, & flies abrode. The lawes (as wel doth say)

That Barbarous sage of Scythia) the saely soule doth tye:

Wheras as the rich and mighty men burst through full easily.

The other parte of vertue, that doth search with studious payne

And for to knowe the causes hyd of nature, doth obtayne,

And froth to learne, that scarce you can at any time come by:

How hard and full of payne it is they knowe that it do try.

Fyrist vnder maisters rule wyth strypes they are constrainde to liue,

And there accompt of lessons hard with feare and teares to giue:

Shut vp as it in prison were, whereby they may not goe

Abroade, without the Tyrants leaue, although them forceth thoe

The neede they haue to ease them selues restraint of Blathers myght,

Though Hunger prick, and Lust to play wherein they most delight.

But when the yeares of youthfull state approaching, present stand,

Then neede requires moze diligence. Some one then sekes the land

Wherin Antenor last arriu'd, with raging fouds to striue

Of Venice gulfe, to Naples else through Tuscan seas doth draine;

And other fast to Peruse sayle, or gayneward Rome do stede,

There, from his country farre exilde with many woes to meete,

With lack of meate and quiet sleepes, and want of Venus play,

On bookes wyth study for to looke, applying day by day.

For other wyse can none be learned except wyth vntrue fame,

For se we are learned now in deede, but many are in name.

Wyges hurt them much, and pleasures eke, that seeke for to attayne

To top of learnings palace highe: for this beates back agayne

Their minides from treading crabbed pathes, by which yjourney bedes

To fayre Mineruas holy house. For he that thus intends

A name throughout the wold to get, must suffer daily payne.

Great grefes hereby some men, with yll digestion est sustayne,

Of many whilste to much they reade, both syght and eyes decay,

By study great their stomack rawe, their colour falles away.

Then leanness comes, with wayward age, (no, maruell is it thoe,)

With for to knowe the truth, doth styl beyond mannes nature goe,

And proper is to God alone. Like as the Owle of night

The pain-  
full and  
yrksom  
Life of  
Scholers &  
Students.

He mea-  
neth the  
City Pata-  
gium, wher  
of Antenor  
was the  
founder, it  
is now cal-  
led Padua  
and inhabi-  
ted by the  
Venetians.

The Lady  
of Learning

Study hur-  
teth the  
body.

A simili-  
tude.

Can not beholde the shining Sunne, with clere and perfect sight,  
 So fares the minde of man as oft as it intends to flye  
 Aloft, to search the secreat things falles headlong strait from hys  
 Now mortall men dare reache at things to Gods appropiate,  
 And swolisher they proue themselves, the more they seeke the state  
 Of things, wherof the knowledge doth pertaine to them no whit:  
 Except that God graunt them from high both reason grace and wit.

But happy are the Aungels all, for they the world doe know  
 What thing it is, how much, how great, wherof it first did grow,  
 The Lorde and maker of the same, all things that may be thought,  
 The causes hid, the priuie strengthes whereby all things are wrought.

The knowl-  
edge of  
Angels.

This is the lyfe that they doe leade and this their pleasure all:  
 On meate or sleepe they never thinke, to grieses they are not thall,  
 No hope of gaine, or feare of losse doth cause them for to fret,  
 But alwayes are of perfect power this knowledge true to get.

Sapience to Aungels doth belong, and Gods aboue you see:  
 Where onely Prudence doth pertaine to men that mortall bee.  
 Whereby they may take god aduise from harmes and hurts to fye  
 And gather things that may gene ayde, and liue here quietlie.  
 What thing to doe, and what to leauue, to man doth prudence shew:  
 Therefore who wylsheth well to liue, and eke where thornes doe grow  
 With feste vnpriked for to go, let him seeke her to know.

Who wyll not hym account a foole that things of greatest gaine  
 Forsaking quite, doth seeke to get things straunge, and also vaine,  
 Who seekes aboue his reache to roue, and while he climes to hys,  
 Comes tumbling downe lyke Icarus in waters deepe to lye.

The Tode that late did seeke to matche the Dre in drynking vaine,  
 His paunche asunder burssten thoe doth never drinke againe.  
 While as Hy Phaeton sought to rule the brideled iades on hys  
 With earthly hande, was hee not forste in Padus streames to lye?  
 His life and chariot both resignde with this vnhappy fall.

The Godly wyse containes himselfe within Dame Natures wall,  
 Nor moare he dare than hym becomes, except that God him mynes:  
 Let mortall men such things regarde as mortall men behoues.  
 Let them not search beyond their powre, least if they clyme to hy,  
 They hedlong fall, and proue themselves a laughing stocke therby.  
 As if an Dre woulde vparerde clime abrode his flight to take,  
 Or if an Asse a Lute would sounde melodious noise to make.

The diffe-  
rence betwixt  
Sapience &  
prudence.

A compa-  
rison appli-  
ed to such  
as strive to  
clime vp to  
things a-  
bove their  
reache.

An exam-  
ple for such  
as are to  
busily in  
attempting  
things  
wherof  
they are  
not cap-  
able.

But let it bee that one obtaine all Artes in memory,

By which he many bookes can make, what god gettes he therby?  
 What iust rewarde shall couteruaile the paines that he indures?  
 Famine, Prayse, and glory, thou wilt say rewarde to him procures,  
 Hys Name thereby shall euer live, and always eke remayne.  
 But I would haue the well to way, and also viewe more playne  
 What Prayse, what Famine, and Glory is. For many things we see,  
 In other shapnes than in their owne transformed for to bee,  
 Whiche with a cloke and shadowing mist deceiuie the minde and eyes.  
 Whereof good things are counted nought, and euill god likewise:  
 All scolishnesse hereof doth spryng. Full oft is Copper tryde  
 In Siluer rounde inclosde to lye, oft Golde doth Iron hyde,  
 And purest Shelles within containe the Nuts that rotten bee,  
 In skinnes of sheepe full oft to lurke the wylie Wolfe you see.  
 Doe not the gorgeous Hangings hyde the dusky mouldred Wall,  
 Where gaping Kistes vnsemely lyt and Wormes consuming crall?  
 There is a sharper syght that sees what hyd in secrete lyes,  
 Who bethis shall iudge aright, and wonders see with eyes.

Many  
things ap-  
pear better  
than they bee.

Physicall or  
naturall  
reasons.

Ambition  
Cause of  
vainglory.

I here deuaud what Famine doth help, what praise:or what renown  
 To them that sleepe:or unto them whom death hath striken downe?  
 No more for truth than doth the Harp, the deafe unhearing wyght,  
 No more than gorgeous plays doth please the man y lackes hys light.  
 Thou aunsw'rest here, that they that liue and they y here awake  
 Reioyce therin, and for the same no perils they forsake,  
 But breath and bloud doe both resigne this thing for to obtaine.  
 Ambition many doth enforce, and drieve to Glories gaine  
 Much like a spurre, and many bring to toppes of Vertue hye  
 With prickes, prouoking sluggish folk by force of sworde to try  
 Some worthy thing, and if they nill by force perfourme the same,  
 That then by wyt they take in hande some thing of worthy fame.  
 Yet is Ambition sure a vice, and no man will, we see  
 Be called so, and they that are ambitious counted bee  
 Both vaine, and proude, of naughty mind, as once the Romans war,  
 Requested of the common sort (rejecting shame afar)  
 As oft as they their voices sought, with humble suite did pray  
 God will of Rascalles for to get, that they might beare the sway  
 In Common wealth, their owne things left, whereby they myght go iet  
 Amid the stretes with traine of men, and stately countnaunce set.

For

For her own self is vertue sought, and not for honor's sake,  
 Though shē of right deserueth sure chiese honor's for to take.  
 No vertue mones the Common sorte, they rather her despise,  
 Wherfore must Fortune fauour nades and richesse eke suffise,  
 Then prayse Renowne and Worthinesse will also present be.  
 In every place if living lacke, doth vertue begge weare.

But yet it sorceth not, if that the dounghill cocke doe gesse  
 A precious stone as nothing worth, this makes not it the lesse  
 Of value: so the vertuous man content with eche degré,  
 Despising prayse of Common sorte regardes not vanitie.  
 The face that well proportioned is requires no paynted hue,  
 And of it selfe may bare be shewde the golde that tryed is true.  
 But he that vertue is without, doth counterfaid the same,  
 And vnderneath disguised cloke, procures a vertuous name,

Wherfore if thou dost well discerne, thou shalt behold and see  
 This mortall lyfe that here you leade, a Pageant for to bee.

The diuers partes therein declarde, the chaunging wrold doth shewe,  
 The maskers are eche one of them with lively b̄reath that blowe.

For almost every man now is disguised from his kinde,  
 And vnderneath a false pretence they sely soules do blinde.

So moue they Goddes aboue to laugh wyth toyes and trifles bayne,  
 Which here in Pageants sond they passe while they doe life retayne.  
 Fame, Glorie Praise, and eke Renowne are dreames, and profitlesse;  
 Because with Chaunce they are obtaynd, and not by Vertuousnesse.  
 But let it be they graunted are to such as worthy bee,  
 Tell me doe they the body god? No whit I promise thee.

Help they the mind: as much for truth, they blowe them vp before,  
 Depryng them of soberenesse, they make them carefull more.

For he that after Honour seekes must cap and crouch full lowe,  
 Wyth bribing gifts beseeching men his simple state to knowe.  
 This is therefore a wretched life and full of busynesse,  
 With envy oft it compassest is, and oft in great distresse.

But he that vertue true can get he lives most quietly  
 And happy enough, let him commit the rest to Gods on hy.  
 Sufficient honour vnto man is to deserue the same,  
 For to the vnworthy honour dealt you can not honour name,  
 To such it is a burden great, and more, a scornefull thing:  
 As when vpon the stage a sole comes dyngly vp like a King.

The opini-  
on Peripa-  
teuticall.

No worthi-  
nes esteemed  
if lyueng  
want.

A resolutiō  
of a secret  
objection.

The world  
a stage play

Desart is a  
sufficient  
honour.

Pow will I here declare and tell of man the mischieues all,  
 Assone as he frō mothers wombe with bloud embryued doth crall,  
 He straigtwy cries, and weeping luck him brings to wretched life,  
 Forsyng well by nature shewde, the cares and bitter strife  
 Therewith this mortall life abounds. So depe with groaning winde  
 The Merchant sighes, and feares as oft as he doth call to minde  
 The perils great that ships are in, the force of Pirats hand,  
 The boistrouis winds, & raging seas, with rockes & drenching sand.  
 Then by and by but scarce yet borne him binding bonds do holde,  
 And straight his tender ioynts and lims the swadling cloths do folde:  
 As tokenys yll of bondage great that he in time must weare,  
 For who is free: lawes, kings and crunes haue al thing subiect here,  
 And eche man serues for hope of gayne, or els with force constrainyd.  
 All beasts as sone as they are bred with lymmes are straight sustaynd,  
 And walke abroade immediatly, where man is nothing so,  
 But long his morth and minde he lacks, and strength of limmes to go  
 Much like a sounding picture made with crying never still,  
 Disturbing all men night and day with boyce and waylings shrill,  
 And when on limmes he stiffer stands, and words can well prounounce  
 Then bound he is, and suffers threats, then maisters on him bounce  
 With lashynge strypes, and ofte his syre, oft mother on him layes,  
 Sometime his brothers buffets flye, sometime his stepdames frayes,  
 With blowes not few that stepsyre giues. And when this age is past  
 Then lusty youth approching commes, and strength increaseth fast.  
 Now from his mouth he shakes the bit, now councel none he heares,  
 He rageth now with furious mode, and burnes in youthfull yeares,  
 With rage and riot runnes he mad, and rash without advise,  
 No counsell will he take therein, bnt witty lawes despise.  
 No daungers now he doth esteeme, so he the thing obtayne  
 Wherto lasciuious lust him moues and force of willfull brayne.  
 Neglecting lawes he brawls & fyghtes, and brainsicke runnes astray,  
 The greatest parte of youth are now with surfets led away.  
 A fewe whome feare, or shamefastnesse or wylsome doth restrayne,  
 Their youthfull dayes vprightly leade, and boord of vicious stayne.  
 Pow grauer age and wiser commes, & cares with her shē brings,  
 And labours hard, then toyles the man about a hundred things,  
 And al the meanes he can he seekes his living to prouide,  
 At home he never ydle stands, but here or there must ride,

The misery  
of man frō  
his byrth  
to his graue

The mis-  
eries of man  
in his in-  
fancie.

The bon-  
dage of ma  
in his Child  
hoode.

Youth ney-  
ther follow  
eth Coun-  
sell nor  
forfeeth  
peryll.  
For youth  
is wilde  
wanton, &  
vntameable

Mans el-  
ate.

In towne, or else at fielde he workes with labour great and payne,  
His wife, his children and his men whereby he may sustayne.

Alone for all he careth then, he tastes no deynty meate,

For quiet slæpe, but forward nowe him dñies Ambition great,  
And giues him rule in common wealth, where while for honours by  
The sole doth gape, he malice doth and mischieues great com by.

Then wrinkled age with hoary hayres encrocheth in apace,

The body fades, the strength abates, the beauty of his face

And colour goes, his senses fayle, his eares and eyes decay,

His taste is gone, some sicknesse soze frequenteth him alway,

Scarce chaws his meate his toothless chaps, scarce walks w staff in hād

His crooked olde unweldy limmes, wheron he scarce may stand.

The mind like wise doth féele decay, now dotes he like a childe,

And through his weake and aged yeres is wisdome quite erilde.

Eche age therefore his mischiefe hath. But mischieves moze there bē

That doth belong to every age, to all of eche degré.

Sometime doth colde to much them vex, and Snowes that flakey flye,

And Northern Boreas Winde so bzym, when Ise doth hang full hye

On house, and when the waters dæpe congealed styll do stay.

Now raging heate of Sūmer burnes, while Sūne doth keepe his way

Through blasing breth of Lion fierce, the fields depriude of græne,

The ground by drythe doth gape for raine, and moysture none is seene,

The hearbs & grasse their liues resigne, the Poles & Fennes bē dry,

Now hūger pricks, now thirste doth greue & dearth doth make the cry.

Who can in verse declare to men the sicknesses that raignes

In mortall life: the Agues hot, the griefe and raging paynes

That ouer all the body runnes: eche member poysen feles,

The hand, the syde, the syght is vert, and all from head to hæles

Doth griefe and sicknesse soze sustayne, Why doe I them recite?

Why leake I here the Cranes to tell in Strymon flouds that light?

Or number great of Swans that swim in streames of Trojan land:

Oft times the minde doth lose his state by hearbs or Witches hand:

Or when at sacred Cæres feast some fiende in brest doth lye,

Or when posset wyth Bacchus force abrode with rage they slye,

Though griefe with yre, and couetousnesse, ambition, and delight,

As much the senses do confound as doth of wine the might,

Procuring darknesse to the mind. If truth we therfore say,

All dzonke with beastly affects of minde are most men at this day,

The losses  
of the natu-  
rall powers  
of the body  
and the  
minde in

the aged es-  
tate of mā.

Mischiefes  
Common

to all ages.

Strymon a  
riuer in  
Thracia,  
breaking  
out of the  
hill Aemus.  
He mea-  
neth the  
riuer Mae-  
ander in  
Phrigia  
which is  
taken for  
Troy.

But fewe (Alas) there can be found, that reele not here and there,  
That can discerne what they shoulde doe, w<sup>t</sup> beames of eyesight clere:

And guide them selues by reasons rule. Hereof aduisedly

One sayd the number endlesse was of fooles abrode that flye.

For who needes not Helleborus that giues the purging fooles?  
But scuen wise the Greces could finde, among ten thousand fooles.  
The nurse and dame of mortall kinde dame Folly sure is thought,  
Without whose grace all thigs would fade & me would here do noug<sup>t</sup>  
She Captaine chiese, are warrs begunne, and all that thereto long,  
As Armiour bright, and Targets fayre, with Ancents eke among,  
Wher colours faire abrode doe blase with sundry sort of beastes,  
Of her comes playes and daunces syne, and dronken Bacchus feastes,  
All nice delights, and wanton gestes, wyth sutes offonde array  
From her doth come, with heapes of booke compyled day by day.  
The floudes of trifles sonde doe flowe by her, and euery thing,  
Most parte at least that man here doth, procede from such a spring.

But now the woefull hurts and armes and dolefull destenie

That man sustaines, can none declare though eloquent he be,  
Now dwynde in fluds here sinks ther on and vnto fyshes great,  
The symple wretche of soule depryude becomes a deinty meate.  
An other downe from house doth fall, and shewes a tumbling point,  
And through hys haste receives a clap that crackes hys chiefeſt ioint;  
Or batters ſore his tender limmes, and ſome the lightnings ſmitē.  
Or tempeſt kilſ, on ſome againe the falling house doth light,  
And doth vnlode him of his braunes, ſome fier frics to death,  
Wyth hurtfull herbs, or mushrooms vile ſome yeld their vitall breath.  
And ſome when as to fast he eates, while gredy guts doe gripe,  
Doth ouercharge his pece with lumps, that ſtops hys drinking pipe.  
How many teares the raging beaſt with teeth ſomething to kene?  
With yron ſhoes of Horſes ſlaine how many hath beeene ſene?  
And many goarde with wilde Bulls horne, that roxing mad doth ſling:  
What ſhould I ſhewe the daungers great y man to man doth bring?  
No Beāſt ſo po beāſt he nedeth more to feare than fellowes of his owne:  
hurtfull to man as his owne kind. So many knaues and theueſ hereby and persons vile are knowne,  
So many witneſſe false that beare ſo many vicious ſlaues,  
So many living on the ſpoyle, and cut throte ſwearing knaues,  
Disturbing reaſt of mortall men, and in none other plig<sup>t</sup>,  
Than doth the merry beaſtes diſturb the Lionesſe in ſight.

The fruites  
of folly de-  
ſcribed.

What caſu-  
alties mor-  
tal men are  
ſubiect vñ-  
to in this  
lyfe.

Hic with his tongue procureth harme, he with his sworde doth fray.  
 The greatest soȝt with craft doth hurt, one robbes in open way,  
 An other filcheth priuily. Some soȝt there also bee,  
 That vnder cloke of frendship strong oȝt of Hypocrisie,  
 Such men deceiue as they doe knowe to be of credite light.  
 All men almoȝt (ȝ) wicked kinde) in others harme delight.  
 The brother scarce may brother trusȝt, eche man his friend must feare,  
 The father of hys sonne in doubt doth liue, sure Hell is here,  
 The Furies and the stinking flouds that lye in Limbo lake,  
 The gaping grenning Yelhound wood and all that Hell doth take.

Slaȝpe onely peace to man doth bring amid his fleeting life,  
 Nothing thā this (if dreames fray not) more swete oȝt voide of strife;  
 For cares and labour it eriles, and with his pleasaunt wings  
 The wretched body resting brodes, and swete estate him brings,  
 Yet nature seemes this rest to hate and ordaind hath hereby,  
 The stinging Gnat and byting Flea, to vere continually  
 With twinging p̄ick this pleasant ioy, wherby both night and day  
 Night mischiefes euer present bee. More better farre away  
 Therfore is death, than Picture his. No wise man will gainesay.  
 For who so once the seas of lyfe in ioyfull bote hath past,  
 And in the quiet hauen faire his Anchore safe hath cast,  
 With mery heart doth laugh to scorne the blastes of ragyng wyndes  
 With tempestes black, & Leucoths hed which floury Garlands byndes,  
 Doth honor much, and Melicert with giftes he doth salute,  
 And safe amid the shores he ioyes with playes of sundry sute.  
 Death endes all pain, all bonds doth lose, death causes feare to flee,  
 And daungers all by death are forſte to rest eternally.  
 And as no grieſe nor paine thē vert before thy Syze thē got,  
 So ſhalt thou ſeele no grieſe nor paine, when death her dart hath shot.  
 Who can conceiue the times as yll, he ſelt his byrth before?  
 Or iudge of dayes he never ſaw oȝt neuer ſhall ſee moze?  
 Or who will once diſpraise the night as wretched, nouȝt oȝt yll,  
 Wherin poſſeſt of deadly ſlaȝpe he ſenleſſe lay full ſtill?  
 For what is death: continuall ſlaȝpe. what ſlaȝpe: for ſmall time death.  
 But many thiſke ſoules neuer die, but after losſe of breath  
 The dead they ſay doe liue againe, and flesh forſaking quite  
 As cockels from the ſhell outdaulne to Pluto take their flight:  
 And downwarde hedlong fast they run in kingdome blacke to ſayle.

G.iiij.

There

He mea-  
neth Styx  
the Pool  
of penſyf-  
nes, by the  
Gods im-  
mortall  
ſwear, as  
by a thing  
cleane con-  
trary to  
their nature  
which is all  
together  
ioyfull and  
pleaſant.

The profits  
depending  
vppō com-  
fortable  
ſleepē.  
Death bet-  
ter then  
ſleepē.  
The happi-  
nes of those  
that are de-  
parted this  
transitory  
lyfe.  
The Como-  
dities of  
death.

The descrip-  
tion of Hell  
according  
to the opi-  
nion of  
dreaming  
Dolts.

There faine they woods of Mirtle trees, where wosfull louers wayle.  
There riuers run with flaming flouds, and dreadfull Monstres bee  
That poysone come with gaping throtes, there places may you see  
Of diuers forme, where Infants crye, and where the guilty Ghosles  
The suries fierce of Hell doe burne, and whipp fast lynchkt to postes,  
And where the pleasaunt fieldes doe lye with godly greene arayde,  
As due to blessed men that here their pagents well haue playde.

But other now say other wise, and soules they graunt remayne,

But those y well in earth haue liude w starres aboue shall rayne,  
And they agayne that like to beastes haue serude licentious minde,  
And God neglect, in forme of beastes to liue are all assynde,  
In brutishe shape to wander long by iudgement iust are made,  
Til time that purged from their crime they come to hyghest grade.  
Whiche thigs in dede if they were true death feareful myght be thought  
Or at the least a better lyfe and voide of sinne be sought:  
For to the iust hereby is got the ioyes and pleasures true,  
Where as the wicked shall receive their paines and merites due.

But whether that the dead doe liue, or that they nothing bee,  
And soule with body hath hys ende, pertaineth not to me.  
For I me thinks haue sayd ynough: enquire of Sister mine,  
Whom Grecias, Wisdome euer call, these thoughtes shew doth define,  
And alwayes searcheth secrete things, and verity doth shewe,  
Her teaching, well thou maist attaine the state of soules to knowe.  
Except it serue to tell thes that death is not to be dzed,  
At least vnto the iust that here a rightheous life haue led:  
For eyther quiet rest they haue in sleepe that still doth last,  
Or happy else they shall receive rewardes for vertue past.  
Wherfore go to, liue godly now, put vice from minde away,  
So death shall seeme but light to thee, and graue thee shall not fray.

But now in mid these words reuolue, both speake & thik this thig:

What hurt shal death to me procure what losse shal graue me bryg?

A good & a commenda- No whit soz troth, what will it haue: of richesse mee deprive:  
ble medita- But richesse then I shall not nede, for nothing then I strie.  
tion for a But richess then I may be calde, F O R welthyest is the wight,  
Christian. Not that doth most possesse, but he that lacketh least in syght.  
Gold, siluer, precious stones, and lands, with sumptuous fyne aray,  
With other lyke, I will despise, as things that I not way:  
Nor pleasure past shall greue mee then, no more than greueth beastes  
Sweete

Swete pleasant sparkling wines to lack, or Cussards syne in feastes,  
The things that no man doth desyre what if they be not had?

But srieds & childre swete to leauue will make (thou sayest) me sad.

Why should this thing me greue so much, were it not hurtful moe  
If in my life my frends shold dye, and I lament therfore  
Continually: as some doe write how for Antilochus

Syrs Nestor wept, as for his sonne (whom slewe the King Trrnus  
While hee the Troians armes helpt) Euander liude in woe.

I go before, and what for this they all shall after goe  
When God appointed hath their time, and mee agayne shall see:  
If soules be ought as wee beleue as C H R I S T declares they bee.

Well whatsoeuer that it is, death yll I may not call,  
Bycause it riches takes away and pleasaunt ioyes wythall.  
For vnto vs these are but lent, the vse doth nature giue,  
And not the thing it selfe shée deales to mortall men that liue.  
Sith nothing then to me belongs, to death I will resigne  
All other things that here I haue, as nothing sure of mine.  
What if I others gods doe leauue? wherfore should I lament  
If nature nowe do aske agayne the things that shée mee lent?

I naked came into this world and naked will I out.

For this world is an Inne where hostes of me a wōdrous route:  
Who for a time doe vse the foode that layes before their face  
Their hoste, and therewithall doth say, Syrs take and eate apace,  
Not for desertes of you we geue these things, but of good wyll  
These pleasant dishes here we set therewith your selues to fyll,  
Untill such time as I thinke god to byd you hence departe  
And say From vp my table rise. Now eate with ioyfull harte,  
But when the oure last shal come wherin I byd you go,  
With willing minde obey me then, and place resigne you tho  
To other guests that here shall syt, let them reioyce a while  
With dishes these. Who will repyne (except he bee to vile,  
Lack wyt, or else unthankfull bee) hearing these wordes to go  
From others dores, or else wyll syt while he commaundeth so?  
But he shall cry com forth you knane and thrust him out by th'eares:  
Than yll appayd he forwardes goes, with wofull weping teares.

Wherfore should I if he do call that all things here doth guide,  
Repine to go from hence, or seeke in wretched life to byde  
As many doe: nor syt it is: Nay willing hence I go

G.v.

Antilochus  
the sonne of  
Nestor,  
who was  
slaine in the  
Troian  
warrs.

Ryches are  
but lent vs  
to vse, and  
not giuen  
vs to pos-  
sess.

The world  
Compared  
to an Inn,  
Nature to  
a liberall  
hostess, and  
mortall  
men to  
guests or  
Tranay-  
lers.&c.

He mea-  
neth the  
geuer and  
guider of  
all things.

And

Wee must  
desire to  
be dissolved  
and to be  
with Christ.  
No good  
thing in  
this life.

The world  
a denne of  
gheueſ.

Sodomyti-  
call ſinne.  
Cuckold  
makers to  
many.  
Inceſt.

Buggery.

Vnworthy  
Princes.

Calanus a  
Sophister of  
India who  
made a  
great fyre  
of sweete  
ſmelling  
Chippes &  
burned him  
ſelf therin  
being a-  
live.

Plato a  
heauenly  
Philoso-  
pher.

And leaue this fylthy wold I wyll, where thouſand miſchieues flowe  
Wherē fayth is none, wherē Godlinelle, wherē iuſtice none doth dwel  
Wherē Peace and Quietnesſe is fled, wherē Vices beare the bell,  
Wherē brother ſakes the brothers blud, wherē ſonne the father hates,  
Wherē Diſcorde euermoze doth raigne, and Guile in maried mates.  
No man there is, at leaſt but rare: who (iſ he can) not ſteales,  
Who robbeth not, who doth not fayne, and who not falſly dealeſ.  
That well this wold may now be calde of thæues a gaping den.  
Loc, Kings and Bifhops proude besyde, by name of Godly men  
The Commons pōre doe powle and pyl, and Citizens doe ſhaere  
And ſimplie Innocents deſtroy. What ſhould I recken haere  
The whoredomes great committed now: all flowes with vice we ſee,  
The naughtie act doe yong men uſe, and cloſe miſued be,  
Who plants not hornes in neighbours heads: the bauld religious frye  
(Who ſhould bee chaste) abrode with whores or cloſe with boyes to ly,  
To widdowes graue, or tender maydes, the holy prieffes doe crepe,  
And ſome within their kinſfolkes bed haue great delight to ſleepe.  
Some ſlauſe with beaſts themſelues defile, þ Fieldes, & Groue of tree,  
And euery Towne is now a ſtuwes. Add harmes that instant bee,  
And daungers great that haps to men, and labours great and ſore,  
And all the ſuperstitious ſorte of falſe religious loze,  
What naede we ſubiectes now to bee: ſyth (O the shamefull ſtate)  
Unwitty and groſſeheaded fyoles and they that learning hate,  
(To whome the Dice, and Dogs to keepe wþ Byrdes of rauening kind,  
And Horfes ryde, with other toyes is all their childeiſh minde)  
Doe Scepters holde, and peoples guide, and gouerne Cities Strong?  
Hereoſ ſuch errores vp doe ſpring with foliſhneſſe among,  
Hereoſ ſo many vices braede. If thiſ thou calleſt to minde  
Thou ſhalt not feare thiſ fooliſh worlde and nougħt, to leaue behinde,  
Pea thou wilt count it well that once Calanus and his feares  
Did bring to paſſe, who ſlew theſelues to ſcape thiſe wretched yeareſ,  
And ſtaying death with hand did haſſe, nor longer wold preſerue  
The dying Corps, nor wretched fleſh with labour long to ſerue.  
And iſ Religion ſayd not nay, and Lawes of Plato hie,  
And G O D hiſelfe: I would perſwade thiſ forthwiſh for to die,  
And wicked Chaunce and wretched Earth to leaue as baine & nougħt,  
Not Wine as wine deſyred iſ, but wine and god is ſought.  
So Life as life iſ nothing worth iſ godneſſe lack we ſee,

If it be naught, as wine corrupt let it despised be.  
 For life it selfe weede not wylsh, nor fled it ought to bæ.  
 The Worme, the Flye, and euery Stone and barke of euery Treæ,  
 And euery vile and little thing doth life in it posseſſe,  
 No kinde of thing desyred is where wanteth pleasauntnesse,  
 If it be not both life and good, I ſee no cauſe whereby  
 It ſhould be wiſht, or may be loued. Therefore who feares to dye  
 Is but a ſcōle, ſince he deſires ſuch hurt and harme to byde  
 Both of the body and the minde, with labours long besyde:  
 Before he woule all kinde of grieſes with fleſh from him expell,  
 And euer in tranquilitie and perfect reſt to dwelle,  
 Or leaning members here behinde to liue for euer moze,  
 Where he ſhall want no kind of thing, nor ſorrow ſeele, nor ſore,  
 And with the Saincts together there, about the world to flye,  
 More ſwift than all the windes that bee, beholding things on hye,  
 Except the dreggs of vice him ſtay, and force him ſtill to dwell  
 Beneath, in Corners deepe of earth, amyd the raygne of Hell.

When thus this Lady fayre had ſayd ſhe roſe, and ſtoode by mee,  
 And on my head refuſing I ſhee put the Laurel treæ,  
 And thence departing forth ſhee flew where ſhining Starres we ſee.

To ſearc  
Death a  
great folly.

The faire  
Lady was  
Arte, with  
whome the  
Poet hath  
had all this  
communi-  
cation con-  
tinued.

## The ſeauenth Booke Libra.

M<sup>v</sup> Muse aloft raise vp thy ſelf, and ble a better ſrite:  
 Mount vp on highe, & think it ſcorne of base affaires to write.  
 More great renoune, and glory moze, in hauy matters lyes.  
 View thou the Gods, and take thy course throughout þ starry Skyes:  
 Where Sprigtime laſts for euermoze, wher Peace doth neuer quaille,  
 Where Sunne doth ſhine continually, where Light doth neuer fayle.  
 Clowde cauerſ Southwind none there is nor boylſtrous Boreas blowſ,  
 But mylder breaths þ Western wiſs wher ſweate Ambroſia growſ:  
 Take thou this way, and yet ſometimes downie falling fast from hye,  
 Now vp, now downe, with ſundry ſort of Gates aloft go flye.  
 And as ſome hauy place he ſeekes, that couets farre to ſee,  
 So vp to Loue, paſt Starres to clyme, is needefull nowe for theſe.  
 There ſhalt thou from the towzy top of Chriftal coloured ſkye,

The north  
winds.  
A kind of  
meat that  
the Panymis  
ſuppoſed  
their Gods  
to haue fed  
vpon.

The

The plot of all the world beholde, with viewe of perfect eye.  
 Beginning first both chiese and highe, from whome all things doe flow  
 As from a Spring, there is but one, They erre that think them moe,  
 For if more heds than one there were, then eyther not at all  
 They differ shold, and so be one, or much, and then we shall  
 Accompt some one among the rest more noble, great, and hye,  
 From whom the other seeme to spring, and reast are ruled by.  
 For if there many mouers be, if power and rule to all  
 We lyke, yet if their mindes and willes contrary seeme to fall,  
 Then open warres among them dwels, and cruell malice springs:  
 Then Discorde strayt disturbance in through all the motion bringes.  
 As if a ship with equall blast a sort of wyndes should drieue,  
 Toss here and there, with doubtfull mind the vessell sore doth straine:  
 And doth not know nor understande to runne the rediest way,  
 All ignorant which Lorde to serue, is forced still to stay.

But if lyke minde to all, and wyll beginnings haue but one,  
 In vaine of more account is made, for one shall serue alone.

For if that one can not suffice, but ayde of others call:  
 If not but ioyntly moue they can they are vnperfect all.  
 Nor truely can we terme them chiese from whence all other springs,  
 For perfect needes must bee preferde before thunperfect things.  
 The symple than the compounde is of value farre more hye,  
 And more than numbers one, & pure tha mirt, none wyse deny.  
 But yet I thinke it here as best by reason thys to proue.  
 The Cause is fyrist before the effect the workman worke aboue.  
 The perfect thing, because it doth eche part in it contayne,  
 And nothing lacks, is stronger far of greater force againe.  
 Therefore it makes, commaunds, and moues, and so by chalenge due:  
 The cause and Auctor eke of all it may be termed true.  
 But otherwyse thunperfect thing that maymde can not consist,  
 Is ouercome, and moue it must even as the perfect list.  
 It doth obey and not comande, and therefore must be named  
 The effect, and eke the framed worke, and not the thing that framed.  
 So farre behinde it euer ought the perfect thing to goe.  
 For if vnperfect were the spring from whence all things doe flow,  
 It were but vyle and nothing wrought therof should perfect bee,  
 As alwayes of thunperfect Art vnperfect Worke wee see.  
 Wherfore beginnings moe than one yo reason soþt can finde,

Because

But one  
God.

A Simili-  
tude.

Physicall  
principles.

Because there is not to be knowne but one of perfect kinde,  
From which, the neuer fayling course, and order of all things  
Doth come, as from the Vnion sy<sup>r</sup>st eche other number springes.

Besides it pure and Single is, that Mixtures all hath made;

For nothing can Compounded be but Simples sy<sup>r</sup>st is had.

For sy<sup>r</sup>st it nedefull is alone the simples to be tryde,

And then in mirture all in one compounded to abyde.

Therefore no Principal there is but one, as I haue taught:

Whiche Simple in degré we iudge, and purest must be thought.

Whom if we think not for to live, in erro<sup>r</sup> great w<sup>e</sup>e fall:

If he live not, how lives the rest, synce by him lyue w<sup>e</sup>e all?

Doubtlesse he lives, and wisdome hath, or else in order due,

How could he frame such godly sightes except he all things knew?

Nor doubt w<sup>e</sup>e must, but needes confesse, with mouth and eke w<sup>o</sup> heart,

Him to be god: Can he be ill of whom eche god is part?

Can bitter stremes at any time from sweetest fountaine runne?

Or can the riuers pleasant be of bytter spring begunne?

For eyther nothing must be god, or god must he be thought:

That is the spring of all the rest, by whom the worlde was wrought.

Him men doe call by diuers names, but we that Latin write

Doe call him God, and mo<sup>r</sup>e we saye, that Iupiter he hight.

Who, since he is the first that was, and maker of eche one,

Lives of himselfe both god and wyse, receiuing state of none.

But all by him their states enioy, who may lose that they haue,

Whensoeuer he lyst for to restraine the thing that sy<sup>r</sup>st he gaue.

As Kyuers must leau<sup>e</sup> of they<sup>r</sup> course whē springs their stremes deny,

And yet it followes not therfore the spring it selfe be drye:

(For of it selfe it yeldes the stremme and hanges at no mans tayle:)

So God doth of him selfe consist, and therfore cannot fayle.

If all together perishe shoulde yet fayles not he therfore,

For what consisteth of it selfe must last for euermore.

Wher onely of himselfe he stayes, and needes no helper by,

Wher as by force he cannot quaille and wyll not willingly.

He is All and Whole, the rest but part, yet in no such degré,

That of those partes he purest shoulde himselfe compounded be.

But by his vertue he is all, because he first did frame

The worlde so wide, and all things else confeined in the same.

All things that liue, and vido<sup>r</sup>e of lyfe, all things that doe appere,

All com-  
pounds are  
made of  
simples.

His mea-  
ning is of  
God, The  
well hed  
of all Bou-  
ty.

An argumen<sup>t</sup>  
drawne ab-  
imposibili-  
from that  
which can-  
not cum  
to passe to  
proue the  
purity of  
God.

Compariso<sup>n</sup>

God is euer  
lasting and  
of himselfe  
omnisuffi-  
cient.

Theologi-  
cal rea-  
sones.

And

And hydden syghts he only made, and doth preserue them here.  
In this wyse therefore is he all, as seide is all the tree,  
Wherof springs vp the mighty bole, whose banches shadowers bee.

25  
Some doubt if God a body haue, and thus doe they beleue,  
That nothing boide of body is that sense cannot perceue.  
And therefore now we will attempt, the truth therof to see.  
Of Quantitie and Qualitie all bodies needes must bee.

For by these two State Sensible, the body doth receive:  
Take these away what doth remaine that senses may perceiue  
All Quantities and Qualties Compounded euer bee,  
And God of nature Single is as late I tolde to thee.  
Add more to this, that bodies all of Forme and Matter bee,  
For God can be of such a powre, as boundes may comprehend,  
When he abides so euermore, least so the wold shoulde end.  
Nor body none is voyde of boundes, but all are measurable.  
The Compaſt Forme hath his precincts, and seemeth commendable.  
So hath the Square and Triangle, and all the Shapes that bee.  
This reason proues no body is but it may measurde bee.  
And thus I proue, this body here in equall partes diuide,  
Wherof the halfe let A posesse, and B the other side.

An argu-  
ment drawne  
of Pro-  
portion.  
I aske if A as much as B can doe: or if these twaine  
Be infinite: so one shall serue, and thother shalbe vaine.  
If both haue power determinate the whole must haue the same.  
But who so seekes th' unbounded thing, of bounded partes to frame,  
Shall proue vnwise, and thus insues the maker chiefe of all  
No body hath. But some therbe perchaunce that aunswere shall  
God is a body Infinite, but this doe I deny:

For so shoulde he eche place fill vp, and leau none boide, wherby  
The rest shoulde never bee containyd: so wold there shoulde be none,  
Nor wae remaine, nor any thing saue he hunselle alone.)  
Wesydes, synce body here in life, is of more noble state  
Than sensles Corſe, we must no doubte but lyfe of hygher rate,  
Than Carrasse is. But here I aske if life a Substance bee?  
If not, then substance were more vile and of more base degré,  
Than that which substance is without. And if you bring in this,  
In suffring such absurditie the Schoolemen all will hilfe.  
But if that lyfe a substance bee, then body is but vaine,  
Since of it selfe it can consist, and seuered best remaine.

And

And why shold God a body take, synce hee at libertis  
Doth best enjoy his state: and hath no such necessitie?  
It is a thing superfluous eke, by which the lyfe inclosed  
As prisoner like is bard the place wherto tyes best disposed.

Therefore that Chiefe Almighty Prince, eternall, god, and wyse,  
No body hath. Now will I shewe why many doe despise

This reason, and doe thinke it vaine. The cause herof doth spring,  
That drounde in bodies grosse, and blinded sense, they know no thung  
But bodyes here, as through a glasse with any colour staint  
Whosoeuer lookes, ech thing shall iudge of colour that is faind.

Yet must wee know, and doutlesse think, that diuers things there bee,  
That eyther voyde of bodyes lyue, or of such pure degré.

Their bodyes are, that neyther eyes of ours can them beholde,

Noz sense discerne, and so more worth than ours a thousand folde:

Which thus perchauice may proued bee. All grosse & waighty things,

How much the more of earthly drosse annert to them sooth brings,

So much more base and vuler bee, than that which seemes to flowe

Offyne and purer matter wrought, all Metals this doth shewe.

For looke when as by feruent heate of fyrie flames they frye,

They straightwayes melt, & basest parts wherein most earth doth lye,

As nothing worth, falles out to drosse: the purest and most fine,

With better sound and better shape, before the eye doth shine.

So Bread is best of purest meale, wherof the Masters eate,

Of grosser is the Seruants foode, the worst is Mastiues meake.

So water, Wine and Dyle, wyth like, the worthiest of them bee,

Such as most cleare and subtil seeme, and lightest in degré.

So Meate the worst and grossest part by syege away doth fade,

The finest part remaines, wherof Fleshe, Bloud, & Strength is made.

What is the cause that common stones so rude and rusty lye?

Where Marble, and the precious gemmes doe glyster in the eye.

Nought els, but that in one of them lesse drosse of earth is founde,

In thother, grosse and heauy moulde, hath syght and value drounde.

Therefore moze soule, and baser farre, such things are iudgd to be,

Wherin most earth remaines, wherby they are cald of lesse degré.

As Drosse we take lesse Golde to bee, or Golde of baser Myne

Wee cannot call so iustly Golde as that already syne.

For of all Elements the Earth the vylest hath beeene thought.

And as the rubbish of the reste, cast by, when they were wrought.

Comparisiō

Of bodies  
metaphysi-  
call, or su-  
pernaturall.

An argu-  
m ent pro-  
ceding of  
Common  
& daily  
experience.

Therefore

He mea-  
neth God  
the Creator  
of al things

Therefore the wyllest Workman first, did cause it lowe to lye,  
 That distant farre it shold remayne, remoued from the Skye.  
 And thick in Ball he cast it rounde, more lesse and small to bee,  
 That Saints might haue more plain prospect that lyst the world to see.  
 For when that God had deckt the world, with Starres in trym aray,  
 What drossesse remaynde he had the winds, to cleane and sweepe away.  
 When in with hasty course they rushe their Lordes awarde to do,  
 The Northwinde blowes the Southwind husses, þ West, & East set to:  
 Whith stryning blastes they sweepe the fieldes & roud in heape they cast  
 Whatsoeuer they finde, constrainynge it, the earth is framd at last:  
 Whiche banisht from the heauens hye, straight downe to Centre sell,  
 No place more farre nor bale appears, wher nygher shae might dwell.  
 Welsyde, of weaker force it is, and eke of smaller power,  
 Than all the rest of Elements are, and seblest of the fower.  
 For if by feruent heate of Sunne it be constraintd to gape,  
 Dr pearst with Plow it cannot ioyne, nor take his former shape,  
 The waters if they parted be doe straight returne in one,  
 And voide of all diuision seemes, as if there had bene none.

The Fier  
Aier, and  
water, are  
bodies  
moueable:  
The earth  
of a nature  
contrary.

So doth the Ayre, and Fier eke, if these diuided bee,  
 At syrst they ioyne againe, so that no signe of hurt you see.  
 And why: because they are more pure, and perfect in degré,  
 And of their proper force alone they always moued bee.  
 But now the Earth unweldy thing, of nature euer stayes,  
 And more, is cause that sundry things can moue no kinde of wayes.  
 For wher most earth abounds, most waight is foud, such things appere  
 Lesse apt to moue, the light more quick, and vnto life more nere.  
 For Lyfe in every thing is cause whereby they moue alone:  
 It needes no profe, the senslesse Corse, doth stirre as doth a stone.  
 Since things in life haue chief estate (for life excelleth all)  
 Doubtlesse the light and mouing things the chieffest wee may call.

They erre therefore, that doe beleue none other things to be:  
 But such as sensles grosse perceiue, and eyes apparant see.

The spira-  
ble ayer a  
subtile sub-  
stance.  
By stremme  
is meant  
water.

For what more subtile is than Ayre, what lesse is felt oþ seene?  
 By which haue many thought it voide as Nothing to haue bee.  
 It is but slight: what tho: yet hath it here a substance sure,  
 And body is of foure chiche, one, than Earth oþ Stremme more pure,  
 And therfore plast in hyer seate. For things approaching nere  
 To skyes, and blessed Starres aboue, of chieffest state appere.

Welsydes,

Besydes are not the Windes so pure, that no man can them see?  
 Yet notwithstanding none there is but knowes that winds there bee.  
 Which when they haue a sunder burst the barres of Eolus Strong,  
 The monstrous Hills by force doe shake, downe torne the Trees alōg  
 Doe lye, the Seas from chanell deepe are toss aboue the shoares,  
 The Cloudes are causd, þ Lightnings flash, þ dreadful Thuder roares.  
 Syncie thus their force doth rage, thinkst þ þ substance they doe lacke?  
 Because thou canst not them beholde, or in thy handes them take?  
 To iudge as Senses leade is fonde: for oftentimes the eyes  
 In taking one thing for another, This errore plainly tryes.  
 As if into the clearest spring a stasse most straight be thrust,  
 The eye shall iudge it to bee Crooked, though it be never so iust.  
 And if a boate rowe neere the shooe, the shooe shall seeme to flye,  
 And styll the boate is thought to stay: the Senses therefore lye,  
 Which many times deceiued bee, and chaunged sundry wayes,  
 By Age sometime or Sicknesse great the force of them decayes:  
 Nor every man hath them alike, some thinkes it faire and meete,  
 The thing another saith is foible: and some do count it sweete,  
 That others iudge of bitter taste: the Ayre is colde sayth bee,  
 Another saith the wether is hote, thus Senses diuers bee,  
 In diuers bodies, diuers seimes, deceaued sometyme by chounce,  
 As when the drunckard sees two lights for one, & stoles to dancce,  
 The wine in troubling of his eyes doth much disease his sight.  
 The Ayre besydes deludes the sense, sometymes it semeth bright,  
 Now darke, now thick, now moist, now dry, wherby wee often gesse  
 The Sunne as red as bloud to bee, the Moone slow bygge, now lesse.  
 Hereof doth also come to passe when one aloud doth cry,  
 Deceauing folish eares, a voyce doth seeme to answe ry.

The keeper  
of the winds

An argu-  
ment, Ab-  
effectibus,

The senses  
commonly  
deceived.

No credite  
to be graue-  
ted to the  
senses.

The facul-  
tie of seeing  
is infected  
by drunkē-  
nes, in such  
sorte, that it  
swarcth in  
discerning  
her obiects.

The wor-  
thyngesse of  
Reason.

By this and other meanes they erre. But Reason is moze sure,  
 Who finds amongst a thousand toyes, the certaine truth and pure.  
 This Reason is most deare to hym that Wisdome doth retayne,  
 Whose minde is of a lively sorte, and sprite of heauenly bayne.  
 The blunt and doltish common sorte, with blinde and bleared eyes,  
 Doth not her see, hercōf doth Fault, Vaine Hope, and Fansy rise.  
 This Reason guides the wyllest men, Opinion leades the lowte.  
 Let vs the steppes of Reason treade and toyle her wayes about,  
 This reason may be calde the Sunne that moves in order iust,  
 By which alone from brutish kynde of beastes wee differ must.

The dark and dim vnterkayne Moone, Opinion may be named.  
 But what doth Reason byd me write, that many creatures framed  
 Aliue there are that we can not bysenses understand:  
 For if that God should not haue made, wyth hys and glorioius hand,  
 More noble creatures than the state of fadling mortall kinde:  
 He had not then deserued such prayse, as is to him assignde,  
 Unperfect eke had bene his reigne: for vnderneath the kynnes  
 Of Man, the wilde and sauage Beastes consist of brutish minde,  
 To sleepe and soode, addicted all. And if he had not framed  
 No better things than here we see, the worlde might well be named,  
 A felde of filthy feeding flockes, with thornes and donge set out.  
 What should we then this God account, a mighty heardman stoute?  
 But he treated man besides, now sure a goodly thing:  
 What is this his best? is this the power of that Almighty king?  
 But let vs trye if thys be true, if we may credite give:  
 It is not god nor reason will, that we shall this beleue.

Man of all  
creatures

For what is Man? a folishe beast, a creature full of spight,  
 And wretched farre above the rest if we shall iudge upright.

most mis-  
erable,

Who is not of his nature nought? the way to vice is wide,

Thway o f  
Vertue and  
vice descri-  
bed truely.

Wherin the fete of mortall men continually doth syde:  
 No Warning, Lawe, no Payne, nor Feare can cause them soz to stay.

Againe, the path of vertue is a straignt and painfull way,

Wherin but fewe doe vse to walke, and them you must constraine.

Who is wyse: the woman: or the childe: or all the Common traine?

The most (alas) are folishe doltes, in darknes blinde we tread,

And sondre Affection beares the sway, by which we all are lead.

A peripha-  
ris, or cir-  
cumlocuti-  
on of God.

For none at all or fewe there be( whoni He that guides the skye

Vath chosen to himselfe alone) this reason ruled by.

For who can now beholde, or how, may leasure we obtaine,

Wherby we might searche out y truth that secret doth remaine?

Cares pulles vs back: the greatest part of lyfe in Sleepe doth waste,

The rest doth Paine or Sycknesse let, or Pouertie doth taste,

And Slouthfulness sometime doth hurt, and Pleasure oft annoy,

Vere of spinges Fooles, & Wisedome eke by this we rot enoy.

For shz with great continuall toyle, and study long is got.

He menerh  
his Syxt  
bookes, inti-  
cated Virgo

And doth require a quiet minde, that troubles hinder not.

The troubles of the state of man (if I remember well)

Among my booke the Syxt(I think) before doth plainly tell;

Of Mischiese, Griefe, and Foolishenesse alas, this is the place,  
 And darksom denne of Hell wherein, all live in wretched case.  
 But yet the grosse and common sorte, doe never waye this thing,  
 But in the middest of all their toyle, the folishe knaues doe sing:  
 And gaping laughe, doe not perceue their owne calamitie,  
 But are when paine doth plague them soze, as iocund as a Pie,  
 And sodainly doth all forget, so that some sweetenesse fall:  
 Hereby doth come Forgetfulnesse that ryds them cleane from all.  
 For Nature wise and prouident, our state did well foresee,  
 In geuing vs so slender wyt for our commoditie.  
 For if that Wisedome were in vs, what man coulde bearre the strife?  
 The cares, and tedious troubling toiles of this our wretched lyfe?  
 For sadness ioynd with carke & care, this wisedome in doth bring,  
 And nature saemes to foster man, with hope of hopelesse thing.  
 Without the which, eche man himselfe would couet to destroy.  
 So Hope and Folly medicines be, that Nature doth implore  
 For our behoue by Sage aduice, least we by chaunce should faint,  
 When many mischiefs swarming thick, our witlesse sense doth taint.

And if no creature else excell this man in highe degree,  
 The chiese Creator of the world, what shall we think to bē?  
 Of Misers, fooles, and eke of them by whom doth mischiefe spring:  
 He shalbe called a Lorde, a Prince, a Father, Guide, and King.  
 A noble powre, A princely reigne, companions fine and braue,  
 What wants ther now (A God) to the: what sekest thou more to haue?  
 Alone thou doste not now remaine: it well became thy Grace,  
 To frame so fayre a wylde as thys, to make such creatures place.  
 Let heaven serue their only bē the Starres, the Moon, the Sunne,  
 The Ayre, the Earth, the surging seas: what else: it shall be done.  
 But straight they shal consumed be, and vanishe cleane away  
 As Snowe doth fade in summers heate, or slowre in frosty day.

What state haue they that doe consist, of body weake and frayle?  
 What state haue they that in the space of so small tyme do sayle?  
 May we beleue the seas and earth alone replenishte bee,  
 Whiche are compared to the skyes as nothing in degré?  
 And if the mighty compast spheare, in minde thou well doest way,  
 Thou shalt perceue the smalles Starre, more great: as Wisemen say.  
 Shall then so small and vile a place, so many fisches containe,  
 Such sorte of men, of beastis and foules, and thothe boide remaine?

All things  
shall perish  
& consume.

The least  
Starre is  
bigger then  
the earth.  
Under this  
word Wise  
men ar met  
in this place  
Astrono-  
mers.

Whall skyes and ayre their dwellers lacke: he dotes that thinketh so,  
 And seemes to haue a slender wit, for there are thousandes mo,  
 That better state and lyfe enioye, and farre more blessed bee.  
 Moreouer if we will confesse th' unsayned veritie,  
 This Earth is place for man and beast: beyond the clowdes, the ayre,  
 And sacred skye, where peace doth reigne, and daye is alwayes fayre,  
 The Angels haue their dwellings there: whom though we cannot see  
 (For pure and fyne their substance is) yet numberlesse they bee:  
 As thick as are the sandes in place where waters ebbe and flowe,  
 As thicke as stande the flowers and grasse, that in þ meddowes growe,  
 For who so thinks the Heauenis hie of dweller's voyde to bee,  
 And may vpon this earth so vyle so many creatures see:  
 He dotes deceiuied by ignorance, and foolishnesse of minde,  
 And seemes all drounde in earthly drosse, as beastes of basest kinde.

Compariso.

The newe  
Indies.He wrote  
this before  
the discou-  
erie of the  
new Indies.

For wonder I at this a whit, that happy Ilandes founde  
 In Ocean seas they say there bee, where all things good abounde,  
 Whereas no griefe the lyfe doth vere, where no misfortunes raine.  
 The skyes perchaunce the Ocean sea to name doth here retaine,  
 Because in colour lyke it seemes, and eke in moving rounde,  
 Eche Starre an Ilande shal be thought, why not? haue we not founde  
 That diuers houses are so calld, because that farre away  
 They seuered from their fellowes lye: who otherwyse doth say  
 He sayth not true, for if there were such Ilandes in our seas  
 The Princes would not suffer them to passe their lyfe in ease:  
 But wepon strait shuld conquest make, t'enlarge theyr kingdoms by,  
 If any passage were to them themselues therin to lye.  
 What doubteth Grece to sayne or lye, the mother olde of toyes?  
 For doubtlesse Heauen, Starres, and Ayre, inhabitaunts enioyes,  
 Who this denyes doth malice much the blessed Sainkes on hy,  
 And eke th'eternall state of God doe blasphemie foolishly.  
 Is it not wicked blasphemie presumptuously to saye?  
 That Heauen lacks inhabitants, and God doth beare no sway?  
 But here with vs and sauage beastes, so fonde so full of shame?  
 Nay certaynely God coulde and woulde more noblis creatures frame,  
 That leade theyr life in better place, wherby his prayse esteeme  
 Should be the more, and larger power, and world more perfect deeme.  
 For making sundry noble things, the beautie more doth shine,  
 Of this same wold, and more appeares his Maiestie diuine,

But

But if these shapēs be pure and voyde of body, comis the douſt,  
 Or whether they conſiſt of partes, as we doe round about.  
 Yes truely reason doth declare all creatures that doe dwell  
 In fyre, and ayre, they bodies haue: if they had not, as well  
 The ayre and fyre ſhould defert be, and places voyde ſhould grove,  
 For none but bodies place poſſeſſe as wiſe mens woydes doe ſhowe.  
 But whether ſhall theſe bodies die? we muſt confeſſe it ſo  
 A long and ioyfull lyfe they lead, at length with death they go.  
 For if that Ayre and Fyre in time, corruption ſhall deſace,  
 Why ſhould not all ſuch creatures dye as liue in ſuch a place?  
 For placed things doe follow ſtil, the places nature plaine.  
 But ſome perhaunce deſyres to know what fashion they retaine,  
 We may be ſure their beauty is ſuch, that they doe farre excell  
 All creatures ſleeting in the Heas, or all on earth that dwell:  
 Which neither God permits, nor we could view with carnall eye.  
 But they that paſſe their life in Starres, and in the pureſt ſkye,  
 Doe neuer dye: for age nor yeares cannot the ſtrength abate,  
 Of thoſe ſo gorgeouſ glijſſing Starres, or harme the heauens ſtate.  
 And eke we muſt beleue that thoſe, which liue in ſkyes ſo bright,  
 Their bodies are moze fayre, moze fine, of greater force, and might,  
 Then all the reſt that liue, beſtweene the earth, and Starres aboue:  
 Or in the Elementes dwell, where time and age can them remoue:  
 But what doe they? they do reioyce with ſenſe and reaſon right,  
 Now vſing one, and now the other, and liue in ſuch delight,  
 As wit of man cannot deuile, nor mortall tongue can tell.  
 True woulde, and true estate is there, true ioyes and treasures dwell;  
 We onely haue the shadowes here and counterfeits retaine,  
 Which laſting but a little ſpace lyke ware do melt againe,  
 Our Worlde is but a figure plaine, of thoſe ſo princely powrs,  
 And as our Worlde the painted Map, ſo it ſurmounteth ours.

The Inhabitantes of  
the Ayre  
ſubiect to  
death. Read  
Cardan de  
Subjic.

Comparis.

Aboue theſe Heauens that we name, and creatures all beyondē,  
 A better worlde vncorporate, that ſenſes doth tranſcend,  
 And with the minde alone is ſene, there are that think to be:  
 And with thauſered trueth it ſeemes not much to diſagree.  
 If minde exelleth farre the ſenſe, why ſhould the ſenſe beholde  
 A worlde alone with perfect thinges, and creatures manyſold?  
 And minde without his proper worlde a Cyphar ſhould remaine,  
 And noþe but d; eames and fanſies ſinde, to ſhapes & shadowes baine.

Shall skyes and ayre their dwellers lacke? he dotes that thinketh so,  
 And seemes to haue a slender wit, soz there are thousandes mo,  
 That better state and lyfe enioye, and farre more blessed bee.  
 Moreouer if we will confesse th'unsayned veritie,  
 This Earth is place for man and beast: beyond the clowdes, the ayre,  
 And sacred skye, where peace doth reigne, and daye is alwayes fayre,  
 The Angels haue their dwellings there: whom though we cannot see  
 (For pure and fyne their substance is) yet numberlesse they bee:  
 As thick as are the sandes in place where waters ebbe and flowe,  
 As thicke as stande the flowers and grasse, that in y meddowes growe,  
 For who so thinks the Heauenis hie of dweller's voyde to bee,  
 And may vpon this earth so vyle so many creatures see:  
 He dotes deceiuied by ignorance, and foolishnesse of minde,  
 And seemes all rounde in earthly drosse, as beastes of basest kinde.

Nor wonder I at this a whit, that happy Ilandes founde

In Ocean seas they say there bee, where all things god abounde,  
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 Because in colour lyke it seemes, and eke in moving rounde,  
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 That diuers houses are so calld, because that farre away  
 They seuered from their fellowes lye: who otherwyse doth say  
 He sayth not true, soz if there were such Ilandes in our seas  
 The Princes would not suffer them to passe their lyfe in ease:  
 But wepon strait shuld conquest make, t'enlarge theyr kingdoms hys,  
 If any passage were to them themselues therin to lye.

He wrote  
this before  
the discou-  
rie of the  
new Indies.

Welhat doubteth Grece to sayne oz lye, the mother olde of toyes?  
 For doubtlesse Heauen, Starres, and Ayre, inhabitaunts enjoyes.  
 Who this denyes doth malice much the blessed Saintes on hy,  
 And eke th'eternall state of God doe blasphemie foolishly.  
 Is it not wicked blasphemie presumptuously to saye?  
 That Heauen lacks inhabitants, and God doth beare no sway?  
 But here with vs and sauage beastes, so sonde so full of shame?  
 Nay certaynely God coulde and woulde more noble creatures frame,  
 That leade theyr life in better place, wherby his praysle esternde  
 Should be the moze, and larger power, and wold moze perfect deymde.  
 For making sundry noble things, the beautie moze doth shine,  
 Of this same wozde, and moze appeares his spairesty divine,

But if these shapēs be pure and boyde of body, comis the douf,  
 D; whether they consist of partes, as we doe round about.  
 Yes truely reason doth declare all creatures that doe dwell  
 In fyre, and ayre, they bodies haue: if they had not, aswell  
 The ayre and fyre should desert be, and places boide should growe,  
 For none but bodies place posselle as wisc mens wordes doe shewe.  
 But whether shall these bodies die? we must confesse it so  
 A long and ioyfull lyfe they lead, at length with death they go.  
 For if that Ayre and Fyre in time, corruption shall deface,  
 Whyn should not all such creatures dye as liue in such a place?  
 For placed things doe follow stil, the places nature plaine.  
 But some perhaunce desyres to know what fashion they retaine.  
 We may be sure their beauty is such, that they doe farre excell  
 All creatures fleeting in the Heas, or all on earth that dwell:  
 Which neither God permits, nor we could view with carnall eye.  
 But they that passe their life in starres, and in the purest skye,  
 Does never dye: for age nor yeares cannot the strength abate,  
 Of those so gorgeous glistening Starres, or harme the heauens state.  
 And eke we must beleue that those, which liue in skyes so bright,  
 Their bodies are moxe fayre, moxe fine, of greater force, and might,  
 Then all the rest that liue betwene the earth, and starres aboue:  
 D; in the Elementes dwell, where time and age can them remoue:  
 But what doe they: they do reioyce with sense and reason right,  
 Now vsing one, and now the other, and liue in such delight,  
 As wit of man cannot devise, nor mortall tongue can tell.  
 True wrold, and true estate is there, true ioyes and treasures dwell:  
 We onely haue the shadowes here and counterfeits retaine,  
 Which lasting but a litle space lyke waire do melt againe.  
 Our World is but a figure plaine, of those so princely powrs,  
 And as our Worlde the painted Map, so it surmounteth ours.

The inhab-  
bitantes of  
the Ayre  
subject to  
death. Read  
Cardan de  
Subtil.

Comparis.

Above these Heauenas that we name, and creatures all beyonde,  
 A better wrold vncorporate, that senses doth transcend,  
 And with the minde alone is seene, there are that think to be:  
 And with thassured trueth it semes not much to disagree.  
 If minde excelleth farre the sense, why should the sense beholde  
 A wrold alone with perfect thinges, and creatures manyfold?  
 And minde without his proper wrold a Cyphar should remaine,  
 And nape but d;reames and fancies finde, wch shapes & shadowes baine.

The world  
intelligible  
and the  
world sen-  
sible: which  
more excel-  
lent.

Thus eyther nothing is the minde, or els hath nature wrought  
A wylde agreeing to the same, wherein containid are thought  
Unsained, chiese, and purest things: which better farre a way  
May of themselues consist, than things that senses compasse may.  
This same first framed wold doth passe the wold that senses see,  
As much as minde excelles the sense in perfecter degré:  
In which the chielest life is God, where Saincts as Starres appere,  
And therfore straunger things ar there, then ars perceived here:  
Sith it is perfecter by much. For nothing there doth dye,  
For God is No time, nor motion, there hath rule, all fixed continually,  
the fulnesse As boide of place and safe from harme they all doe seeme to bæ,  
of their There are the causes of each thing, and springs of all we see.  
The wold the senses may perceiue: from this same wold doth spring  
And seemeth here a figure sure, and shadow of that thing.  
All things more sound & perfect there, & all things whole appeare,  
We haue but portions of the same which are increased here.  
By natures fault and great defect, so hartes a number be,  
For vertue one aboue, creates the hartes that here we see.  
By her the subtile for is framed, by her the Lions liue,  
And so of all the other beastes, that this our wold doth giue.  
Which seeme in number diuers sortes, but all are one in kinde,  
That from these powers are first to come, are every one assignde.  
None otherwise than Carpenters, in Cities great of name,  
Eche one applying well his wozke, doe diuerse matters frame.  
Wherfore this wold doth stand of parts, the other doth consist  
Of all, and living by themselues, of distance as they list.  
But some haue thought y euery starre a wold we well may call,  
The earth they count a darkned starre, where as the least of all  
The God doth reigne that vnderneath, the clouds hath plaste his chaire,  
That fosters all the creatures here, in seas, in earth and ayre.  
A Lorde of shadowes, and the guide of shapes that lively bæ,  
To whom is delt the charge of things, and rule of all to see:  
Which, for because they doe not last but passe with time away,  
Doe scarce deserue the name of ought, but shadowes that decay.  
The same is Pluto as Judge, of whom the Poets olde,  
Doe often sing, and say that he, the kingdome black doth holde.  
For vnderneath the cloudes is night, aboue are all things cleare,

Plato the  
sonne of  
Saturne by  
his wife O-  
pe, prince of  
Hell, as his  
brother Ju-  
piter was  
prince of  
Heauen.

Wolberg

Where light doth last for euermore: and brightnesse still appeare,  
 To him as to the worldest of all, thalmighty Lorde did giue  
 The vilest reigne, the rest more good, in better starres to liue.  
 But yet is no man suré of this, for who doth know so well,  
 Gods misteries? who hath bene there, and turnde againe to tell?  
 No state of man is such, our minde doth faint in things so hie:  
 The dwle cannot beholde the Sunne, with pure and perfect eye,  
 Eche one presuming of his wit, inventeth matters newe,  
 But Poets specially, to whom most confidence is delue,  
 For they may by authoritie of any matters write,  
 With Bacchus rage they moued be, and with Apolloes spryte.  
 Though nothing is that doth sorbid the mad man trueth to say,  
 Sibylla vsed to tell the trouth, in madnesse as she lay.  
 Let this suffice (my promise kept) to proue that numbers bee  
 Of creatures farre excelling vs, which no mans eyes can see:  
 Yet do they liue and reason vse, and as some wise men say,  
 Such are our soules departed once, that never shall decay.  
 So Plato, so Pythagoras, and so Plotinus thought,  
 And so haue many Poets erst, in pleasaunt verses wrought.  
 Therefore it seemeth labour worth (a thing most mette to tell)  
 Of this for to intreat at large: For what doth more excell,  
 Than throughly man to know himselfe? so children understand  
 Wherof the Body doth consist, of earth, of sygne, and land.  
 But hard it is so plaine to know, the nature of the minde:  
 Wherefore presuming on my Muse with all the force I finde,  
 Belowing all my wits thereon, I wyll attempt to knowe,  
 The perfect nature of the same, and plaine in verses shewe.  
 That done forsaking Libra sone, Scorpius, the crooked signe  
 I enter will, and Destinie thy fatall force definie  
 If destinie doe not deprive our Poet of his will.

And for because in doubtfull things, to bring the greater skill,  
 The methode and the order best, is plainly to begin,  
 With such as are assured most: so wyll I doe herein,  
 For if the first beginnings here, shall seeme obscure in sight:  
 The sequele shall uncertayne saeme, and in the worser plight.  
 If slender the Foundation be, in little time and space,  
 We shall beholde the Buildings fayle, that we theron doe place.

Viii.

Complaint

Sibylla's  
Prophetesse  
read Vario  
in his book  
de rebus de  
uinis.

Three fa-  
mous Phi-  
losophers  
reade Vo-  
latcrane,  
who wri-  
teth of the  
seuerally.  
Ex celo des-  
cendit Nol  
et ceipsum.

The

Of moving  
and the  
cause therof

Whether  
heat because  
of moving  
or no.

Will, cause  
of moving.

Compari-  
sons.

Read Fr.  
Petrar.  
De remedio  
vniuersque  
Forzox.

The dispo-  
sition of the  
minde fol-  
lowes the  
disposition  
of the body.

The Essets more plaine and manifest, then Causes seeme to be,

At them therfore we will begin, and all things open see.

With moving now (for every thing that lyfe remayneth in.)

Doth moue alone: chiese signe of lyfe) therfore we will begin.

For of it selfe the body restes, and members rotte away,

The cause (perhaps) that moues, is Heate, or Bloud that beares þ sway

But things aliue, are often styll, when as they list to rest

Though Heate and Bloud in them abound: therefore appeareth best,

That Will is Cause of moving here: yet sometimes they desire

To moue, and cannot stirre: therfore doth moving both require.

The one commaundes, the other workes: for wyll can nothing doe

If power doe lack. But how commes it, that men moue to and froe?

Because (Minde teaching) wil seeth god, & moving straight doth turne

To that it sees, as fyre is drawne; by that which makes it burne.

Like as the yron from his place, the Lodestone vpward drawes.

And as the Aumber listeth by the little slender strawes:

The world in such a wondrous sorte the almighty Lorde did frame,

That many things doe well agree as ioyned in the same.

And many things doe disagree, and keepe continuall fight,

Wherby some me haue surely thought, that strife & friendship might

Be instly calde beginnings chiese, by which are all things wrought,

Thus Good first moued by which þ minde to motion quickly brought

Doth moue the partes, and pricketh forth, the body here and there.

But yet we think suffiseth not, one God to all things here,

No: one desire to all alyke: some this, some that esteemes,

And every one reteines his ioy, as best to nature saimes.

The Childe we see desires the things, that Aged men forsake,

For as the bodies seeme to be, so minde and will doe take.

Wherfore we sometime couet this, and sometime long for that,

And that which late we did esteeme, we now doe seeme to hate:

Because our chaunging body is, disposed diversly;

And drawes the nature of the minde the way that it doth iyy:

Heresof comes Thirst, and Hunger Sharp, and Lust to Ladies laps.

The body many things do chaunge: as Age, or Time, or Haps,

As also Meate, and Drinke sometimes, and Aire doth chaunge it quicke,

And Starres doth alteration make, as learned men doe write.

The Object therefore not alone, nor things our eies behold,

But State of body oftentimes (as witnesse writers olde)

Doff

Doth cause vs diuers things to wyll, and moues vs so and free:  
Who marks some Pageants plaid on earth, shall plainly finde it so.

But some by reason rather led, doe walke as she doth shew,  
And onely are by vertue drawne: but such are very few.  
For fleshly sond affections, oft the minde doe ouerrunne,  
None otherwise then misis do darke the clare and shining Sunne.  
Loe, this the cause why boodie moues. The moving force of minde  
(Whom moued will doth still commaund) obeys as is assynd: And in the partes that quiet are (if nothing them doe let)  
Is powred out, and causeth them now here, now there to iet.  
But why should labour weary them, whereof should this arise?  
As fainting fete in trauaille, and the aking arme oft tries:  
The cause hereof, is bloud resolved by force of feruent heate,  
(For to much moving it inflames) decayes in fuming sweate.  
None otherwise than feuers fierce, the creature pale consumes,  
When bloud or other humor hote, through all the members fumes.  
Doth lyfe support and body sedes, which whilst it quickning makes,  
The moving force possessing all, the body quinering shakes,  
The heate and heated bloud beside, doth breede a lively spright:  
As waters warmde with beames of Sunne doe yeld a vapour light.  
This spirit inclosd within the bowels through all the veines doth run,  
And nere to her doth serue the lyfe in what she will have done.  
But those in heauy sleepes that ly, how shold they moving make?  
As some doe in their sleepes arise, and weapon vp do take,  
Some in the stable takes his horse, some writes as many say,  
And some hath earst bene sene, a sleepe vpon the Lute to play.  
It must be knowne that of the thing the Image doth remaine  
In vs, of all that we doe see, or Senses can retaine.  
This makes vs think we see the face that late we gased on,  
And that we seeme to heare the words were vfered longe agone.  
These formes within the secret celles inclosed in the braine,  
A vapour moues, which to ascende the stomack doth constraine,  
Ind minde deluded so doth moue, the body styes thereby,  
If the Resemblance be of force, that in thy head doth ly.  
But tayle of Lysard, or of Snake, that cut in two doth sprall,  
Doth will it moue? By force of minde, that Greces do Fancie call:  
Is they whom rage of madnesse moues, or to much drinke arayes?  
W<sup>t</sup> dreadfull d<sup>r</sup>earies doe cause to shake: or happens other wayes?

The rebellion  
of the  
affections  
against the  
regiment  
of Lady re-  
son.

The cause  
of weariness.

Obiection.  
Vis phanta-  
sic, quam  
lit in somno  
efficax:

Imaginatio  
how migh-  
tely it pre-  
vaileth in  
Sleep.

Answer to  
the former  
Obiection  
propounded.

Obiection:

Answer.

Perchaunce amongst the knotty parts of this diuided fasse,  
 The lively spirit inclosed doth searche, all meanes soz to preuaile,  
 In breaking out, and winding parts, doth wry as best it may,  
 And striueing long through passage smal doth get at length away.  
 Oz that same parte of minde that feele, diuided doth remaine  
 In tayle cut of, and causeth it to turne and turne againe,  
 Yet I suppose that every thing, wherin no iudgement lyes  
 Can feele no griefe, nor nothing else that we can here devise.  
 For chieffest force by which we feele, from knowledge euer flowes.  
 Who knowes & iudgeth most fales most, and most reioysing knowes.  
 So ffoles and Dolts care lesse for all, lesse harinde, lesse fearing still,  
 They feele not colde, nor heate so much, scarce know they god from yll.  
 Not so, because it smarte, therfore the tayle diuided shaketh,  
 For nought it fales, because the strength from which it knowledge  
 Is not in it, but in the head in better place did lye: (takes  
 Wherfore the former cause I judge, the trueth to go more ryte.  
 Lo, thus therfore is mouing made, by which all creatures go:  
 Yet in the reasons past before, we put this one thing to,  
 That sundry times the Present Good, when it might be atchived  
 Doth nothing moue, nor is desired, bicause tis not perceived.  
 This Knowledge seemes of mouing cause, oz chieffest as we see:  
 For who desyres, oz seekes the thing, he knowes not what to bee  
 For Will her selfe of proper force, is altogether blinde,  
 And cannot any thing desire, without the light of minde.  
 By whom if she be not informde, she takes the vntoward way,  
 And with the shew of god beguilde, her vertue doth decay.

Reason and  
knowled ge  
chiefe caute  
of mouing.  
The minde  
of man is  
the candle  
of his will.

Of Mouing may this heere suffice. Now let vs seeke to know

Naturall  
heate the  
cause of di-  
gestion.

How liuing things doe ware so great, what causeth them to grow?  
 And why at certeine time they cease, A fiery spirit doth raine,  
 Which quickneth every liuing thing, in world which doth remaine.  
 This heate doth lively moisture fæde, as flame of Candle bright,  
 (When Hune withdrawes himself from vs) y Dile preserves in sight:  
 This in the stomack boyles the meat, wherof the finest spread  
 Abread, the synowes, bones, and flesh, with pyth, and bloud are bread,  
 And all the body doth increase, as plants with showers of raine,  
 And warmth of Hune them comforting, doth rise and spring amaine.  
 If that this fier be much of force and moysture equall here,  
 As much as heate shall seeme to nede the increase shall great appere.

Al

At length it makes an end and stayes, when spent is all the heate,  
Whiche fading, body fades: as shewes in them whose yeares are great,  
For wasted they like pined Ghostes, their aged lymmes doe crooke,  
And stouping low with hollowed eyes vpon the earth doe looke.  
For fyre is gone, and lively heate, and moysture doth decay,  
Without the which no lyse remaines: as Lampes no longer may  
Give out their light than oyle doth serue, but dies and darknesse brings

Then let vs now the mouing shew of minde, and whence it springs,  
A thing both darke and hard to finde, but yet we will assay,  
With all our force, to touch the trueth as nere as well we may.  
And fyrt of Rage, that boldneth men, and daungers doth despise,  
Increaseth strength and giueth force, as much as shall suffice,  
Whiche mouing all as desperate, vpon our foes we flye,  
And bloody battayle to beginne, with sword in hast we bye.  
The cause therof is bloud inflamde, and heart that sendes out fyre,  
And bitter galle abrode dispearst, for Galle is house to Ire,  
And Choler matter ministers to Rage and Fury blinde.  
Hence comes y creatures lacking galle, are not of wrathfull minde,

Imbroacing peace, refuse to fight: but they whose bloud doth burne,  
And greater rage of heate retaine, to anger stonest turne.

So youth, and so such dronken mates whose heades hath dronken diseased,  
Upon a smallest cause doe snuffe. The minde therfore displeased,  
Doth bloud and choler mingle straight, then hande for weapon calles,  
And skirmish comes, thus cuts are carued, & wunde wide open falles.  
For first the mind offended is, and vert by iniurie,

Whiche troubled, moues y body straight. By these it semes they lie,  
That say the minde can neuer styre: for if it neuer moue,  
The body stylly stande and stye it alwaies doth behoue.  
For diuers Mouings doe declare, a diuers Mover plaine,  
The Sunne doth often change in course, and shadowes change againe.  
What is the cause that Organs giue, now one now other voice?  
But hande y shifftes from diuers keyes, which makes a diuers noyse  
The Minde Affection inward first, doth take and close concele,  
And makes some parte oþ other serue, when she wyll it reuele:  
Disclosing straight to it whatsoeuer, within in secret lies,  
To shend that plaine it may appeare, and open to the eies.  
None other wise than when the King vnto his faithfull friend,  
Declares the secrets of his minde, and after it doth send,

What infirmities follow the defection of natural moisture and heate in the body of man.  
The mouing of the minde and whence it springeth.  
Ira, Anger or wrath.  
The cause of anger.

Youngmen, and drunckards quickly diseased.

A proper allusion.

To be proclaind in every place, that it may plaine appeare.  
 Hence springeth loue: for when the minde doth fanye pleasant gere,  
 She makes the heart a minister: and so doth Loue declare.  
 In Hart, Loue: Wrath, Feare, Lust, & Hope, with Joye, and also Care,  
 As in a tower with Minde doe dwelle: and these all there begunne,  
 By meanes of other partes, through all the body soorth do runne.  
 But of this same in other place, more plainly shall we write,  
 If God therein do sauour vs, and Muses graunt vs sprite.  
 Suffiseth now Affections, syrst of al things else to bee,  
 Within the minde, the causes sprong, of things without we see,  
 And after they by member, bloud, or other humours might,  
 Are spred abrode in euery parte, and so thrust out to light,  
 For seeing Minde & Body are ioynde, the mouing nedes must bee  
 Common to both, the harmes al one, and chaunge in like degrā:  
 Whatsoeuer thing the one perceiues, the other feeleth it,  
 They both in nature doe agree, so strongly are they knit.  
 But now because we seeme to touch, the tip of Scorpions toe,  
 Let vs, my Muse, of senses speake, here b̄riefly as we goe:  
 The five  
Senses. Five senses Nature gaue to such, as perfect creatures be,  
 But vnto some she dealt not all: which may be worthie  
 Imperfect namde, as Moles, and Wormes, and Scallopys of the baye,  
 And Wilks, & Irchins eke, whom pricks, in compass rounde araye,  
 Among these senses al, the Sight is thought the best to bee,  
 Because it is the chiefeſt meanes wherwith the minde doth ſee,  
 Declaring plaine y wondrous works, that nature here doth frame,  
 Such flours & fruits, such herbs & beaſts, ſuch plants, & ſtones of name,  
 Such ſundry ſortes of metalles fayze: and the wing also plaine,  
 What fyfhes Proteus feedes in ſeas, what monſters there remaine.  
 God & go-  
uernour of  
the Sea. And more than thys: the ſtately romes wherein the Gods doe lye,  
 The glittering Globes of Starres aboue, and Phœbus ſhining hye:  
 Phœbus  
that is to  
ſay the Sun. Besides, the things that men doe heare, that tong can not display.  
 This Henge therfore doth all excell and fayreſt farre away,  
 In which the ſeate and chiefeſt place, wherin the minde doth dwelle  
 Is thought to be: for when we mate, or talke in preſence tell,  
 The eye is Upon the others eyes we gaze, as man, and minde, and all  
 the glasse of Did there conſit, who ſo the Eyes the Glaffe of minde doth call  
 the minde. Shal ſay the truthe: for pleauant loue in them doth firſt gine ligheſt.  
 There Hate and fiercenelle doth appere, with milde and gentle ſprite  
 Thers

There Sadnes, Joy and Mischief shoues with Zeale & Wisdom great,  
And Folly, Pride and Feare and Rage, with Fault and Wrathful Heat,

But wherof doth the Syght procede? the minde's let other see

Of learned men: I briefly shewe as I think best to bee.

One life there must be knowne to be, of substance eke so fine,  
As syght can never comprehend, of force and power divine.

Which Nature deales & God doth give: this seedes and makes to grow,  
Doth breaede, doth moue, doth heare, & taste: doth smel, see, feele, & know;

Which is the chiese and greatest power, most nere to saints on hy.

These powers she through the body spredes, in certaine partes to lye,  
And by the Eyes doth lyght let in, and sundry coulers see,

And iudgeth playne of euery shape, and althings else that bee:

Receaueth also by the Nose the Smelles of sundry sort,

And by the Eares doth vnderstande, sound, noyse, and great report.

By YOUNG discernes eche kinde of tast, by Feeling knowledge bringes

Of hote from colde, of harde from soft, of rough from smothest things.

Companions syue these are to lyfe, and faithfull seruants sure,

That shewes her all, without the which she nothing could procure.

The eyes therfore as glassie made, and as the Christall cleric,

Like as a glasse receiuers the shapes that we doe looke on here,

By power wherof are things discernd, if that the eye be sounde.

These sorts of things unto the minde (soz as in hyghest grounde,

Her stately scafe in head she holdes) the eye doth plainly shewe,

Whose image truly shadowed ther, she wise doth straightways know.

So, wondrously she doth perceue a sundry sort of soundes,

When in the helthy vnharmed eares, the ayre thereof reboundes,

For ayre of slendrest substance is, and moneth by and by,

Whiche beaten with þ noyse, doth shunne, and from þ stroke doth flye,

And pearcing breakes into the eares, though close be kept the glasse,

And close the doore, so fine it is that inward it will passe.

For eu'en the fish when fishers hard with poales the clouds do plash,

For feare of noise fly fast from thence, and thicke in nets do mash.

For ayre to depth of Seas can pearce, vp mounts the waues therby,

And tempests roares with dreadfull noise, the shippman out doth cry,

And bowes to offer sacred gifts. As oft therfore as we

Do finde two things together knockt, as oft as ayre we see

Houed vehemently, but chiefly then, wher through these hollowed thinges

By narrowe straights it passeth out, thence diuers voices springes:

Whereof  
sight pro-  
ceedeth.

Seeing.

Smelling.

Hearing.

Tasting.

Feeling.

The cause  
of hearing.

The Aire a  
most subtil  
substance.

As

As diuers are the sortes of them, as place doth fashion sake,  
 In which the ayre doth sundrie soundes and sundrie voyces make.  
 So soundes the Trumpet other wise by farre, then Shalme doth blow.  
 And well we may the Lymbrels tune from sounde of Hawtry know.  
 For as by Stroke of stone in streame, doe many circles ryse,  
 So moued, the ayre, w<sup>th</sup> whirling wheele doth spread in largest guise.  
 And therfore into many eares, one voyce doth easely passe,  
 As where a number be, one sight is seene in every glasse.

Smelling &  
the cause  
therof.

But how the Nose receiueth Smell let vs say something heere.

A slender sunne from euery thing arising doth appere,  
 Which broade in ayre doth spreade it selfe. As Francincence we see,  
 W<sup>th</sup> Mirrhe, if that vpon the coles the pouder powred bee.

Taste and  
the cause  
therof.

By meanes of Tongue is Taste perceiud & Rouse of Mouth beside,  
 For by these twaine the taste and smack, of euery thing is tride,  
 Which pearcing straight doth touch the sense, therof is tast begunne.

Feeling &  
the cause  
therof.

But Feeling: Bloud, & Spirite procures, which through y body run.  
 This Sense doe creatures all possesse, and Taste they all receive:  
 But man doth better them injoy, and them more right perceiue.  
 Hereof to man moze wisedome doth, than to the rest arise:  
 Some this denie, and say the things seysaide, are other wise,  
 Allowing not that somies receiud in eyes, cause sight to bee,  
 W<sup>th</sup> that the Ayre we neede, as Vene to heare, or for to see.  
 For the almighty King doth giue, so many powers to minde,  
 As in the world he framed things, that varie in their kinde.

Reade Lac-  
tan. Aug.  
de ciuit. dei  
Macro. &  
diuers o-  
thers.

That she might al things comprehend, she knowes well what to bee:  
 Her proper kinde, and moze perceiues. Minde althings plaine doth see,  
 And all things ponders prudently, that Senses to her bringes,  
 And with celestiall triall weyes, the true and vertuous thinges.  
 To Lyfe therfore is Minde the Sunne, the Senses, Starres doe seeme,  
 So some affirme; but we make haile and leauue these things to daeme.  
 To other men, for ne we come to end of Libra heere,  
 Because the feete of Scorpion signe doe plainly now appere.

The Soule.

My sayings yet doe plainly teach, the Soule Celestiall  
 To be, which boyde of body liues, and geneth lyse to all,  
 Discerning also euerie thing as farre as God giues leauue,  
 For all things here, of him their force determinide to receave.  
 To him eternall power belongs, all things doth he create,  
 And makes all things that here are made, through his almighty state,

For if the Soule perceates and knowes, and vnderstandeth all,  
We may not thinke it substance such, as we may body call.  
Sith bodies move, not Earth nor Ayre, nor Floud nor Fyry flame,  
Nor any thing that these hane made, hath power as hath this same.

We neede not doubt but Soule procedes, & doth from loue descend,

And never dies, whom he permits, the world to comprehend.

What if so be the Atomics, which some wise men do faine,

The Soule is rather thought to be, then body to maintaine,

All Bodies be of quantity, and may diuided bee,

But Soule is indiuisible and of no grosse degré,

And as a Centre doth she seme, where many lines do meeet,

Whiche Senses do conuey to her, as clouds to seas do seete.

Wherefore I maruell much at such, as thinke a like decay,

And iudge the Soule no more to be, when body fades away.

For if so be it might be proued, yet shold it not be sayde,

Nor publish to the common sort, nor every where displayde.

For many wicked men and yll there are, which if they thought

Their Soules as nothing shal remaine, when corse to graue is brought

Nor that it feeleth, nor suffreth ought, when it goeth hence away,

And that no punishment remaines, for prancks that here they play:

A thousand mischies would they doe, (take feare from them among)

And fall to every villany, confounding right with wrong.

Besides, a number now that think, in blessed state to bee

When death hath them destroied, & hope the face of God to see.

And euermore with him to ioy: and therfore vertuously

Doe seeke to passe their present lyfe, with godly modesty:

If they shall see that after death, do no rewardes remaine,

Amased all, their vertuous works, shall cease and perishe plaine.

So many stately Temples trimd, so many Altars hie,

With golde and marble garnished, and decked sumptuouslie:

Beside, Religion, Godly Zeale, Honour, and Worshiping

Of God, shall come to nougat, if after death remaine nothing

That men hope for, if that the Soule as winde doth passe awaie.

Of wilde and frantick common sort, Religion must be stay,

And feare of smart. For mischievous, and full of fraude their braine,

Is alwaies seene, nor of themselves they well doe meane or plaine.

The common people vertue loath, and euermore doe hate,

Religion is the comelincsie, and glory of our state:

The four  
Elements.

Atomi.

Certeyn indis-  
diuisible  
things wher  
of Epicure  
and all his  
disciples  
held the  
world & all  
earthly  
things to  
be created.  
read Lucre.

Against  
such as im-  
pugne the  
immortali-  
tie of the  
Soule, and  
what enor-  
mities fol-  
low that  
pestilent o-  
pinion.

Which

Which makes the Gods to favour vs, which we winne heauen by,  
No wyse nor god man therfore dare, attempt here openly,  
To teache þ soule shall come to naught, and so corrupt the mindes,  
Of rude vnskilfull common sort, that wauer lyke the wyndes.

The immor-  
talitie of  
the soule  
prooued.

Now must we proue by reason god that soule doth never dy,  
But free from sting or darte of death, doth live eternally :  
Which every Christian man doth hold, and greshop eater Iewe,  
(Who our soreskins abhors) beleues: which God that all things knew  
Would not haue made, if he had thought they had ben needelesse,sure,  
And nations all besides, do thinke the soule shall ay indure.

The soul of  
man resem-  
bleth God.  
But God is  
immortall:  
Ergo, the  
soule is im-  
mortall.

For first the thing resembling most, the myghtyest Lord of all,  
Dislonger lasting tyme we graunt and perfecter must call.

For that which doth not long endure but shortly doth decay,  
That it shoulde be unperfecter, who is that will say nay?

And therefore doe celestiall things a greater whyle endure,  
Because they are more perfecter, and more diuine and pure:

But things that nerer are to earth and farthest of from skyes,  
Unperfect since they are, do fade and sonest ever dyes :

Shall then our soule sync it in lyfe, and knowledge doth appere,  
Wost lyke unto the state diuine, be closd and shut vp here

With body for to ende : nor shall it here haue longer place

Than fading fleshe: or shall it liue more great nor larger space?

Besydes the soule can not decaye, thys reason wytnesse shall :

The soul is  
no compound  
but a sim-  
ple.

Because it is of single state, and boord of matter all.

Addē this, that when the body fades, the force of mynd doth grow,

As weake and aged fathers olde, do more of counsel know

Than youthfull blouds of yonger yeares, and often lacks he wit

That doth excell in strength and force: For rare doth God permit

Both strength and wit to any one. Wherfore if force brougth low,

By space, and course of many yeares, the mynd doth stronger grow,

Of body doth it not depend, but of it self consist

Another thing: and after graue doth liue, and death resist.

Doth not heinde when soule doth ake the mynd iudge therof plaine?

It is no doubt. But how can grief to towre of mynd attaine,

Doth it ascend from lowest parts as smoake doth vpward fly?

No: for many parts not soule alone, (if so) shoulde ake thereby,

No: of the soule, but of the part that nerest is to mynd

The ake shoulde grieve, this shewes that soule is not of bodies kind:

And

Ingenio  
pollet, cui  
vix natura  
negavit.

And so is free from death, since it in distance needes no meane.  
 Adde this when we would call to minde the thing forgotten cleane,  
 Or else devise some worthy fetch, from minde, the senses all  
 It then behoues to gather vp, whereby doth often fall  
 That many better for to muse, do shut and close their eies,  
 Or else forsaking company, some secret place devise.  
 Or when the night with darksome cloud the earth doth ouer spred,  
 And creatures all with heany sleepes, doe take their rest in bed,  
 They stylly doe watch, and silent all vpon their beds doe rest,  
 And light put out, in darknesse whet their minde, with body prest.  
 For senses do the minde disturbe, affections it destroyes,  
 Amasing it with dulnesse great, and blindnes it annoyes:  
 None otherwise than cloudes do hide the Sunne that clearly shines.  
 If therfore, when it doth remaine within his owne confines,  
 And flying farre from senses all, and cares that body bringes,  
 It wyser be, then shall it know, and understand all thinges,  
 In better sort, when it is free, and from the flesh doth flye,  
 More perfect of it selfe it is, and liues continuallye.

Beside, sith Man as Meane consistes, the Saints and Beastes betwixt,  
 Some parte with eche he common holds with Beasts his body mixt,  
 And with the Saints his Minde agrees: one of these partes doth dye,  
 Of th'other Death can haue no power, but liues continuallye.  
 Death therfore takes not all away, for why: his deadly darteres,  
 Doe never harme the soule a whit, when it from body partes.

And more then this I haue to say, if nothing doe remayne  
 Of vs, when carcasse lyes in tumbe, God shall be called plaine  
 Unius, and one that sauour shewes to such as naughtly live:  
 For such for tearme of all their life, no sorowes doe them grieue,  
 No riches lack nor pleasures great, but happely rejoyce,  
 Crafted with promotions hie, and with the commons voyce.  
 On the other side, the vertuous men a thousand grieses meleſt,  
 Now sore diseased, now plagud w neede, in fine, alwaies opprest.  
 Therfore the Soules liues after graue, and feeles deserued paines,  
 And if it haue done iustly heere, a Crowne of glory gaines.  
 By these and many other waies, I could declare no dout,  
 That soule of man doth never dye, and body liues without.  
 But this ynough, time biddes me end: nor ignorant am I,  
 That Soule of some (although vnapt) is termed an Harmonie.

I.

The minde  
then per-  
fourneth  
her functiō  
absolutely,  
when she is  
set at liber-  
ty from the  
fetteres and  
boultes of  
the body.

An Argu-  
ment drawn  
ab absurdō  
from that  
which is re-  
pugnaunt  
to reason &  
veritie.

And

Aristoxenus  
Read Cicer.  
Tusculana-  
rum questi-  
onum pri-  
mo.

And as of sundry voices moned proceedes a melody,  
Of sundry compoundes medecine made which heale with souneraintie,  
So of the ioyned elementes by certayne meane and way  
Created of the heauens eke the Soule to be some say:  
A part wherof in body dwells, and part abrode doth lye  
As sight doth spring of outward light and vertue of the eye.  
For Heuen is the chieffest cause from which all thinges doe spring,  
Without whose ayde the earth coulde not, nor seas breed any thing.  
But this opinion is not true: for if it shoulde be so,  
The soule with flesh should never strive, nor once against it go,  
But euermore in on agree. As every power doth shew,  
That wouted are of myred thinges by spirite diuine to grow.  
As in the kinde of hearbes apperes, and in the precious stone.

Some thinke the soule doth not remaine when fleshe frō it is gone,  
Because the heuy, sluggish sleepe, the nearest thing that may:  
Resemble death, doth seeme to take, both sense and minde away.  
Or for because they see the minde with sicknesse diversly  
So vert, and harmide that it cannot the place it hath supply,  
And with the body to increase, with which it eke decayes,  
As well apperes in children yong and men of elder dayes,  
Fonde is the childe, the Man discrete, the Olde man doteth still  
For weake vnweldy wythered age doth minde and body spill.  
And moare say they if that the soule, of substance be diuine,  
And seuered from these fleshly lyms may leade a lyfe moare fine:  
Then why shoulde it in wretched fleshe so seeke it selfe to place?  
By whose defect so many yls and mischieves it deface.

But fonde she is therfore if that she doe this willingly,  
And if perforce she be compeld in carcasse caue to ly,  
Who doth constraine? Doth God himself? then her he naught escomes:  
Nay, which in prison vile he puts to hate he rather seemes.  
Hoare of it selfe(except it learne,) since it doth nothing knowe,  
And oftentimes forgetfulness the minde doth ouerthrowe:  
Therefore they iudge it nothing is when body here doth dye,  
For learne it cannot, senses deade, which it knowes all things by.

Some other say that soule there is in all the woldē but one,  
Which giueth life to every thing, as Sunne but one alone  
There is, that makes all eyes to see: eternall think they this,  
Though bodys dye as eyes put out, the Sunne eternall is.

These

Vnus Sol,  
vna anima.  
The opin-  
ion of some  
which  
thinke that  
there is but  
one soule  
in all the  
world, as  
there is but  
one Sunne.

These trifles sonde it is not harde, with reason to dispone:  
 But here I longer am I feare than it doth me behoue.  
 Ther shal not want that such demaunds shall auns were once at full,  
 And all the doubtes therin assoyle, and knots asunder pull.  
 O man of sharpe and pregnant wit, thy prayse shall live with mine,  
 Our laboures(doubt not)shall commende the men of later time:  
 Thy famous workes attempt, and seedes of heauen on earth go solwe.  
 This one thing will I moxe put to, that euery man may knowe

The soule immortall so to be, and sproung of heauenly grace,  
 If senses and affections all he will restraine a space.

If that despising worldy ioyes, and earthly thoughtes resignde,  
 With daily labour he attempt to God to lise his minde:  
 Then perfect wisedome shall he haue and things to come foretell  
 Awake, or else in heauy sleepes perceiue the same as wel.  
 In this sort did the Prophete olde the things to come declare.  
 The sober Minde therfore doth come more nere to heauenly fare,  
 The farther from the flesh it flyes, and from the earthly care.  
 But lyke to beastes the greatest sort doe liue as sense doth wyll,  
 And thinke none other good to be but fleshe to haue his fill:  
 Hereof it comes that many thinke the soule with body dies,  
 Bycause they see not thinges diuine with weake and fleshly eyes.

But of the soule this shall suffice. Let vs returne againe

To him that made the world, whom we conclude so to remaine  
 Of body boide:and thousandes more that body liue without,  
 As thick as in the woods the leaues doe cluster treas about;  
 And if they bodyes haue at all so puerly they are finde,  
 That sense of ours cannot perceiue but onely scene of minde.

But thou my Muse be silent here, and when his will shall be

And pleasure eke, who moues my lips, the shalt thou search with me  
 The cause of things,that vnderneath the Circle of the Monas.  
 We see to passe,if they by chaunce, or Fatall force be done.  
 And while the scortching Sunne the backe of Lyon flaming frys,  
 And doubling oft hir creaking voyce the Greshop chyrrping cryes,  
 Incompast with the shadowing grasse let vs finde out in shade  
 Of Laurel,or sweete Mirtle tree, where hushing noyse is made  
 Of streames, that flowes from Parnasse springs a quiet resting place,  
 For rest doth well refreshe the minde and calles againe the grace.  
 And straight when as with quietnesse our strength is come againe,

He sheweth  
how the  
Soule is im  
mortal,eter  
nal,everla  
sting,incor  
ruptible,  
heauenly,  
and celesti  
all.

The roote  
of this erro  
nious opini  
on, that  
the Soule is  
in subiectio  
to mortali  
ty & death.

For when  
the Sunne is  
entred into  
Leo, then is  
it scorcing  
hot: which  
is in the mo  
neth of July  
at which sea  
son of the  
yeare, the  
starre Cani  
cula(where  
of commeth  
the name of  
Canicular  
dayes, com  
monly cal  
led Dogge  
dayes)exer  
cith his  
force and  
virtue.

A ganippe a  
Spring in  
Boetia con-  
secrated to  
the Muses  
Cyrillas  
hill, he me-  
neth certen  
pleasant  
feelds, hord  
by a towne  
called Cyr-  
rha in Pho-  
cis a pece of  
Crete.

I wyll (if thou wilt sauour me, and me with grace maintaine)  
Attempt to touch the stately tunes: and if the almighty King  
With countenaunce sweete doe graunt me aide my labour pityng,  
And pouertie dyuine farre from me, and bitter cares expell:  
All wholly will I live with thee, and alwaies with thee dwell.  
This onely shall be my delight, my selfe then shall I syll  
With pleasant Aganippes streames, and sing on Cyrrhas hyll.

## The eight Booke, *Scorpius.*

The cause why mortall state doth passe such crookt contrary waies,  
Some sort in honour, happely do spend their ioyfull daies:  
And other some in miserie, opprest continually,  
With dayly moyling vexed soze, in fame obscure do lye  
Fayre Muse declare: soz vnto thē it lawfull is to knolle,  
The councels of the Gods aboue, and secrets soz to showe.

Some men by blind disordered Chance, think al things done to be,  
Nor wrold by reason to be rulde, because they most things see  
With vndeserued godes adorne, and most things plagued againe  
Unjustly vert with noysome ylles, and difference none to raine,  
The iust and Vertuous men opprest, and Rakehels hyely plaste,  
And vice then vertue more esteinde, and churches all defalte,  
With fiery flame of thunder cracks, and most men soz to gains  
By sinfull usage of themselues, and craft of subtil braine.  
Such when they see to come to passe, the greatest parte surmise,  
Either no Gods at all to be, aboue the stary skies,  
Or els that they the base affaires of mortall men, despise,  
And onely heauens mind, therforeze they rash and blinely say,  
Uncertaine chaunce in euery thing doth beare the chiesest sway.  
But Fortune some to thē doe gene the governance ouer all,  
And Lady chiese of every thing on earth thē onely call,  
And that the scepters heere, with browes that swervely frowne,  
And with thy false vnstable wheele, turnst all things upside downe:  
To thē the olde deceiuied age did build their altars his,  
And often times before thy face, their sacrifice did lie.  
Some are besides that doo inupute, each thing to Destinyc,

And

And iudge that force of fatall lawes, the world is ordred by,  
 And that with one continuall course (as pageants shew to minde)  
 All things doe mone, and every man hath here his parte assignde,  
 That he must play, till all be done: a question to be sought  
 Right profitable sayre and hard, nor to be left vntaught.

Now first therfore let vs declare, that Nothing here can bee  
 Without a cause, and that the cause must of necessitie,  
 Much differ from the effecte, since that nothing it selfe doth brede,  
 Nothing can of it selfe be cause, nor of it selfe procede.  
 Then infinite shall causes grove: Not so: but yet there ought  
 Some fyss to be, from which the rest of causes must be brought,  
 Which from the hyest must descend, unto the basest state.  
 This order then of causes we call Destinie, or Fate:  
 Which God as once predestining that all things shold be so,  
 Determinide hath by his decree soz evermore to go.

But as each cause doth neerest come vnto the causer fyss,  
 So all the rest it doth excell, and moues, and rules the worl.  
 The first beginning is a cause, and no effecte the same,  
 The lowest state is but effect, no cause we can it name:  
 The meanes that are betwene these two, may names of both retaine,  
 For if of causes were no knot, nor order still to raine,  
 If thone of thothe should not hang, (as if from heauens hye  
 A Chayne to deepest part of Hell shold hang and lincked lye,  
 Which is to vile to be rehearst) beginnings more then one  
 Shall seeme to be: and causes first must many spring theron.  
 Then shall they striue amongst themselues and often fiercely fight,  
 So many heades for one alone doth rule require of right,  
 So neither world should here be one, nor beautifull shold seeme:  
 For ordre is the beauty chiese, that we in things esteeme.

But some perchaunce wyll say, from one beginning fyss of all,  
 Together many causes seuered downward often fall:

As sundry sort of glistering beames the Sunne doth from him send,  
 With certaine difference seuered, of which doth not depend  
 The one of thothers force, but each from selfe same head doe fall:  
 So needes no strife, nor let, bycause one waye they walke not all.  
 This order is not very yll, nor much mislyketh me,  
 This sentence may perhaps be true: but let vs thoroghly see,  
 All blindnes from our minde expel: soz minde of man cannot

Destinie al  
so is beleev-  
ued of som  
to haue the  
disposing  
and order-  
inge of all  
thinges,  
within the  
world con-  
tained.  
Nothinge  
without a  
cause.

The defini-  
tion of des-  
tinie.

Nothing  
beautifull  
without or-  
der: for  
wher order  
is absent,  
confusion  
is present.

The natural  
difference  
betwene  
Reason and  
Opinion is,  
that Reason  
is proper to  
God and the  
Angels,  
Opinion  
proper to  
men.

Principium,  
Medium,  
Finis.

These three  
things con-  
curre in all  
things, and  
are indissi-  
bly linked.

Reason is  
not regar-  
ded in earth

Vertue in  
this world  
an exile and  
banished  
woman.

The harbor  
of Vertue is  
Heauen,  
Her abiding  
is aboue.

Goodnesse  
and truth,  
the neigh-  
bours and  
friends vn-  
kynded of  
Vertue.

Attaine to light of truth so sone, which is most hardly got,  
But oftentimes doth vse to erre, and hereof doth arise  
Such sectes and such contrary sawes, he proues : and he dentes.  
As Reason proper is to Gods, Opinion is to vs,  
No certaintie hath mortall man the truth for to discus.  
Therefore if many causes be that from the first doe flowe:  
If eche of them in perfectnesse be like, I seke to know:  
No order there shal then appere. For where no chiese doth guide,  
No difference there can be sene, no order can be spyde.

In every thing thou mayst perceiue a First, a Mydst, and Last,  
No kinde of thing is here that is without an order cast.  
But if they al do not alike this perfectnesse auowe,  
God hath some thing vnprefect made: this can not I allowe.  
Wherfore one perfect good effect allowe the causer first,  
The rest haue more vnprefecter, as they themselues are worst.  
For commonly most stoe offruite, the naughtiest træ doth bring,  
But worst : as ill than god, and sowe than sweete doth ryser spring.  
For as eche cause is moze of power and of estate moze hye,  
So moze of life and reason hath this purest substance nye.  
The cause againe of weaker force, and of a baser kinde,  
Lesse life, and reason doth possesse, and substance lesse doth finde.  
As well vpon the earth appears, wher al things do endure  
But little space, where Reason is scarce, where no estate is pure:  
But all of many things consistes, al things on earth that bene,  
Compounded are, and myrt, so that no substance can be sene:  
Nor here she is esteeme a whit, the honour doth remaine,  
To such as hir do here enjoy, and such as hir retaine.

In darkesome caues she hidde lyes, and hereby do we finde,  
That Fortunes goods are moze esteemed than Vertues of the minde.  
For substance Vertue may be calde, but in this woylde exilde  
This substance liues: hir countrey sayze hir seate and mansion milde,  
The heauens are: where as she hath hir faithfull frendes of trust,  
Goodnesse, and Truth. By this meanes tho the wold is framed int,  
Of causes as before is sayd preseruing every thing,  
With duryng bond: this chaine (but God) may none in p̄ces w̄ring,  
Nor force, nor space of tyme it breake. Of causes such is sponne,  
What is to come, what present is, and what hath earst bene donne,

To al the which they; force, and strength, thalmighty king abous  
 With certaine bondes, & time appointes by certaine meanes to moue,  
 And nedfull is it to be knowen, how many causes ronne  
 Together oft, when any thing by force of them is donne.  
 Soz rashly is thys meeting made, and causes mixed so,  
 But by appointed destinies al things do passe, and go.  
 Thalmighty workeman of the wold hath all things vnder cass  
 Assured lawes, and measure delt to all the things he past.  
 Therefore it is not true that some affirme, and dare defend,  
 That nothing certaine can be founde, that Chance doth all things send:  
 And God regards not mortall state. But they themselues deceave,  
 And are beguiled much, to whom this sentence here doth cleave.  
 For truely Chance is nothing else but Vaine Opinion blinde,  
 Not differing much from shapes, and sightes that in our sleepes we finde,  
 Whatsoever Aristotle saith, or any of them all,

I passe not soz since from the truth they many times doe fall.  
 Oft prudenter, graue, and famous men, in errors chance to slide,  
 And many wittes with them deceiue when they themselues go wide:  
 Examples only serue, so much must errors folowed bee,  
 Let no man iudge me arrogant, for reason ruleth mee,  
 She faithfull guide of wisemen is: let him that seekes to finde  
 The truth, loue hir, and followe hir with all his might, and minde.  
 And that there is no chaunce at all this reason strong and staide,  
 Makes me beleue: soz if that all (as earst before is saide)  
 By causes fift in certaine guise, and certaine time doe moue,  
 As God commaundes, for perfectnesse and for the woldes behoue,  
 Least hurtfull error should destroy so faire a worke as it:  
 What kind of place shall chaunce possesse, or seate finde out to sit:  
 In doubtfulness, and altering state surmounting farre away  
 Both Proteus, and Vertumnus too, in changing their array,

As Voide, so nature Chance denies. Uncertaine nought doth lye  
 Within this wold, but certaine all: as nature, God, and skye,  
 And elements, and what of them so erer framde we see,  
 Or hath in time before bene wrought, or euermore shall bee.  
 But if that ought uncertaine were, then should the minde diuine,  
 Not althings here knowe certainly, but from the truth decline:  
 Which were to great absurditie. For he doth all things spy  
 That eche thing makes, nor ought from him can hid in secret lye.

I. iiiij.

Though

God hath  
 limited all  
 things with  
 in certayne  
 lawes and  
 ordinances.  
 Touching  
 Chaunce.

The Philo-  
 sopheres op-  
 nion refuted

Proteus a  
 king of Ae-  
 gipt, who  
 turned him-  
 selfe into  
 sundry  
 shapes.

Vertumnus  
 a vertendo,  
 a God whos  
 the paynims  
 feigned to  
 haue power  
 ouer mens  
 minds, & to  
 change their  
 thoughts  
 as he list.

Inane, siue  
 vacuuin in  
 rerum Na-  
 tura nihil.  
 Cicer. Acad.  
 Quest. 4. &  
 de Fato.

Though some do say that is so be that heauenly minde shoulde knowe  
The base estate of mortall kinde, it shoulde lesse worthy growe.

But they are much deceyved, for none is ill bycause that hee  
Doth ill things know: nor vyle, y knowes the things that vilesst bee.  
Nor any man is chaunged white that white can well define,  
Nor woxer is the Sunne as oft as it on knaues doth shine,

An applica-  
tion of a  
compariso-  
n made be-  
tweene the  
Sunne and  
the minde  
of man.

Nor if with beames it hap to blase, in place be durtyed much,  
It foule doth seeme, nor light deylyde that filthy things doth tuche.

So if the Minde perceiue the thing that vylesst may be thought,  
It is not worse ill thinges to know but ill to do is nought.

Thus God of nothing ignoraunt, all things that are doth knowe,  
What hath bene done in alder tymes, and what shall after growe.

Which if they be not surely fyrte, confesse we must them needes  
Not to be knowne: for knowledge styl of things assurde procedes.

The Prophetes also when they speake of things that happen shall,  
They certaine dayes do playnly point, and proper names of all:

Which would not be, but that althings are fyd certeine so,  
That are to come, or present be, or passed long a go.

Yet many things doe seeme by Chaunce amongst vs for to light,

As when a tyle by tempest forne from house a man doth smyte,

Or when a man in deluing deepe doth store of treasure finde:

Such things by chaunce to hap, doth sinck in common peoples minde.

The euent  
& successe  
of things,  
not to be  
ascribed  
unto chance

But this my minde doth not alowe: for though unlooked for

Such things doe hap, shall we therin admit a chaunce therfore?

Our knowldge, nor our ignoraunce, to alter things hath might,

For fyre hath not his flaming heate, nor Snow therfore is whyte,

Nor Sunne doth yeld his glistering beames because we know the thing:

For of the matters that consyst our knowledge here doth spring,

Therefore we knowe it thus to be bicause the thing is so,

And minde may often seeme to erre: the thing can not so do.

Now of the thing I speake, and aske if chaunce therein doe lye,

For whether we doe knowe therof, or no, regard not I.

In what  
things we  
thinke  
chaunce to  
be.

The chaunce therfore in vs doth lye, not in the things that bee,

Such things we thinke to fall by chaunce wherof no cause we see,

As knowne alone unto the Gods: all things are certaine tho.

For with one sort of mouing round the heauens alwayes go,

Lyke seede, like frute, and elements, in ancient order reigne,

And kepe their kinde. And wonted course the yeare doth stil reteine.

For after Spring, the Sumer hot himself hath straightwayes plaste,  
 And after hym with Apples thick, and Grapes doth Haruest hast,  
 Next after that his nipping frostes the Winter bringeth in,  
 And wyth his Ilye northern blastes all things to droupe begin.  
 No herbe doth euer change his force, all creatures do retaine  
 Their olde accustomed shape, and in their wonted guise remaine.  
 Ne must we thinke that monsters heire of chaunce or error growe,  
 When cause of them assertaynde is ill tidings to forshowe,  
 And therof first did take their name: wherfore they are wunders hight,  
 Which nature willingly doth make: which often doth delight  
 To bredre some sond ysavourred things. As painter oft doth ioy  
 (Though he haue cunning great beside) to paint some iesling toy:  
 As picture crokkt, or saddle backt with nose of largest lise,  
 And blabber lipt, a worthy sight and fit for clownish eies.  
 Since all things thus in order god, and measure lyke doe fall,  
 Unstable Chaunce within the world shall beare no swinge at all:  
 Whom chieselt Prouidence of God, and Wisdome great doth dralwe,  
 That he may easily vnderstand, with what a wondrouz lawe  
 The world hath euerlasting course, is framed here, and graced:  
 How every creature hath his lymmes, and members aptly placed,  
 Well seruing to their vses all agreeing sayre the same,  
 How God or Nature neuer thing in vaine did make or frame.  
 Who ponders this shal thinke not Chance, but Reason beares hys sway,  
 And althinges done as God commaundes, wil deme, and plainly say.

But whether Fortune guideth all, as many doe persuade,  
 A thing both meete, and worthy is in knowledge to be had.  
 Let vs bend all our wits to this, but first we must well know,  
 What kind of thing this Fortune is, and whence her grace doth grow.  
 In ancient time they worshipt her, and Goddesse her did call  
 And thought she bare no little sway, in heauen, in earth, and all:  
 And altars vnto her they built, and offered sacrifice:  
 But I think her not God to be, nor any Saint in skies,  
 Is either male, or female sure, in kinde they not delight,  
 No byrth they haue, nor dying day, as some of olde doe wryte,  
 Who thinke the Gods lyke vs to be. O fond, and foolish mindes,  
 O heades so to be heald with iuice of greatest purging kindes.  
 Judge you the Gods, of our estate, that with the Ladies sayre,  
 Embrazinge many times they lie, their kinde so to repayre:

The reuo-  
lution and  
ordinarie  
course of  
the yeare  
consisting  
of fourre  
seasons.

Of Fortune  
and her ef-  
fects  
the heathe-  
nish opini-  
on refuted.

Sathan  
Prince of  
darknesse.

Let rather vs therfore account a certaine God to be,  
Whose nature differes farre from Gods, a Ghost of low degréé,  
And therfore guides the kingdomes vile, of earth and waters rounde,  
Wheras so many heynous facts, such grieses and plagues are founde,  
Wheras no kinde of thing is safe, where no estate is free,  
Where crafts & wyles do swarne so thick, where such deceivings be.  
The Prince of all the world, this God is named of Christ, and Paule:  
Whom Pluto, and Hys Dites black, the Poets vse to call:  
Who fauours fooles, and wicked men, and vertuous men molest.  
This house, this seate, this court doth seeme, for such a tyrant best,  
Whom comonly we Fortune call: for each ill thing doth raigne  
Beneath the Spone: as darksome Night, & Stormes, & Tempest mayne,  
With Colde, and Heate, and Testy age, Dame neede of beggars hall,  
And Labour, Griefe, and Wretchebnes, and Death that endeth al.  
Aboue the Spone continuall Light, with Peace, and Ioy remayne,  
No Time, nor Error, Death, nor Age, nor any thing is Vayne.  
O blest, and double blest againe, that in so pleasant place,  
So sayre, so beautifull, to liue of God obtayneth grace.

Spirits. read  
Lauater de  
spectris: and  
Peter Martin  
vpon Samu-  
el. and Aug.  
in his xviii.  
booke de  
Ciuit. Dei.

Some thinke the world to be fulfilled with other Gods beside,  
Wherof the most do leade their life in ayrie places wide,  
Whom Greekes call spirits: & more to them the chieffest rule they giue  
Of creatures all, that on the earth or on the sea do liue.  
Affirming that both god and ill as most their mindes doth please,  
They send: as honours, ioyes, and wealth, and contraries to these,  
Wherfore it very needfull is to please them often times,  
Which may be done by seruing them, by charmes, or by diuines,  
As many thinke: and likewise say that they will straight appere  
To vs, (if they be rightly calde) and helpe vs praying here:  
And that no better thing can be here in this life to man,  
Than for to haue their company, and see them now and than:  
Which I beleue but few obtaine, but iust men that despise  
The fond and fading wanton ioyes, and soode of fleshly eyes:  
That quietely do liue, and cares do banish farre away,  
And heauenly thinges alone do minde, and never seeke to stray  
From that, which right and vertuous is. Although that some do say,  
Ill sp̄ites amongst these god there be, constrainyd to obey  
To naughty men, by Coniuring, whereby much ill is done:  
I can not say, nor now is place, The Signe where as the Sunne

Doth

Doth yelde his yearly compast course where Scaled Bretheren shine,  
Shall tell the rest: where as I will the state of Gods define,  
If God himselfe doe me permit, who doth me verles gine.

Let vs therefore passe ouer this. I scarcely can beleue,  
That any God can euyl be. Widsome byds never Sinne:  
But contrary, by Folly doth Fault, Stray, and Crime come in.  
No man is euil willingly, as farre as I beleauie,  
For every wil doth couet god, if iudgement not deceauie.  
But Diuel widsome hath, (if that this name to him agrē.)  
But whether Fortune governe all, or howsoeuer it be,  
Or Diuels guide the state of men: yet without Destenie  
Doth nothing passe. But al things rulde by minde of God on hie,  
Without whose power nothing is done. But of this saying here  
A doubt doth rise, and knot so hard and sure doth eke appere,  
Such one as Hercules, or else the Macedonian King  
Would scarce vndoe: which doubt & stay to many mindes doth bring.  
If Destenie commaundeth all, if all things so must moue,  
Not Will to vs remaineth free, nor to the Goddes aboue.  
Freewill is taken cleane away, and Vertue no rewarde,  
Nor Vice doth punishment deserue: which is not to be heard.  
No place is now of Gods to speake, but of such things as bee  
In our estate, is subiect here, which eies of men may see.  
I say therefore that in the things that vnder fortune be,  
No kinde of thing can here be founde, exempt from Destenie:  
As Riches, Pleasures, loyfull minde, with Rule and Honours hie,  
Come from aboue: not wyl of ours, is that we get them by.  
For who would not such things enjoy: but wil auailcs not tho,  
It rather hurts if destenies against a man do go.  
How many striue to rise aloft, against their destenie?  
But faster moze and moze they fall, and downe they daeper lye.  
On thother side, they vnto whome the stars moze gracious be,  
Unlooked for doe often liue, in chiefe prosperitie:  
Whose nettes while they themselues do sleepe, Rhamnusia full doth fill  
With fish, and bringeth vnto them all things that they can will.

Loe, some of great and noble house, we see to come to light,  
And to enjoy from childehode first, all things with ioysful spright,  
And to attaine to honour hie, though they vnworthye bee,

He meaneth  
his last boke  
called Pis-  
ces: wher he  
discourseth  
vpon this  
matter.

Alexander  
Magnus,  
sonne to Phi-  
lip of Mace-  
donia.

Rhamnusia  
the Lady of  
Indignatio,  
she is layd  
to take re-  
uengement  
vpon such  
as waxe ou-  
ter wanton  
and insolent  
in their pro-  
speritie: and  
she is named  
Rhamnusia,  
or Rham-  
nus a towne  
in Asia, wher  
she hath a  
temple and  
a Simula-  
chre erected  
in her hongr

And

And blinded oft their eies to rule, that scarcely well can see,  
 And live in all licentiousnesse. And some of kinred bace  
 For to be boorne, with griefe and teares themselues for to deface,  
 With labour long and vaine to toyle, and yet cannot expell  
 The prick of hunger that they feele, but still in begery dwell.  
 Who wyll deny these ylles to come, through cruell destenies might?  
 A number, fayre and active are, and of couragious spright:  
 And many sowle, and sickly still, of courage faint we see:  
 Wherof comes this? of our deserts? or our infirmitie?

Or shall we say, our wyll doth all: by Fates assuredly  
 Ech thing doth chaunce to mortall men: the rule hath Destenie  
 Of our affaires, and our estate, the houre and kinde of death  
 It onely guides: a Halter him, him Sworde deprives of breath,  
 He dwound in Flouds, he kild with Cold, him stranglith Fiery smoke,  
 Some other Hunger doth destroy, and some do Surfets choke,

He meneth Homer of whom Ci-  
 cero (in his oratio pro Archia po-  
 eta) hath the selfe same words  
 in effect, which Pa-  
 lingenius, hath pened  
 in this place Aeschylus,  
 a Tragical Poet of A-  
 thens. Anacreon a  
 Poet of Te-  
 us in Ionia  
 he wrote  
 poetries of  
 loue and  
 wantones.

By Griefe or Sicknesse many die, some Chaunce awaie doth send,  
 And many Age bereues of life. A certaine day of end  
 To all men is, and euery age. No longer can we go  
 Than thread of lyfe permits, that runnes the spightfull spindle fro.

So kyld a rysh the Praisier of Achilles lusty loze:  
 So Aeschylus, while as he walkt abrode one Sicyl shore,  
 With stroke of Tortoise toke his death. Anacreon so did kill  
 A raisons stone. Alas what wayes, what meanes hath death to spill?  
 When fardest of thou thinkest him, then nearest standeth he:  
 Nothing than death more certaine can, nor more vncertaine be.

Pet some that know the force of Starres, and secretes of the skye,  
 Soothsaying Poets that can tell, how thinges to come do lye:  
 (I know not with what spirit inspired) are often wont to tell,  
 The kinde, and day, of death to come: for of the things, as well  
 To come, is Nature sure, as of the Present things and Past,  
 Sure in the fyfth and second cause, that from the first to th' last

With largest lynke extended are. But Goodes or ylles of minde,  
 Doe they procede from Destinie, or from the Fatall kinde?  
 Learning and Wit seeme thence to flow: may any learning get,  
 Except he wisdome doe obtaine, and nature force permit?  
 If Fortune let or Sycknesse staye? An Oratour some one,  
 An other a Philosopher: some alwaies looke vpon  
 The Sacred secrets of the Gods, and seeke the Starry skye;

And some there are y drinke the stremes in wretched pouertie,  
 That from Castalian well doe flow, whom pleasest pleasant fame  
 As nerekinne to famine sharpe: from whence comes all these same?  
 From Destinie the chiese of all, eche Arte from hence doth flow:  
 Thence Offices derived all that mortall men doe know.  
 In sundry seruants Nature ioyes, that diuers things thence may  
 Procede, to decke the world, and lets not all to passe one way.  
 But them commaundeth severall course and severall paines to take  
 With sundry sort of workes the world, more beautysfull to make.

But whether our conditions here are delt by desteny,  
 Or whether of our wyll they spring it semeth god to try:  
 For labour small it doth appere the trueth herein to finde,  
 Of our Free will what portion doth remaine within our minde:  
 In wretched case we live if vs bereft is liberty,  
 If that the chiese and greatest force of fatall desteny  
 Constraines vs ill to be, and that by force we in be brought  
 To wickednes, and if to strive therewith availeth nought.  
 Wherefore it semeth labour worth our wits to this to bende,  
 And so to synt the truth as much, as God shall knowledge sende.

Fyft it behoueth vs to tell what this Free will shold be,  
 An ample power receiued of God, and largest liberty  
 Delinuered man, that as he lyt, the right, or wayes vniust  
 He folow shold: not (vertue pure left) therby sinne he must:  
 But contrary the vices shund to apply the vertuous waies:  
 For Euill deedes doe harme the Soule, and god deserueth praze,  
 Besides, it further must be sought, if this Free will doth raine  
 In all a lyke, or if it doth in euerytime remaine?  
 No sure it semeth not to be, in Children, nor in such  
 As Vehement anguish of the Minde or Body greeueth much,  
 Or they whose eyes the heauy sleepes haue shut & closed sure:  
 For Sleepe is counted plaine of death, the lively portraiture.  
 Wherefore if thou shalt searche the trueth, with well advised minde,  
 Thou shalt a smalles sort among so many thousand finde,  
 That with Free will doe guide themselues and libertie doe vse.  
 The fault of Age I ouer passe, and Childrens yeares excuse,  
 And vnto those that sleeping lye I licence also giue,  
 Or them whom Feuers rage doth rost, or sicknesse Sharp doth grieue.  
 Of which a number great there be, but greater farre awaie,

Castalia, a  
Spring in  
the rootes  
of the Hill  
Parnassius,  
consecrated  
to the Mu-  
ses.

Liberum  
Arbitrium.  
The Pella-  
gian heresie

Freewill &  
the defini-  
tion therof.

Question.

Answer.

Sleepe, the  
Image of  
Death: and  
(as Socr-  
ates called  
it) the cou-  
sine Ger-  
manc.

Because fe-  
uers & A-  
gues ar hot

And

Polyphemus, the Sonne of God Neptune, the guide and gouernour of the seas. Some say that this Polyphem had but one eye, some say he had twayne, some say that he had three: but all thes reportes are meete fabulous, as it is supposed. For, this man, being a passinge vwise and politique fellowe, was feig ned to haue had but one eye, and the selfe same eye standinge in his browe or forehead, to signifie, the singularitye of his wisedome: but Vlysses wente beyonde him

And worser eke, whose filthy minde doth vices soule array,  
And fonde Affections makes to faint, withdrawing it with strife,  
From Reason farre, and from the path of Right, and Vertuous life.  
May these be counted for to haue free will and liberty?  
A doubtfull thing it surely is, and many it deny.

Wherfore thou well must understand that he alone is free,  
Whom reason rules, and that with paine will never conuerced be,  
Nor when the stormy tempests rage, to rocks is ever thralled,  
But stoutly sticking to the sterne doth with the hauen sal.  
So truly earst haue certaine sayd: But Wise men none we finde,  
Whom Reason ruling can correct the Affections of the minde.  
The other sorte can not do so: why? hath not God them delt  
Free will: which cuer may be found where Reason may be felt?  
For these are alwayes coupled still. So beastes of nature wilde,  
With Reason they are thought to lack, are iudgde from Will exilde.  
But all men Reason do receiue, and therfore haue Free will:  
For Reason is the guide of minde, that chooseth good from ill,  
Discerning eke the Naughty facts from such as honest be,  
And called is the Sight, and Eye, wherewith the minde doth see.  
Such eye perhaps as Polyphem the Poets gaue to thee,  
Wherwith the limmies of thy beloued in seas thou oft didst see,  
But naught (alas) and all to naught (who such to shun hath might?)  
Vlysses with a fiery post hath it bereft of syght,  
And face, the face that first was fayre, of beauty spoyled quite.  
Or such an eye as Linceus had, that saw in darkest night.  
This eye therfore to euery man Prometheus wisdome delt,  
But fewe it vse, a very fewe that grace of loue haue felt.  
Hereof the springe of errours doth, and wickednesse aryse.  
For if the steipes of reason, all should treade in nerest wyse  
Then peace on earth should alwaies dwell, and Mars his bloudy hand  
Such slaughters nor such cryes should cause & townes & walles should  
And weapons framed first in hell by fiendish furyes wrought, (Stand  
Should till the field, with god exchange to share and cultre brought.  
Then bees, and Cattell swarming thicke and riches of the fielde,  
Unto the happy husbandman, a great increase should yelde.  
The golden world should then returne, and eke one place containe  
Both the Man, & God, who woulde vouchsafe before our eyes to raine.  
The cause why fewe doe Reason vse, and wayes sorbiden knowe,

And

And boyde of Freewill live like beastes: I wyll assay to shewe,  
 A certeine Part diuine in vs that Minde and Reason hight  
 There is, which Nature in the head hath plastc alost in sight,  
 And seruants vnto it appoints the senses, that there bee,  
 By meanes whereof the Skies and Earth and al things it may see.  
 Another fading force there is within the brest inclosde,  
 By meanes whereof we moue, and grove with helpe of heate disposde:  
 (Thus bath it pleased God) this straynes, molests, & grieues the minde,  
 And to this part a number great of seruaunts is assignde,  
 As Fond delight, Wrath, and Feare, with great Desire to gayne,  
 Ambition hauty harmfull thing, with sumes that vex the brayne.  
 With these his lusty souldours he giues battayle to the minde.  
 These mates attempted loue to vere, of fiercest Giants kinde,  
 As Giges strong, Iapetus, and Tipheus monstruous sprite,  
 Enceladus ill worker, and Briareus dreadfull wight.  
 With wordly thoughtes hie heapt they vere, the Part diuine aboue,  
 Except that grace from Heauen hye lyke Lightning them remoue:

As when the raynes are once let lose, the Chariot headlong drijues,  
 And swifly runnes, to stay the course in vaine the Carter striues,  
 The first Beginnings must be stopt, while sparke but kindled lies,  
 When Fyre hath caught the lofty partes, and flames approch the skyes  
 Especially when Boreas blastes from Northerne pole doth fall,  
 And rageth fierce, in vaine, alas, for water then they call.  
 As whē from stro top of hauy rocke, some waigthy stone down frowles  
 What force can it of course restraine: al things with it it rowles,  
 Asunder crackes the mighty Trees, that on the mountaine springs,  
 Which at the first might well be stayed, with force of smallest things.  
 Even so the Affections of the minde, if that with all their sway,  
 The minde opprest they do inuade, them scarce, can Reason stay,  
 And helme and al forsaken quite, with stremme dame Reason drijues,  
 In raging windes, and yeldes to foe a captiue kept in gyues.  
 Therefore while vices they be yong, let them oppressed bee,  
 And boyd the cause ere they ware strong, then Minde and Will is free:  
 Then conquerour thou shalt be crownd with Palme of Idumay.

But if the assault be now begonne, and siege the foe doth lay,  
 And shakes with battrey great the walles: except (beleue me wel,) Some God with better Grace defend, Reason doth byd farewell,  
 And cannot byde so soze a brynt, Nay we not plainly see

in prudence  
and vvitte,  
and ther-  
fore is saide  
to haue  
made Po-  
lyphemus  
blinde and  
cyclese.

The affec-  
tions of the  
minde com-  
pared vnto  
certain Gi-  
ants, which  
(as the Po-  
et's feygne)  
fought a-  
gainst the  
Gods and  
were by  
them van-  
quished &  
destroyed.  
Read Clau.  
Giganto-  
mach and  
Seuerus  
Aetna. and  
Virgil in  
his 6. boke

Boreas the  
Northerly  
and bluste-  
ring wind.

The first  
motions &  
allurements  
of sinne  
must conti-  
nually be  
resisted.

What

Bacchus  
blessings  
at nothing  
elles but  
drunkenes,  
& the mad  
misideme-  
nours ther-  
upon de-  
pending

Freewill  
obtained &  
gotten by  
such in whō  
the nature  
and force  
of Custome  
in vertue,  
laboureth.  
Continuall  
combat be-  
tweene the  
flesh and  
the spirit.

What harins þ Mind doth there sustaine where Bacchus blessings be?  
What madnes oft doth spring, when wine to much in Stomack raines?  
Tell where Free wil kepes residence, when drinke doth ver the bazineſe  
The Sober and the fasting man of Free will is possell,  
And doth what soever Reason byds: Againe the Dronken guest,  
The thing that he ne would, ne knowes, he alwayes doth the same,  
Which decedes still sober doth repent and sorowes eke with shame.  
So with Affections Minde is dronke: and in none otherwyſe,  
Than wine that topsy turnes the bayne, when it doth vpward rysē,  
It troubled is and darkte in myſtes. Thus he (and none besides)  
Hath freedom, and his minde at wyl, whom Reason only guides:  
Who all Affections ouercomes, and wholy doth restraine,  
He that from youth doth Vertue vſe, may well to this attaine:  
Such force hath vſe, nothing more strong. The other sorte are waide  
In manner like to brutish beastis, as true the Poet saide,  
Eche man his owne delight doth draw. Free will in many oppreſſe  
And hindered is, wherfore who list Free will for to posselle,  
Let him resist (while young they be) the Affections of the minde,  
And them to Reason subiect make, and brydle vſe in kinde:  
For flesh against the ſpirite rebels, and with continuall warres,  
Doth it moleſt: The ſoule moſt pure, doth couet ſtill the Starres:  
But lumpiſh flesh doth ſhunne the ſkies, and earthly things deſires,  
For earth it onely is, and into earth at length expires.  
Thus two ſo farre contrary things, hath God compact in one.

Admit thou art wiſe, and onely rulde by Reasons force alone,  
And Freewill perfectly enioyest, ſhall Delfinie then beare ſwey?  
Nea moze to Fates thou ſubiect arte, and moze ſhall it obey,  
For Delfinie is the Wyll of God wherewith the prudent wight  
Agreeſ, and doth as it commaundes. The fond and naughty ſpirite,  
On the other part, abhoſes his lawes, and ſhannes the Lordes decrees.  
But thou wilt ſay: then is he ſtee, not rulde by Delfinies.  
No: but two woſter Lordes he ſerves, and ſuch as vileſt bee,  
As Wickednes, and Fooliſhnes, his ſiſter in degréē.  
Though this the Will of God doth cauſe: but that which doth Permit,  
And not the Will that doth Commaunde (for of two ſorts is it)  
Wherby appeareſ that all things are, ſubiect to Delfinie,  
Whether they be of god estate, or of a vile degréē:  
For miſchiefe Delfinie permits, and good by force doth ſend,

And

And God hym selfe commaunds, from whom, doth Desteny descend.  
 With reasons like persuaded, some to this effect do say :  
 O Mortall men liue ioysfully while that you haue a day,  
 And dolefull cares from hart expell, ne trouble once your thought,  
 With things that present here you see, or after shall be wrought:  
 By fixed law shall all things fall, and passe by Order sure.  
 Wherefore should griefe or foolish feare to sadnessse you procure?  
 Each man hath here his lot assignde, which written secretly,  
 Within his brest he alwayes beares, yet nothing knowes thereby,  
 But prole therof doth come to light vpon the Fatall day:  
 When as experience doth reuele, that erst in secrete lay.  
 What needeth sobs or wayling teares: for back can never run  
 Celestiall sawes, nor nothing change that God hath wrought or done.  
 For Order best, and perfect Course: if it should altered bee,  
 It should be worse, which may not chaunce, or better in degrē.  
 But nothing of more perfect state than perfect can be found.

The com-  
munication  
of Atheists.  
and such as  
ascribe the  
issuē of all  
things to  
the force of  
Desteny.

A doubt both great and merueilous doth spring vpon this ground,  
 For if all things (as late I sayd) are vnder Desteny.  
 Why frowoneth God on some, and looks on others graciously?  
 Why is not Fortune like to all? why sicke some happier dayes  
 Than other do: and Nature why seemes she to some alwayes  
 A Stepdame sharpe, and vnto some againe a Mother dcre?  
 This knot it seemeth god that we shoulde breake asunder here.  
 By Fault and by Desert of vs, a number thinke that this  
 Doth chaunce, and by Decrē of God such as haue done amisse  
 For to be plagued, and vertuous men god Fortune to receive.  
 But this by no meanes can be true, nor I do it beleue.  
 For what haue brutish Beastes deserued, what fault in Trēes can bee?  
 Yet fortune vnto euery beast doth shew diuersitie:  
 The thōſe doth some conuey, some dye vpon the Butchers knife,  
 Some Wōlues, or sicknesse, frost or flood, some age deprives of life,  
 Some leade their life more pleasantly, and some with greater paine.  
 And vnto every kinde of trē his fortune doth remaine,  
 The East winde cracks asunder this, and rotes doth upward turne,  
 Some sort are cut for divers things, and some in fieris burne,  
 And Lightning spoyles an other sort. To euery fish, and beast,  
 A certaine fortune is assignde by Destenies behaſt:  
 Yet neither trē, nor beast can sinne. And often times beside

Of the di-  
uersitie of  
estate, to di-  
uers men  
diuersly al-  
lotted, an  
objection.

The resolu-  
tion to the  
objection,  
consisting  
of particu-  
larities:  
namely,  
beasts, birds  
plants; and  
fishes.

His fortunes great the god man doth, and ver tuous man abide:  
 On the other part to naughty men, doth Fortune fauour shewe,  
 And graunts them eke in worldy welth and honours hye to flowe.  
 Thus Destrie looks not on desartes: therefore some other way,  
 Or cause, we must attempt to finde. Perhaps some man will say

The will of God is cause of all and sekes none other where:

This doth not yet suffice, we must go sif the truth more nere:

For God since he is wise, and best, will not the thing permit  
 That reason lacks, but chieffest things commaunds, as seemes most fit.  
 Wherefore we must say otherwise: eche cause of causes all  
 As from the first it farther is, so more unlike doth fall.  
 Sith God therfore is alwayes pure and ever one shall bee,  
 The last of causes that from him is farthest in degré  
 Shall double be, and diuers seeme, and woxke shall alway stame  
 In sundry sortes and altering state: and this is even the same  
 That rules the earth, and every thing that earth doth here containe.  
 Therfore nothing on earth is seeme that certaine is or plaine.  
 Sith Fortune hir vnstedfast whelle doth turne in sundry sort:  
 And mortall men with diuers chaunce to guide, hath chieffest spoēt.

But yet why smyles she so on some, and frownes on other sort?

Why gives she some a lyfe wyth cares? and some a princely port?

Aunswere. The cause of this is harde to knowe: as if we should require,  
 To know the cause of raging heate we feele in flaming fire:  
 Or wherfore wormwood bitter is, why snowe doth shewe so white,  
 Wherfore some herbs haue force to hurt, and others healing myght,  
 And why some trees beare sundry brāuch why in such shape they grow,  
 Or why some beasts haue subtile sense, and some are dull and slowe,  
 Wherfore the strawes doth Amber draw, why Loadstone lyfeth hyc  
 The yron pece, why it can not doe so the Diamond nye.  
 Such things hath God in secrete shut, and vnto mortall braine,  
 Appointed boundes, the which to passe Mans wit doth striue in vaine,  
 As if the potter doe diuide in sundry parts his clay,  
 And it departed thus, abrode to sundry purpose lay,

Whyn rather he of this than that a pot or dylle doth bake,

Or bason broade, of this a Crock, of that a pitcher make:

Deth reason moue him thus to doe: or reason none at all

Que supra nos nihil ad nos. We ought not  
 But only will: as he thinks best so frames he great and small:  
 Tis harde to know h̄ woxkmans minde, Cuen so, who sakes to knowe  
 Whyn

An opinion  
referred as  
insufficient  
in this  
point of  
doctrine.

Question.

Aunswere.

Meaning  
that it is  
not for man  
to interme-  
dile with  
such secret  
and harde  
matters, as  
be abstruse  
and mysti-  
call.

Que supra  
nos nihil  
ad nos. We  
ought not

to search af  
ter things  
which passe  
our capaci-  
tie.

Why Fortune some exalteth hye, and bringeth others lowe:  
A thing to hye he reacheth at, for God hath geuen powre  
Of earth to hir, and of the worlde hath made hir gouernour,  
That what he list shē may performe, the force of desteny  
Exceyted still, for every thing is governed therby.  
Why shold not shē doe what shē list? what law should hir restraine?  
Dught seruants lawes for to appoint their Lordes for to constraine?  
We all her seruants truely are while we enioy this light,  
And must in every thing obey the pleasure of the spright,  
Yet of our Soule she hath no powre whose roote in heauen standes,  
This onely, God exempted hath from out this Tyrants handes.  
All other thinges in earth or seas, as she shall best devise,  
God suffers freely to be done, both good and ill likewise.

The Soule  
is not sub-  
iect to the  
dominion  
of fortune.

But some will say: God then is cause of euery euill act,  
And so vniust may well be calde, for he that doth the fact.

Obiection,

And he that suffers it to passe, doe both one fault commit,  
And both like punishment to haue the law adiudgeth fit.  
Wherfore if God such ylles on earth, doth suffer for to raine,  
And when he well may them forbide, yet doth not them restraine;  
He shall be thought the cause of yll, and mischiefe to embrace.  
This part I also aunswere shall, if God doe graunt me grace.

Aunswere.

First therfore with attentive minde it must be noted well,  
What Causes some be Base, and Small, and some againe excell  
In worthinesse before the rest: as in a battaile maine  
Lieutenantes are, and Captaines stout, the rest of common traine:  
These causes chiefe aboue the rest in wondrouſ ſort assignes  
Thalmighty Lord, that guides aboue the Starres, the starry signes,  
Who liues in euerlasting light, aboue the heauens hye,  
That at his beck doth caufe to turne the motions of the ſkye:  
To euery caufe assigning force, and whereto they ſhall tend,  
With certayne boundes incloſeth them, by which may none tranſcend.  
And ſince he wiſely all things made, of force it folloſwe muſt,  
That every thing continually, keepe course and order iuſt.  
For things that once are rightly framed, and fault doe none receaue,  
Dught not in tract of any times, their wocited course to leaue.  
The order thus of every thing, can neuer altered bee,  
Because thalmighty Lord hath made all things in iuste degrēe.  
If then the ſpright that guides the earth be naught, or worke amisse,

The omni-  
potencie of  
God in all  
things and  
his general  
ordinance.

It is because the basest cause and farthest of, is this:  
 From cauler first, and light remoued a large and ample space,  
 And therefore unto darknesse blinde, the nerer hath his place,  
 And onely shadowe shewes of truth: which God doth so permit,  
 Bycause the state of all the world and order asketh it.  
 For as the day Determide is by darknesse of the night,  
 And things contrary ended are by force of others might:  
 So sort and course of causes god as reason doth require,  
 In vile and wicked cause must end and finally erpise:  
 Which wicked kingdomes governe shall, & mischieves vile shal guide,  
 Hence Discorde euermore procedes with Brawles, and minde to chide  
 Strōg Battailles, Fraies, & false Decret wō Fires, and Slaughters great,  
 Thestes, Wiles, with Nede and Robberies, & Plagues, wō Raging heate,  
 Great Earthquakes, Stormes, & Tempests great, of Sicknesles such stote,  
 So great a sort of Perils vile and Daungers euermore:  
 And finally what harmes to hap in any place we knowe,  
 From this so wretched cause and Prince of all the earth doth flowe.  
 Full truely earst (alas) did say the famous Hermes wyse,  
 This world a heape of harms doth seeme, where euery mischiefe lies,  
 Because the diuell that on earth, the chiefest stroke doth smite,  
 Is mischievous, and euermore in cruelty doth delight.  
 For as the first of causes is the spring of all good things,  
 So is the last the fountaine chiese from whence all mischiefe springs.  
 Wherfore if Lecherers on earth, beare al the rule and sway,  
 If Asses sit in seate as Kings, in pompe of proud aray,  
 If charge of sheepe committed is, to wolues of rauening kinde,  
 If Harlots in the Churches dwelle, and men of monstrous minde,  
 If that the holy rites of Christ, the hande vnpure doth file  
 If Heauen and purging place Sir John doth sell with grēdy guile,  
 Note, if vnpunished such crimes are still before our eyes,  
 The fault not in thalmighty Lorde, but in this Diuell lies:  
 Whome fortune commonly we name, and Pluto oft we call,  
 But unto him an apter name Sarcotheus fit doth fall:  
 For vng him the power of flesh, and guiding is assignde,  
 Him serues all such as loue them selues, to much with fleshly minde,  
 Of him the bodies are, therfore in sinne they alwaies dwie,  
 And to the soules as enimies contrary still do striue.  
 So of the heauens commes the soule, and from the starry Skies,

Determinid,  
 That is to  
 say, finished  
 and ended.  
 For the ap-  
 proaching of  
 the night is  
 the vani-  
 shing of the  
 day.

Hermes  
 Tismegi-  
 stus, an Ae-  
 gyptian Phi-  
 losopher,  
 not long af-  
 ter the age  
 and times  
 of Moles

Sir John sel-  
 leth Heauē  
 Hell and  
 Purgatory  
 for money.

The diuell  
 chiese au-  
 thor of all  
 mischieses  
 that raigne  
 on earth.

Sarcotheus,  
 the God of  
 the flesh.

But

But earthly are the bodies vyle and heauens do despise.

This same Sarcotheus thoe that guides, the lowest partes of all,

Such holy men as do despise the ioyes terrestriall,

To vertue bent, and Godly life, he hates and still pursues:

And vexeth, grieues, and them molestes: as commonly doth vse

The naughty Prince, and cruel King, alwayes soz to oppresse

The wisest men, and such as doe excell in vertuonsnesse.

For vertue of the wicked men is euermore envyed.

All things their enimies hate and feare, and shunne from them aside.

Therefore the Diuel many harmes, prouideth for the meke,

And them whose mindes do mount aloft, and hearts do heauen seke.

He would he haue his malice seene. soz if he should be knowne,

All men would him detest, as head from whom al illes haue flowne,

And bloudy butcher of our kinde, him al should iustly hate,

And cursing cal him cruel beast, deceyuer of our state.

Therefore he craftely lies hidde, and from the wise man flies,

Least he be knowne, ne feares he Moles but leapes frō Linceus eyes,

So theues do vse, and wicked men alwaies the light to flye,

And in the darkest time reioyce, that none their mischiefe spye.

Hereof it commes, as often as men stale aduersitie,

Al ignorant with blidnesse, and of minde oppressed be,

(For ignorance is causer chiche, of errours all that fall)

Thinking with anger and complaint, the guide of goodnesse all

Doth ver them, so they straigntway curse, his hie and holy name.

The wicked Diuel daunceth then, and grinneth at the same,

And ioyes to see himself unknowne, and mischiefe close to ly,

And that he thus hath power to hurt and no man could it spy.

A soe unto thalmighty God he is, and enimye,

By whom from heauen tombled down in chaines he here doth ly,

Inclode Betwene the earth & Moone, & there he holdes his raine.

Wherfore D wretched mortall men, at length apply your braine,

To know þ cause of al your grieses, from whence such illes do flowe

And heauy harmfull things do hap, your butcher learne to knowe:

For this Sarcotheus this is he, that plagues you in such sorte,

That of your harmes & greuous grieses, doth make his chieffest spoþte:

Noe otherwise thā Mars his Brood (great relmes in thraldoe brought)

With death of wretched men or beastes a pleasant pastime sought.

The Noble men the Gentlemen, the Commonons all sit still,

The difference of the bodie and the soule according to their essence and Nature.

Envie still pursueth vertue.

By Moles are meant such as are blinded with sensualitie : by Lynceus, such as are lightened with wisdom, and Vertue.

The Empire and dominion of the Prince of this worlde whom the poet calleth by the name of Sarcotheus

He meaneth the Romances.

In diuerse roomes assigned them, as Othons lawes doth will:  
 Then enters in before them all the cutters for to fight,  
 Or else some other yelde his limnes to beastes thereon to byfe:  
 The Lion, or the Ligure stout, or else some fiercer kinde,  
 Should at this play present himselfe to please the peoples minde:  
 With death & mangled much to wound from whence y bloud doth flow,  
 Off unto some of others smart a great delight doth growe.

A familiar example teaching.  
 how yll  
 may be  
 fide to pro  
 ceede from  
 God and  
 yet God  
 naturally  
 and essenti  
 pally good

Wherfore they so most wickedly, that rayling thus do brawall,  
 And dare blasphemie chalmyghty Lorde, the cause of godnesse all:  
 From whome as from himself, no ill can any time procede,  
 Crept contingently, as Sunne doth darchenesse euer brede  
 As oft as vnder earth it sides, and absent fire we see  
 Increases colde: yet cloud in Sunne, nor cold in fyre can be.  
 Wherfore I maruel much that some whose Learning is not small,  
 Do say that he offendis, or wrathfull him die call,  
 And that he plagueith vs as oft, as we do him offend,  
 That milde, and Lord of mercies is, that godnesse all doth send:  
 And that from him doth Warres begin, with Plague and Famine sore.  
 If that our deeds could him offend: What thing vnhappy more  
 Than he, in all the world were found: for every day and heure  
 We crimes commit, and blasphemies out of our mouthes we peure:  
 Then surely should he never toy, nor rest in quietnesse,  
 Nor God should happy be, if that as oft as we transgresse  
 He should be wroth, and moued with dedes, of such as sinfull bee:  
 But God can not be vert oþ harmid if we the truth will see.  
 For of such might and perfectnesse, of God the nature is,  
 And distant euē so farre is it, from our iniquities,  
 That we from him do differ more, and farder are by much,  
 Than is from vs the Ass, the fyre, the Flea, or worse than such.  
 Holow then can we such wretches vile, offend a Lord so great?  
 Or by what meanes may we him harm, and force him thus to treat?  
 Is not this God of passions void, and free from griefe oþ paine:  
 And thereby liues in blessed state, and alwaies doth remaine?  
 Doth it becom a Prince to sume when soles do fondly prate:  
 Or rather them for to contemne: seemes it a Giants state,  
 With little children for to fight: since he knowes al things well  
 And doth the things to come foresee, I thee beseech to tell,  
 Dught he such things for to create, as shoulde his pleasure spoile,

Wherby

God is not  
 subiect to  
 perturbati  
 ons as mor  
 gall man is.

Wherby he shoulde after grieved: or rather ought he not,  
 That helpesthe world, to help himself: or tell if thus diseased  
 He willes it so, if he will so he is no whit displeased,  
 But rather ioyes. If he would not, why doth he it permit?  
 Or is he not omnipotent: he is, we all graunt it.  
 Then ought he not to suffer it: but yet he doth we see,  
 Wherby no kinde of griefe he feeleth, as reason teacheth mee:

Obiection.

But leades his life in quietnesse. Here thou perchaunce wilt say

If our sinnes doe him not displease, with all the force we may

Let vs runne headlong into vice, and neuer sinne forbear.

Not so: but to these wordes of mine give thou attentive eare,

And vnto thē of truth straightwaires the gates I shall disclose.

When any man doth sinne, then forth away he flinging goes

From this same spring of good, & leaues both Right, & Light, & Peace;

Wherby the sinner euermore his harmes doth still increase.

Such is the state of Contraries, that how much thou doest flye

From one, vnto the other straight thou doest approche more neare.

So he that sinning flies from God, runnes to Sarcotheus next:

Whose yoke when he hath once put on, with grieses he soore is vext:

And as the tyrant doth commaunde, is plagued in sundry wise.

Thus no man sinnes, but punishment for him prepared lies,

Yet God is neuer cause of yll, as I haue saide before,

As of himselfe and properly. But listen to my loze:

The sinner, and transgressing soule, doth with his owne consent,

Vnto the hangman giue himselfe to haue his punishment.

But hereof springs two crabbēd doubts: for if that sinne be cause

Of al our mischiefe and our ylles, and our unhappy saires,

Why often doth the wicked man his life in pleasure traine,

And dieth wel: the bernesous man doth many grieses sustaine,

And endes at length in misery? Besides, before is taught,

That by no fault nor our deserts, things god do chaunce, or naught,

But rather steemes it from the power of certayne spright to flowe,

Who guides the seas, and al the earth, and ayre possessest lowe.

How speake I thus in contraries: my wordes do disagree,

But (Reader) wel thou shalt discerne the trouth and veritie,

And darknesse out of minde thou shouldest behould farre of to lie,

If these my wordes thou doest vouchsafe, to heare attentivelic.

I know therefore double good to be, one as the commons will.

Answer.

The commodities  
which a sin-  
ner doth  
loose by re-  
noulling  
from ver-  
tie to vice.

The Common sorte,  
Lackynge iudg-  
ment take  
the goodes of  
fortune for  
the best  
Good.

The heart,  
or the head  
(being the  
principall  
partes of  
mans body)  
if they be  
diseased the  
whole bo-  
die is ill af-  
fected. So  
the minde  
and the  
will,(being  
the two  
principall  
partes of  
the Soule  
of man) yf  
they be cor-  
rupt, the  
whole  
Soule must  
needes be  
infected  
also.

The other: as the wisemen iudge. So of two sortes is ill,  
The opinion of the Common sorte is worser euermore:  
For grosse, and doltishe is their braine, of iudgment lacking store:  
Wherfore the Goods of Body here and such as Fortune gaue,  
These onely they doe wonder at, and these they sake to haue:  
But now the Goods that in the minde, are founde soz to remaine,  
They ether know not what they meane, or else they count them vaine,  
The Wise man on the other syde the onely Goodes of minde  
Doth seeke to haue, and doth despise the rest and ether kinde.  
Thus followed we before the minde of rude and common men,  
And as such people vse to speake so was my talke as then.  
But from the rude and common sorte, my minde doth differ now:  
As wise men iudge of Good and Yll at this time I allow,  
And in such sorte I say: no Good vnto the wicked man  
May chaunce, and to the Vertuous sorte no Euill ha; pen can:  
Which plainly will I now declare and clerely shall appere.

First this it nedefull is to knowe, what Vice or Crime is here,  
Is of the minde a sicknesse soze: noz men are onely sick  
In body here, but minde aye feles hir wounde and grevous prick,  
No lesse in force, than body doth. Thus euery cuill wight  
Is sick, because his will is sick, and iudgment is not right:  
Wherby y wretch y harmfull things, more worth than god estimes  
And sweter aye the filthyest factes to him, than honest serues:  
Which if his minde & will were sounde coulde neuer wicked bee,  
But iust and vertuous shoud be found: in this they disagre.  
And as the body all is yll, when any of these twaine  
Diseased is with maladie, the Heart, or else the Braine:  
So so, alas, the whole estate of Soule is euer ill,  
Wher as these two with vice are harmde the Minde and eke the Will,  
As pleasant meat to Stomack sick doth seeme unpleasunt ay,  
And profites nothing vnto him that sicknesse doth assay:  
So(sick the Soule) no good thug can, the wicked man come by,  
Nor nothing profites him at all: whiche true I thus will try.  
Some men in lawes expert we see, but full of subteltie,  
And couetous, vniust, and one that wayes not honestie,  
What profites him hys learning here, what god gaines he therfore?  
Alas he wretches doth beguile, and spoyles his Clients poze,  
And many other doth he hurt, Learning vnto the naught

Is like a sworde vnto the man that mad hath it vp caught.  
 For all thinges doth the wicked man abuse, and make vnpure,  
 To Others harme, shame to him selfe, and hatred doth procure,  
 And in his fete the thornes he set, with anguish often goes:  
 Or else he feareth them, with hurte whom he hath made his foes.  
 Shall then his learning god be calde which doth so many blame?  
 And hurt like stinging snake, ne spares the owner of the same:  
 And so of other faculties that yll men occupie:  
 Esteined then to be as god like reason doth denie.

But now the Wicked man is riche, with Golde and Iuels storr,  
 Are not these riches good? not so, tell me the cause wherefore,  
 Lo here I tell, because he doth abuse them filthily,  
 He kappeth Hores, and Surseteth, and Bawdes therwith doth by,  
 With mony grady boyes corrupts, and with great gifts assayes  
 The Chastitie of Maydens pore, that happen in his wayes:  
 And so that he may bring to passe what Lust doth him persuade,  
 Regardes no whit what Lawes of men or Gods precepts do trade:  
 Who if he once be Couetous, what crime dare he not do?  
 This Woolfe with bloody meuth doth rage eche folde to come vnto,  
 And runneth headlong into vice, his mischiefe to contrive,  
 And every where he followeth harde, as vile desire doth drue,  
 Nothing may worse be suffered than Fooles in welthy state,  
 Than Rich men to be Couetous, than Ill men fortunate.  
 Thus ether like to beastes he doth, with fleshly pleasures goe,  
 Unto him selfe an enemie, and to his pursse a foe:  
 Or else another Tantalus his goodes to much doth spare,  
 And heapes vp all, ne knowes for whom these heapes he doth prepare  
 And as the Swine to his owne vse, him selfe he doth not fede,  
 But many mo, who frutes of toile doe snatch away with sped.  
 Whereby apperes no Goods to be the riches of the yll.  
 But if he stoute and sturdy be and stomacke haue at will  
 What doth he then? he straight will brawle and with his mighty power pare  
 Now one, now others shall he harme, and mischiefe euerie hōle;  
 Most commonly a warfare goes, or else becomes a thiese,  
 That Tigre like by others bloud he may receive reliefe:  
 Both warres and wepons fierce he loues, for mischief, not for praise:  
 Wherby he to his countrey gettes, both losse and shame alwayes,  
 Stout personage void of vertues mind, puts many men to paine,

Riches in  
the vse and  
possession  
of a lewde  
living man  
are not  
good: bas  
euell.

Auarice an  
infatiable  
and rau-  
nous  
Woolfe.

Nothinge  
more intol-  
erable  
then a  
Fool, for-  
tunate, then  
a Riche  
man, coue-  
tous: then  
wicked  
men, weal-  
thy.

A couetous  
man com-  
pared to a  
Hog.

Lastes little time, and seldom doth to aged yeares attaine.  
But what needes many words herein, sith these examples may  
Suffice the trouth therof to shew, and cleerely to display.

Now mete it is with god advise, to search if ought can bee  
That harmes the Iust and Holy man, as many iudge we see:

Sure hard it is, yet boldly will, I therto trudge apace,  
Presuming of Apolloes help, and of my Muses grace.

He which  
is found of  
Soule and  
minde, is a  
good and a  
iust man:  
there is no  
question to  
be made con-  
cerning the  
body whe-  
ther it be  
thus or thus  
disposed to  
diseases.

First every Good man needes must be, of Soule and Minde both sound  
Though Sicknes in his Body rage or Age in Limmes be found:  
Least will, and iudgement right in him doe lack or not agree,  
For boyd of Iudgement, Right, and Will, no Vertuous man may bee:  
These two are the foundations, whereon doth Virtue sit.  
Such men whatsoeuer they possesse doe iustly order yt:  
And therfore is their learning god, their substance and their strength,  
And finally whatsoeuer they possesse, and haue at length.  
For in the greatest sort of things, the use of them we see,  
Is it that chiesely causeth them both god and yll to bee.  
And if so be thimmortall Gods, of men haue any care,  
They chiesely ought such to defend as iust and vertuous are:  
Which if they should not doe, they seeme all voyde of reason cleere,  
Unworthy eke of colour sweete, of Church or service here.

God srueth  
the good  
and pro-  
tecteth  
the vertu-  
ous against  
all the in-  
uations of  
wickednes.

Wherfore I doe not sa what thing can harme the vertuous man,

Ne yet what yll in body, or in minde, he suffer can:

Sith God him keepes and nourisheth, and with his mighty arme

Doth for him fight, and sets him safe from euery kinde of harme.

For who helps not, or who doth not defend his friend at neede?

Whensoeuer he can, if that he doe beare him god wyll indeede:

But yet somtimes the Good man seemes to live in misery,

To suffer Neede, and Sicknesses, and Great aduersity:

When as indeede he is not god, but playes the hypocrite:

Wherof a number shalt thou finde, that vnder simple plight,

Doe secret hide their poysoned hearts, and woluish natures plaine,

And foolish men doe oft beguile, while they doe vertue faine:

And therfore God who knowes the harts, and secrets of the minde,

Preserues him not, nor loueth him. But we with iudgement blinde,

And doltish head, deceived with signe and shadow of the right,

Think then the iust man suffers hurt, and lies in wofull plight.

Alas how often false and fond, are founde the iudgements blinde

Hypocrisis  
simulata  
sanctitas.  
Hypocrisie  
and fayned  
holynesse.

Of men, and eke how ignorant of truth is mostall minde.  
 All please themselves, and every man in his conceit seemes wise :  
 By this we cause the Goddes to laugh, hence errours most do rise.  
 But here admit the Iust man feales both Griefe and sicknesses,  
 And leades his life in Pouerty, and aye in Great distresse,  
 Exiled from his Countrey farre, or pent in Prison vile,  
 Or verte with other Casualties, doth he take harme this while ?  
 No : for in suffering of such thinges, more cleerly shine he shall :  
 All to the best to Godly men as God commaundes doth fall,  
 And as Phisitians vse to give the byttrest medicines oft  
 Unto the sick, to bring them health, and rayse them vp aloft :  
 So oftentymes God tries the iust, to stirre them vp thereby,  
 That so he may them more compell their vertue to apply.  
 As pleasure makes men soles and naught, so Paine doth cal to minde,  
 And chaseth vice, a Bitte to sinne, a spurre to vertues kinde.  
 Haste thou not golde in fiery flame more precious to be made ?  
 And ground more fertile for to be by edge of churlish spade ?  
 And standing waters to corrupt ? On yon cast thine eye,  
 Is fayrer made by occupyingns, and rusis if it do lyce.  
 Thus diuers things there are that vert, receave a clearer state,  
 As chiefly vertue: that when as hir blackest mischiefes mate  
 Appeares most bright, as in the darke the fyre more fayrer shewes.  
 Wherfore no kinde of griefe at all, the good man ever knowes:  
 Or if he suffers ought his patience gets him greater gaine,  
 And medecine though it bitter be, doth cause release of paine :

And least some man should think, that I do triale faine in minde :  
 The thing that holesome others feele, is poysen to some kinde.  
 So vnto some, wines hurtful are, and flesh a harmfull meate,  
 So wormwood vnto many health doth giue, and pleasure greate.  
 So Heate, doth Snow, and Wax, and Ise consume and Melt away :  
 Which Heat doth harder make againe the Earth or potters clay.  
 So many such in sundry states, do worke in diuers kinde.  
 How oft the same wordes some delight, that vex another's minde ?  
 All things to al so;tes are not like: the wines that best we dæme,  
 If they in musty cask be kept, both tart and naught do seeme.  
 Vnto the sound are al things sound. But such as sicknessesse haue,  
 Them holesome meates doe sometime harme, & almoſt bring to graue.  
 So (to my matter to returne) the ylles of body than,

The good  
that aduer-  
ſtie brings  
to the god-  
ly. Bonis,  
omnia coo-  
perantur in  
Bonum ac-  
cording to  
the testi-  
monie of  
the scrip-  
ture.

The diuer-  
ſties of  
mens na-  
tures and  
inclina-  
tions, fami-  
liarly diſ-  
couered.

Sanis sanct-  
omnia fa-  
na.

Or stings of fortune hurtfull be vnto the euill man :  
 By god and also necessary, for such as vertuous bē,  
 By which although they hurtfull scēme, they gayne more hye degrē.  
 These wordes for this time shal suffise, for now this booke to end,  
 My Muse commaunds: and Chiron doth vpon my pen attend,  
 Who coueteth of state of man to write, and fashions rife,  
 And open to disclose abrode the vestry here of life.  
 Now therfore needfull tis for me my Muses tunes to cease,  
 And silent in the sacred woods to rest my selfe in peace,  
 And on the rofe of learnings lodge, on hye to hang my harpe :  
 Till that these times be ouerpast, and doubtfull seasons sharpe,  
 Times much to be bewaylde: wherin the discorde that doth broyle  
 Among the states, all Italy with warres doth seeke to spoyle.  
 Wherby doth Rome lament hir case, hir housholds layd on ground,  
 Ticinum, Narnia, Melphis eke, this fall haue felt and found,  
 And Naples that with Hermaydes tumbe so famous lately ioyed,  
 Beholding now her orchards faire, with French mens hands destroyd:  
 Alas doth heauy mourne by streames, of Sebethus so clāre.

What should I tel the wondrouſ flames that in the skyes appere,

Moze bright than day: & Locusts grim like cloudes the Sun to hide,

And tender corne with greedy iawes, to spoile on euerie side?  
 How many cities wofull plague, and piteous famine soze,  
 Hath quite deprived of Citizens: how many places moze,  
 Are almost spoiled and perished, with floodes which rage and roze?  
 Alas how iustly now doth God plague vs in sundry case?

What mischief do we not commit: what iustice is in place?

What loue or seruice heere of gode? Religion now is made,  
 An Occupation for the purse, a Merchandise and trade.

The sacred rites are aye defiled with handes of baudie mates:

Yet loke theron and let it passe, the Kings and Princely States.

And honour due to Christ aboue they not esteeme nor way:

Thus ouer vs poore misers here, such Blockes do bear the sway.

Therefore I will go hence a while, and in Parnassus hill,

Untill my Muse doth call me forth, ly close and secret still.

The

By Chiron  
in this place  
Palingeni-  
us meaneth  
his ninth  
Booke fol-  
lowing in-  
tituled Sa-  
gittarius,  
hauinge  
nowe in  
manner fi-  
nished this  
eight, na-  
med Scorp.  
Of Chiron,  
how he cam  
to be caſſed  
Sagittarius,  
Read Plin-  
ny. lib. 7.  
Cap. 56.

By Mer-  
maide, he  
meaneth  
Partheno-  
pe one of  
the Syrens,  
who was  
driven by  
force of  
flood, to  
that place,  
where Ne-  
ples is buil-  
ded &c.  
Sebethus,  
a riuer that  
runs neare  
to the wals  
of Naples.

# The ninthe Booke.

## Sagittarius.

I wareth light now Muse enough, within Castalian lake,  
 We rested haue, the w<sup>r</sup>est therefore and Harp in hand go take:  
 Set strings in tune, and with thy grace accustomed to thy kinde,  
 Sing Goddess auncient melody: godd verses fill thy minde,  
 That erst Apollo wonted was in Bay tree w<sup>r</sup>ords to tell:  
 While he by riuier stode that runnes from out Pernessus Well,  
 As calles behold another toyle wherein some praise doth lye,  
 Let vs from hauy place and top, of Parnasse hylles so hye,  
 Beholde the sundry mindes of men, and eke their living marke.  
 Now past the middest of surging seas had runne my sailing barke,  
 And now the toppes of lofty trees with frosty rindes were white:  
 When as a certayne God vnkowne by me stode vp in sight,  
 And shining with his beames diuine erpeld the blackishe night,  
 A Certayne rock I than behelde, whose top did reache so hye,  
 That passing cloudes aboue it might discouer plaine the skye:  
 Harder seemed it first to enter vp, for ragged stones there was  
 Plaste round about, which made that way both straight, and ill to pass,  
 The botom all beset with briers: the midst more milde againe,  
 And nerer as it comes to skies, the path appeares more plaine,  
 And easier to be traualied, Theore a eke it hight.  
 Hereto me straightwayes did conduct, my Ghost and guiding spright.  
 To top wherof when as we came, I might beholde and see,  
 Eche place with wondrous sightes fulfill, and furnished to bee,  
 Which if my young woulde here declare, the Sunne should soner slide  
 To lowest partes, and night the earth with misty cloke should hide.

While as I stay, and gaze vpon the large and ioysfull sightes:  
 Lo falling from the skies aleft a voice these wordes recites:  
 Stellatus betw<sup>e</sup> thy knæs, and here thy humble prayers make  
 Unto the Almighty King, without whose grace then canst not take,  
 The pleasant pleasures of this mount. Therefore in humble wise  
 Kneele thou to God, for fauour all doth fall to earth from skies :  
 For nothing is wherof to man, can greater profite flowe,  
 Than heauenly helpe with holy Praiers to get, and God to knowe,  
 When this I heard, vpon the earth my face, and hande upright,

This rocke  
is named  
Theore,  
that is to  
say, specu-  
lation or  
contempla-  
tion.

Meaning  
that it is  
not possi-  
ble for him  
to verre  
with young  
the mani-  
fold and  
miraculous  
sightes  
which ap-  
peared to  
him in con-  
templation.

The force  
of prayer,  
which some  
call the key  
to open  
Heauen,  
meaning  
that Chri-  
stian prayer  
obtayneth  
any thing  
at the hands  
of God.

By Chiron  
in this place  
Palingeni-  
us meaneth  
his ninth  
Booke fol-  
lowing in-  
tituled Sa-  
gittarius,  
hauinge  
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nished this  
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By Mer-  
maide, he  
meaneth  
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pe one of  
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driuen by  
force of  
Houd, to  
that place,  
where Na-  
ples is buil-  
ded &c.  
Sebethus,  
a riuer that  
runs neare  
to the wals  
of Naples.

O stings of fortune hurtfull be vnto the euill man :  
But god and also necessary, for such as vertuous bee,  
By which although they hurtfull seeme, they gayne more hys degrā.  
These wordes for this time shal suffice, for now this booke to end,  
My Muse commaunds: and Chiron doth vpon my pen attend,  
Who coueteth of state of man to write, and fashions rife,  
And open to disclose abrode the vistry here of life.  
Now therfore needfull tis for me my Muses tunes to cease,  
And silent in the sacred woods to rest my selfe in peace,  
And on the rofe of learnings lodge, on hys to hang my harpe :  
Till that these times be ouerpast, and doubtfull seasons sharpe,  
Times much to be bewaylde: wherin the discorde that doth broule  
Among the states, all Italy with warres doth seeke to spoyle.  
Wherby doth Rome lament hir case, hir households layd on ground,  
Ticinum, Narnia, Melphis eke, this fall haue felt and found,  
And Naples that with Hermaydes tumbe so famous lately ioyed,  
Beholding now her orchards faire, with French mens hands destroyd:  
Alas doth heauy mourne by streames, of Sebethus so clere.  
What should I tel the wondrous flames that in the skyes appere,  
Moze bright than day: & Locusts grim like cloudes the Sun to hide,  
And tender corne with greedy iawes, to spoile on euerie side?  
How many cities wofull plague, and piteous famine soze,  
Hath quite deprived of Citizens: how many places moze,  
Are almost spoiled and perished, with flodes which rage and roze?  
Alas how iustly now doth God plague vs in sundry case?  
What mischief do we not commit: what iustice is in place?  
What loue or seruice heere of god? Religion now is made,  
An Occupation for the purse, a Merchandise and trade.  
The sacred rites are aye defiled with handes of baudie mates:  
Yet loke theron and let it passe, the Kings and Princely states.  
And honour due to Christ aboue they not esteeme nor way:  
Thus ouer vs poore misers here, such Blockes do beare the sway.  
Therefore I will go hence a while, and in Parnassus hill,  
Untill my Muse doth call me forth, ly close and secret still.

The

# The ninthe Booke.

## Sagittarius.

I wareth light now Muse enough, within Castalian lake,  
 We rested haue, the w<sup>e</sup>ll therefore and Harp in hand go take:  
 Set strings in tune, and with thy grace accustomed to thy kinde,  
 Sing Goddessē auncient melody: godd verses fill thy minde,  
 That erst Apollo wonted was in Baytree W<sup>e</sup>rds to tell:  
 While he by riuier stode that runnes from out Permessus W<sup>e</sup>ll.  
 Us calles behold another toyle wherein some praise doth lye,  
 Let vs from hauyce place and top, of Parnasse hylles so hye,  
 Beholde the sundry mindes of men, and eke their living marke.  
 Now past the middest of surging seas had runne my sailing barke,  
 And now the toppes of losty trees with frosty rindes were white:  
 When as a certaine God unknowne by me stode vp in sight,  
 And shining with his beames diuine erpeld the blackishe night.  
 A Certaine rock I than behelde, whose top did reache so hye,  
 That passing cloudes aboue it might discouer plaine the skye:  
 Harde seemed it first to enter vp, for ragged stones there was  
 Plaste round about, which made that way both straight, and ill to pass,  
 The botom all beset with briers: the midst more milde againe,  
 And nerer as it comes to skies, the path appeares more plainc,  
 And easier to be traualied, Theoreea eke it hight.  
 Hereto me straightwayes did conduct, my Ghost and guiding spright.  
 To top wheroft when as we came, I might beholde and see,  
 Eche place with wondrous sightes fulfill, and furnished to bee,  
 Which if my young would here declare, the Surne should soner side  
 To lowest partes, and night the earth with misty cloke should hide.

While as I stay, and gase vpon the large and ioyfull sightes:  
 Lo falling from the skies alcs a voice these wordes recites:  
 Stellatus be we thy knēes, and here thy humble prayers make  
 Unto the Almighty King, without whose grace then canst not take,  
 The pleasant pleasures of this mount. Therefore in humble wise  
 Undale thou to God, for fauour all doth fall to earth from skies :  
 for nothing is wheroft to man, can greater profite flowe,  
 Than heauenly helpe with holy Praiers to get, and God to knewe.  
 When this I heard, vpon the earth my face, and hande vpright,

This rocke  
is named  
Theoreea,  
that is to  
say, specu-  
lation or  
contempla-  
tion.

Meaning  
that it is  
not possi-  
ble for him  
to vter  
with young  
the mani-  
fold and  
miraculous  
sightes  
which ap-  
peared to  
him in con-  
templation.

The force  
of prayer,  
which some  
call the key  
to open  
Heauen,  
meaning  
that Chri-  
stian prayer  
obtayneth  
any thing  
at the hands  
of God.

I bowed my knees, and powred out these wordes in harty plight.  
 O Father great of Saints, chiese pow're that in the world may bee,  
 Than whom may never thing be found, nor thought of moxe degree.  
 Remoued farre from body here, yet framing fashions all,  
 Both such as never fade, and such as times at length lets fall:  
 The first, and of beginning voyde, the fountaine whence doth sp'ing  
 All kinde of god, of nature eke the autho're, guide and king:  
 That all things here dost comprehend, comprehended thu of none,  
 The hye Almighty Paessie, and chiefest god alone,  
 Lyfe, Wisedome, Order, Praise, Ende, Minde, Truth, Way, light, and  
 No where thy selfe inhabiting, and Dwelling in eche place, (Grace  
 Unmoveable, and mouing giuest to all and every thing,  
 From whom, in whom, & eke by whom, all kinde of thinges doe sp'ing:  
 In one estate remaining still, and chaunging in no time,  
 The chiefest cause that rowling ay the Globe where Starres do shone,  
 Doest guide by fixed law thappointed force of destenie:  
 Of Lordes the greatest Lord of all, and King of Kings most hie,  
 Before whose face a thousand hoasts of Angels glistening bright,  
 Doe minister with ioyfull hymnes, in presence of thy sight,  
 Amidst the ample fieldes of light, aboue the world so hie  
 Where aptest place and seate there is, for things of certaintie.  
 I worship thee, I honor thee, and prostrate here on face  
 I lyft mine eyes, desiring thee with milde and cherefull grace,  
 Upon me sinfull man to looke, and heare my earnest crie,  
 Droure downe into my earthly brest thy beames of light from hie,  
 Druie darknesse from my minde, opprest alas, in dolefull wise,  
 While in consuming carkasse here, and fading flesh it lies.  
 Graunt me the perfect path to finde, least harinfull erro'res bring  
 With fancie fond, and iudgement blinde, in sin me headlong bring.  
 For without thee, the wit of man, and force of kinde mortall,  
 While it intendes to mount aloft receiuies a greater fall:  
 As Icarus whose wings him failde, when he flew hiest of all,  
 Graunt therefore O most mightie King, to me thy creature lowe,  
 Thy wyll to learne, and thee to please, and then that I may knowe  
 Mine owne estate, from whence I came, and whereto I was made,  
 And whether I at length shall passe when that from hence I fade:  
 What here in lyfe I shoulde persourne, and what I shoulde not dee:  
 That when dame Lachesis my thred of lyfe hath snapt in two,

And

The vbiq[ui]t[er] of the  
Divinitie,  
that accor-  
ding to his  
Godhead  
he is in all  
places.

God is un-  
natiue  
with him is  
no altera-  
tion or  
change

Icarus the  
Sonne of  
Dedalus  
the Creten-  
ian Car-  
penter  
the historie  
of him and  
his waxen  
wings is  
commonly  
knowne.

And that the farthest day is come, that long with prynie felth,  
Procurde my grare death bring my rest, and part of sauing helth.

These words thus said, another boyce againe did pearce my eares,  
Thalmightie Lord thou pleased hast thy prayer ful well he heares;  
Pluck vp Stellatus now thy heart, To thee for to remaine  
Here on this Mount it graunted is, and sacred fruits to gaine.

This said forthwith the voice did cease, nor word it vttered more:

Then in my minde a greater force I felt, then earst afore,  
And sharper sight: then looked I forth, all things discerning well,  
And for my eyes, they might presume olde Linceus to excell.

With that I felt a subtile winde, to lift me vp on hie,

Which softly causde me to ascend to top of starry skie:

Much like the birde that beares the darts that Vulcans forge did frame  
That when we sin, the thunder thumpes do sling with flash of flame.

The Eagle.

And now approcht I ne're the Poone, whose gates I had in sight,  
Wherof, part glistered all with golde, and part with siluer white.

I enter in beholding all, when straight with me doth meete

Timalphes young, of vertues great, and eke of fauour swete,  
(Whom of Arete loue begat in auncient times of olde)

Arete :  
Vertue.

He knew me streight, soz oft he had his mothers hestes me tolde,  
And when eche other greeted was he much things asked of me :

And after brought me to a towne of hugest quantitie,

The lofty walles of Diamond stronge, were raised hic and framde,  
The bulwarks built of Carbuncle, that all as fiery flamde.

O Lorde what gorgeous houses there and goodly sights I saw,  
As Temples fayre, and Theaters, and strætes, and seates of law :

All framed of Siluer, Gold and Stone, and more of goodly kinde

I there behelde, but cannot now beare all away in minde:

And though I could remember all, yet God doth not alloir,

That common peoples heades shold know the state of all, and how.

I wondred at the number great, that through the Citie so

All clad in white by thousands thick amid the streates do go:

Their heades beset with garlands fayre, in hand the Lillies white,

They ioyfull beare Menarchus guide of Cynthias kingdome bright:

Remembering oft with hymnes they sing, and streefe agreeing laies,

Menarchus name they oft rehearse, Menarch with psalme they praise:

Menarchus name did Echo lowd resounding est send out,

He vanquished in happy fielde th' Arcadian giants scut;

In this nar-  
ration fol-  
lowing is  
declared  
what the  
Poet obtai-  
ned by his  
Prayer.

As

As then Timalphes tolde to me with wordes that were not bayne;

Once was (quoth he) Arcadia boyd of hilles, and all lay playne.

There dreadfull Giants kingdome held, as Menalus the hie,

And Pholoe, and Lyceus great, that ioyed in woods to lie:

And Erymanth whose shoulders bare the backs of sauage swine,

Cyllenes eke that boylt with spite, against the powers diuine:

Who first before the rest presuming all of force and might,

Durst gine ill language to the Poone, with words of canckred spite,

That they before her long were boorne, and of moxe noble race,

And so that they deserue the names of Gods, and higher place.

Besides in rage a towre they built, amid the skies to looke :

O Nemroth larger far than thine, and with an yron hooke,

Attempted thrice from place to pluck this Goddesse where she standes,

Blood red for feare to see her selfe so nere to wretches hands:

Menarchus gaue them thrice repulse with valcant force and might,

And thrice the iuice out prest from grasse of olde Saturnus sprite :

Among the cast the poysen runs, straightwaiers through al their bones

With chilling cold, consumed with pain they leauue their lynes at once:

And ougly soules they cleane forsake, which hel below receaues,

Wher as with paynes they plagued are that never after leaues.

But now their bodies quite destroyde, by force of venome late,

Their carkasse turnde to losty hilles, kæpes name with changed state.

Wherby this daede & triumph great in minde the Poone men beare,

And celebreate with solempne pompe this feast from yeare to yeare,

And to their king they worship make with great & solempne cheare.

Thus passing forth, we found a towre that all of Golde did shinc,

All wrought, and set with precious stones of sundry colours fine:

Here quoth my guyde, no mortall man may ever set his saete:

We stayde therfore, and by the space of large and ample streate,

On every side we might beholde approaching soules at hand,

And there before the seate and place of iudgment for to stand :

Which placed was against the towre, and wrought right cunningly,

Three sonnes of loue and Doxa got, syt there in seates ful hie,

To iudge the soules, regarding well of all their sinnes the store,

And vertuous daedes that every man hath done in earth before,

1. Telescopus. 2. Dorophorus. 3. Philorthus, friend alway

To iustice these deserts and faultes in perfect balance way.

And by their iudgments very few to heauen did ascend ;

Note here  
the mortall  
meaning of  
the Poet.

taining Ma-  
iesty to be  
Gods wife,  
(for so he  
importeth  
by these  
two words,  
Ioue, and  
Doxa) and  
of the three  
sonnes to  
be begotte:

1. called Te-  
lescopus,  
(that is) see-  
ing a farre  
of. (for no-  
thing is hid-  
den from  
Gods eye.)

2. Doropho-  
rus (as I  
take it, and  
not Dorophonus, as  
the Latiae  
text hath it)  
that is: re-  
warding, or  
recompen-  
sing accor-  
ding to de-  
ser. 3. Phi-  
lorthus,  
(that is) lo-  
uihg equi-  
tie and righ-  
teoues.

But thousands of the same againe to earth did downe descend,  
 And many also in the Moone, they did commaund to stay.  
 Astonished long with gasing sight at length I gan to say :  
 Declare to me good guide quoth I, if Hell beneath doth lye,  
 In deepest dungeon of the earth, and to the Centre nye,  
 And soules therto conueid they say, the Corse clapt vnder heare  
 Olde Eacus, and Minos there, and Radimanthus feare  
 Doe euer iudge, and geue rewards, or else deserued paine,  
 How chanceth it I here beholde the like thing done againe?

Mannes minde (quoth he) in prison dark, of carkasse shut doth lye :  
 And forst by fault and ignorance, is led by wayes alwyse.

By this is man to dreames and toyes of nature prone and bent,  
 And from the truth he wanders farre, if grace doe not prevent.  
 No maruell thoe, if many things, your Poets false haue soungh:  
 Because to tread the steps of truth, lies not in every young.  
 But thou, haue alwaies well in minde, these misteries I fel:  
 All thinges are good and never fade aboue the Moone that dwel,  
 For grieve can vere those sacred states, whose solace doeth excell.  
 But all that Nature framed beeneath the Moone is naught and yll,  
 And lawe seuere of death doeth seele, and force of time to spill.

These places doeth the Middle sphere of moone in twaine diuide,  
 Plasse equally beetwix the world, doeth boundes to Heauen bide  
 Thus when that life is fled, all soules are brought unto this place,  
 And here pleade giltie or vngiltie before the judges face:  
 By whose award, to certeine roomes, according to their daedes  
 They streight are sent, receiuing there, for their deserts their meedes.  
 And euery one, the heauyer they with heapes of vice are made,  
 The deeper they descend the pit, of darke infernall shade.  
 Againe, the better that they be, and further of from crime,  
 So much they higher mounting vp, more nre the heauens clime.  
 But they whose ylles do counterpease, the vertues of their minde,  
 For to remaine about the Moone, are many yeares assignde :  
 Tyll either falling fresh to vice, when many yeares are spent,  
 They turne to earth, or purged well, are into heauen sent.

Loe thus he saide. But then againe what is the cause quoth I ?  
 That Soules so few the starres approach and gaine the heauens hic?  
 Why runne they headlong so to vice, and (Misers) vertue sic,  
 Why more esteeme they darke then light, and rather sin applice

Aeacus, Mi-  
nos & Rha-  
damantus  
the three  
judges in  
Hell, which  
geue defi-  
nitive sen-  
tence vpon  
the soules  
condemned.

Ignorance  
is the cause  
that men  
haue bele-  
ued fonde  
imagi-  
nations, &  
geuen cre-  
dit to poe-  
ticall inven-  
tions.

Whatsoe-  
is aboue the  
Moone the  
same is im-  
mortal and  
everlasting  
Whatsoe-  
uer is un-  
der the  
Moone the  
same is  
transitorie  
& corrup-  
tible.

That is to  
say Temp-  
ties  
For he is  
said to be  
the Sonne  
of Arete.

That the  
soules of  
men, proper-  
ly, cannot  
be euill: It  
is proued  
by this  
Sillogisme  
All things  
that God  
make are  
good and  
not euill:  
But God  
make the  
soules of  
men: Ergo,  
the soules  
of men are  
good & not  
euill.

The hart of  
of man re-  
sembled to  
a Goldfinch  
the body to  
a Cage: and  
the vices  
reigning in  
the same to  
a devouiting  
Cat.

Than vertue pure? whereof to them doth so great madnes rise?  
What will so sond doth them beguile, what fansie blears their eyes?  
Then answered thus Arete Honne: bothe I doe it desire,  
And merte it is, that I disclose the thinges thou dost require,  
And many other thinges beside, whiche thou thy selfe shalt say,  
Are worthy to be learned here and to be borne away,  
Since here without the power of God I knowe thou canst not come,  
Who list suche things to the to shewe: before the gates of whome,  
No man aliu may once approch, except by him assynd:  
Then nowe giue ear, and what I say, beare well away in minde.  
But naeful first it is for vs a litle hence to walke.

We went, and in a loftie tower we bothe sit downe to talke,  
From whence bothe seas & land ful plaine we might beholde & see.  
Then thus from sacred brest, this voice he vtred out to me.  
As of them selues the soules can not be yll, nor bent to sinne,  
Since that their kinde doth come frō skies & spring from God begin:  
Nor of their owne and proper will, their natures can be nought,  
Since God them made who never thing of euil state hath wrought.  
But many other causes be, that into dungeon vile  
Of hell do downewardes thrust these soules, and them with vice defile,  
And chiese of them the Body is, wherein the Soule is bound,  
As in a prison strong, whole bondes doth iudgement quite confounde:  
No otherwyse then fire is hydde within an earthen pot,  
And mistie cloudes doe darke the sight of flaming Phoebus hot.  
Then all thinges doth the soule forget, and Lethes stremes doth taste,  
And like appeares to papers blackt, wherein no worde is plastre  
Thus captiue closed in fading fleshe, a thousand mischeses yll,  
A thousand monsters her assault, and alwaies seeke to spill,

Lyke as the Goldefinch while in cage, her dolefull destinie  
With sundrie sortes of pleasant tune doth seeke to pacifie:  
To whome all close and couertly the crafty Cat comes neere,  
And drives, molesting soze the wretche on every side to feare.  
The Cat a bane to simple byrdes, of Wyce the finder out,  
She fearing soze the spoylers paw, dothe flutter round about  
The Cage, and saues her selfe by flight: when present doth appeare  
An other foe with fury like, the selly wretche to feare,  
Who thrusting in her tallands sharpe, doth take her cleane away  
And sedes theron with wonted noyse as on accustomed pray.

So here and there, with diuers soes the vnhappy soule is lost,  
 And flying farre the gunes of some is in the others lost :  
 While closd in carcasse here it lives, it knowes not what to dee,  
 What danger here soz to beware, or what to cleave vnto.  
 And with the shewe of godde deceiud, muche like the drunken wyght  
 It stacring standes. Wherby, if that by some that teache aright,  
 By by their aide that warning giue, it be not led or brought,  
 From darknes blinde vnto the light, it ruineth still to nougat,  
 And better things doth ay refuse. Of soule the chieffest staine  
 Contagion first, and chieffell yll, that through the flesh doth raine,  
 Is Ignorance of truth and god, from whence out springeth than,  
 Falle judgement as the greatest plague, that happens vnto man.  
 Whereof two Monsters are begot, folly, and wickednesse,  
 From these two, euery yll procedes, that man can here expresse.  
 So al men sinne, either because the goods here counterfeat,  
 They moste esteeme as folly leades: or els that mischiefe great  
 Doth pricke them soorth to wicked deedes. Wherfore, we iustly may  
 Count him a foole, or wicked man, that doth from reason stray.

But in that part of soule that lustes, there sittes dame follies grace,  
 And there she pitched hath her tentes, and chose her dweling place:  
 In the other part all bent to wrath, there mischiefe hathe his holde,  
 With force and craft, and poyson strong, most dreadfull to be tolde,  
 These two (soz trueth) are mighty Kings, and armes great behinde  
 They leade, and both destroy the state of sillie mortall kinde.  
 They both are ignorant of trueth: and framed false judgement by,  
 (As earst was tolde) the Soules, that in the carcasse buried lye,  
 Unmindesfull of their owne estate, and voide of light withall,  
 Into thre lakes of Hell, and death, they leade, and downe let fall.  
 Of whiche the first Limosum hight, therein doth pleasure raine:  
 Spinorum is the other calde, where vile desire to gaine,  
 And couetousnes, doth rule: the third Fumosum hath to name,  
 Where pride beares sway, that thirsteth still, for honours hic & fame.  
 In these thre lakes the greatest part do perishe euery day:  
 Of all the soules within the world this is the chiefe decay.  
 For such as slide into these pooles, them cuermore destroys  
 The Lust of flesh, and greedy minde, of sonde and fading ioyes.  
 Ne of themselves they knowledge haue nor of the Heauens bright,  
 Nor other lyfe they thinke to be, than this in present sight.

Ignorance  
the poysen  
of the soule

The causes  
why men  
do sinne &  
offend.

Anime pars  
concupisci-  
bilis, stulti-  
tiam: Pars  
vero iraci-  
bis scelus  
complecti-  
tur.

The three  
lakes of hel  
The Mud-  
die lake of  
Lecherie.

The Thor-  
nie lake of  
Avarice.

The Smo-  
kie lake of  
painted  
pride.

Of filthy, sonde, and voldishe mindes from heauen turned quighte  
Not minding hye or worthy things but still in brutishe pligte,  
Respecting only here the earth. Besides are causes mo,

Wherby the soules infected are, and often plagued so.

For where the clouds are threnged thick and hewres of raine procede,  
And windes w dreadfull meting sounde, doe flashe of lightnings brede  
Where is the place of Ougly sprites, by whome doe Plagues arise,  
With battailes fierce & Raging stormes, through seas, and lande y flies,  
By craft and by the Tempting force of them, and their deceit,  
The simple sort of men doe fail to every mischiefe great:  
Hereby both Right and Honesty, they quite cast from their minde.  
But now because these temptours here, and fiends of devilishe kinde,  
Fewe can obtaine with eyes to se, therfore but fe we beleue,  
That any such things doe remaine, nor credit will they geue:  
Nay rather, many do account it but an ydle fame,  
And as at dreames of folkes diseased, so laugh they at the same.  
But thou drine from thy minde away, this solishe heresy,  
And giue god credite to my wordes, of greatest certainty.  
And for because thou shalt perceine, I teach not trifles vaine,  
I will procure that thou shalt see, all things before thee plaine.  
But first it needfull is with prayers Dame Rainebowe for to trye,  
Who wonted was to beare the heastes of Iuno through the skye:  
That she with winde disperse y cloudes, and make the skyes looke faire,  
Least that thy sight be hindred, by dimnesse of the ayre.

Then humbly in this wise I prайд: Thaumantis offspring hie,  
Of sundry colour to behoulde a beauty to the skye,

That stretchest forth in misty cloudes, thy great and mighty boire,  
And Phoebus shining bright his beames in thee doest beare and shewe,  
And clouds vp suckt unto the cloudes, dost bring and carry farre,  
O Rainebowe wondrous light to men, and Iunoes Messinger:  
And truly got of Thaumas olde, the daughter passing faire,  
Graunt I thee pray, all darknesse flede, a cleare and Cristall ayre.  
Shut vp in caues of Eolus, the Southwindes, cause of raine,  
And sende abroade the Northerne blastes, to make fayne daies againe.

Immediatly vpon these wordes, from out the Northerne side

Did Boreas blowe, & with his blast clearde all both rounde & wide.

Then sprinkling in mine eyes a iuyce my guide, beshould quot hhee,  
Now shall the secrets of the worlde, reuelled be to thee.

Now open wide your springs, & plaine your caues abrode displaye,  
 You Sisters of Parnassus hill, beset about with baye,  
 And unto me (for neede it is) a hundred tonges in verse  
 Hende out, that I these Aicerie Kings, and people may rchearse,  
 Deceiuers great of men, and guides of vice, which all that liue  
 Did stil molest: and by their craft mans soule to hell do giue.  
 Here first where as in chariot red Aurora fayre doth rysse,  
 And bright from out the Ocean seas, appears to mortal eyes.  
 And chaseth hence the hellish night, with blushing beauty fayre,  
 A mighty King I might discerne, plastre hie in losty chaire,  
 His haire with fierie garland deckt, pust vp in fiendishe wise,  
 With brawes fall broade, & threatening loke, and fierie flaming eyes.  
 Two monstrous hornes & large he had, and nostrils wide in sight,  
 Al black himself, for bodies black to every cuell spright  
 And vggly shaye, hath nature dealt, yet white his teeth did shewe,  
 And white his grenning tuskcs stode out, large wings on him did growe  
 Framde like the wings of Flindermice, his faze of largest sise,  
 In fashion as the wilde Duck beares, or Goose that creaking cries,  
 His taile such one as Lions haue. All naked late he there  
 But bodies couered round about with lothsome shagged haire,  
 A number great about him stode, a wondrous sorte of men.  
 A greater company I think than Xerxes trained, when  
 By force of armes (unhappy man) the Greekes he did inuade:  
 And scarce in safety could returne with al the flicht they made.  
 Eche one of them in hand a Hooke did holde, and Bellowes beare,  
 With Bellowes for to fill their heades, with winde, whom Fortune here  
 Had eyther lent great store of Golde: or whome they saw full well,  
 In Learning, Beauty, state or Strength, their fellowes to excell.  
 With Hooke such as with wanton winde were pust sufficienly,  
 Amyd the smoky lakes to cast, with Snakes and Toades to lye.  
 And other monsters there that dwelt. This grim and grisley King,  
 Typhurgus had to name: as saide my guide that tolde eche thing.

Then where y Sune doth downward fal, amid y westerne streames:  
 From whence among y Spaniards low he throwes his latest beames  
 I cast mine eyes, and like the first, another King in sight  
 I had, that late in seate aloft, his name Aplestus hight:  
 A number great of sprites he rulde, such as amid the west  
 Are bred, and such as in those partes do dwell and haue their rest.

He mean-  
eth the Mu-  
ses which  
continue  
their abide  
ing about  
Parnassus.

Hellish be-  
cause it is  
darke.

The kingo  
of pride de-  
scribed.

Xerxes  
King of  
Persia, who  
in his expe-  
ditions vled  
verie popu-  
lus armies.

The vse of  
the paire of  
Bellowes.

The vse of  
the catch-  
ing Hooks

Typhur-  
gus, the  
name of  
the King of  
Pride.

Eche one of them a Serpent holdes, a flesh hooke also hath.

Then spake Timalpes in this sorte: seest thou quoth he, to wrath  
 How every man their Serpents moue: and pinching oft doth touch,  
 That sharper may they set their teeth, and poysone more by much  
 Distil in hearts of earthly men: for they on whome doth hitte,  
 The force of those such poisoned teeth, do sortith with lose their witte:  
 And heauenly things do cleane despise: and with such thirst they bryght  
 That liquor none can them suffise, with drinke in vaine they toyle.  
 And while thus Euermore in vaine they drinke, and still are drie,  
 Unmindefull of their death, their lot, themselves, and heauens hye:  
 Then straight at hande these diuels come with hookes as here you see,  
 And catcheth them, and strikes the throttes, that yet full thirstie bee,  
 To sing in clouds of thorney lake: where as with wondrous paines,  
 They punisht are with monsters bile, that secret there remaines:  
 But specially with bloudsuckers, that thicke about them lies:  
 And byting still, both day and night, them plagues in pitious wise.  
 At length they yelde againe the blond, that whilſt they here did live  
 They suckt from men, nor ease of smart no space of yeares can give,  
 This King both makes and plagues such men as couetous he made.

This sayde, I turnde mine eyes to starres that glide in coldest glad,

Wheras our Pole doth plaine beholde, and view the double beare,

And where Bootes drives his waine, in euer rowling spheare.  
 And there an other king I see, and thousand sprites yll, (fill.  
 That dwel about these Northern parts, whose hands great hooks doe  
 Then sayde my guide: this King that reignes, in parts of Boreas colde,  
 Of Lecherie, and Glotonie, doth Crowne and Scepter holde.  
 Philocreus eke to name he hath, in fraude full lyke the rest:

O Lord with how great harmes doth he, p̄ce mortall men molest.  
 For on these hookes that here thou seeſt, the baytes that fast full well  
 He tyeth fast where poysone lurkes, of filthy flouds of hell.  
 And with these baytes he doth commaund, the doltish fooles to take,  
 And catcht in puddles to be cast, of muddy misery lake.  
 Who straight transformed into shape, of vggly beastes, appeares  
 Both Swine and Asses, Bulles & Fore, & wolves, & lothsome Beares:  
 And other Monsters boyde of mounds. For this doth yet suffice,  
 With Harnets, Wasps & Betles blind, that round about the flies,  
 Continually they bered are, and cast out roaring cries.  
 Lo thus Philocreus men are plagued, in pitious painefull wise

Meaning  
that cou-  
etuouſneſſe  
is hydropi-  
call, the  
more it  
hath, the  
more it  
doth craue,

Meaning in  
the North-  
partes.

Philocreus  
the King of  
incontinen-  
cie.

That

That couet onely carnall ioyes, and vertue here despise :

Thus saith my guide. But I mine eyes about the Southern Pole  
 Doe cast, from whence þ cloudes are causde in every place to role.  
 With stedfast sight I note, what sorte of sprites I there can see,  
 And flockes of fiendes w wings full black, that swiftly flying bee.  
 Amongst them all A mightie King, there stode with Crowne of pride  
 With lowring browes, and Dogged looke, & in his Mouth full wide  
 A monstrous tongue he hissing shooke, and like the lothsome Snake,  
 He castes abroade from out his throte, a filthy poysen black.

Such as the Adder while he burnes, with loue of Lamprey longe,  
 Much fearing soz to harme his ioy, with deadly venome strong

Castes vp among the ragged rocks, and hides it secretly,  
 And springing straight with lusty leape, into the seas doth flye  
 And calling oft with hissing sounde, doth seeke his louers deare,  
 Who runs to meeke her mate in hast, whose voice she well doth heare  
 And both with much imþacing ioyne: But when their pleasant play  
 Is fully past, and finished, the Snake, with ioy awaie  
 Doth swim to land, and on the rock whereas his poysen lay,  
 He searcheth soz his owne defence: which if he finde awaie,  
 Or spilt, or troden vnder fote, such grise he then sustaines,  
 That mourning, weary of his life, he dasheth oft his braines  
 Against the sharpe and ragged stones, till that his breth at last,  
 With all his wretched paines and greeves, by death be ouer past.  
 Such was this King, and such did seeme his subiectes soz to bee:

Oft times the Prince a paterne is vnto the commontie.  
 With Falchon great in right hand helde eche one of them he goeth,  
 All black, both face, and teeth and lippes all full of filthy froth.  
 This King was Lorde of enuie great, Timalphes tolde me there,  
 And that Miaslor was his name, by whose awarde seuerre,  
 His seruants sylle the hartes of men, with froth of cankred spite.  
 Then runs the plague through every veine, & every where doth lighke,  
 But most of all doth ver the eyes, that they ne suffer may,  
 To see their fellowes liue in wealth, but thereat pine awaie.  
 At last they thrust them through with darts, and soules full sick expelt,  
 Theron with triple throte doth chaw, the fiendish hound of hell:  
 And chawed, to poysen strong doth turne, and of their bodies spring  
 Fowle Scorpions, which Although they sawne with taile do deadly  
 But now behold þ middle parts, þ in the ayze doth lye,

Meaning  
the South  
where the  
cloudes  
clutter.

Miaslor the  
king of en  
uie artifici  
ally descri  
bed

A proper  
comparison  
aptly agree  
ing to the  
enuious  
man, whose  
nature is  
adderlyke,  
and maners  
viperous.

Qualis rex,  
talis grec,  
Lyke king  
like people

Meaning  
such as be  
spightful to  
the death,  
and yet dis  
semble bea  
ring two fa  
ces vnder  
one hood.

(sting.

And

And there Sarcotheus see, aboue the rest a King most hie,  
 And of them all most mischiefous. The other Kinges that bee,  
 Doe feare and also worship him, the power and rule hath bee  
 Of all the devils in the world, from whom the misches all  
 Doe flow as from a poynt : and as the Beames from Phoebus fall.  
 I then beheld this vggly fiend, plast vnder cloth of state,  
 That in his hand the Scepter held, of mischiefe pride and hate.  
 From him doth spring full bloudy combes, and seauen hornes in hight,  
 The number like of lofty towers in shew resembling right.  
 His eares his nostrilles and his eies all fyery filthy glowe,  
 And from his dampish throte he doth the smoky flames out throwe,  
 Alas, how farre the number great of his companions spred,  
 What armes armed all with darts, and gunnes, this fiend doth leade:  
 As if he would the heauens burst, and saintcs from thence expell.

Lucifer

Somtimes a  
glorious  
Aungell in  
heauen; but  
now a hor-  
rible fiende  
in Hell.

Then quoth my guide : this diuell once in beautie did excell,  
 And most with God in fauour stode : but minde disposed yll,  
 And pride to prosperous state alied, this miser quite did spyll.  
 For like to God he needes would be, and honours equall haue,  
 And thus from thence was banished the pronde presumptuous slauie.  
 Whom Michael as he was assigned, in grisley cloude hath tide,  
 And there appointed him his place : where he shoulde still abide.  
 But often, of his olde estate, and ioyes of passed time,  
 Remembryng well in vaine he striues, and thinks the skies to clime.  
 Hereof doth come the thunder crackes, and fearefull flames of light,  
 And gasty lights of fire doe flash, from cloudes as dark as night :  
 The beastes for feare amased stand, and hartes of men doe quake.  
 But vert in vaine, and to no end his traueyles doth he take,  
 Nor nerer can he come to skies. And he that guide of light  
 Was once, and called Lucifer, loues now to walke by night,  
 And darknesse best of all esteemes, and leades with him his sprights,  
 Theraging And bugges and goblins grimme of hell and such deformed sights:  
 of the De- Somtimes by day when as he ioynes a troupe of armed knaues,  
 uill by his And strawes with bloudy corses fieldes, or drowneth shippes in wavies,  
 instrumēts. Or when such mischiefe great he works : Then comes he sooth by light  
 But close, and sendes abroade his men in secret priuiz plight,  
 Which moues the harts of wicked men, and them with furie fils,  
 And secretly with silent voice, persuades their mindes to yls.  
 But then quoth I : I thee beseeche my guide let vs now leaue

These

These monstrous Diuels to beholde, and state of man perceauie:  
 For from this mount we easely may both land and seas discry,  
 For profit small I thee assure in this prospect doth lye.  
 Then gased we both vpon the earth: and first I wondred mosse,  
 To see such diuers colours strange in men of sundry coaste.  
 For those that neerest leade their life vnto the middle line,  
 Are black, with blaberlips, and haire both curlde and crisped fine,  
 And naked cleane, or couered else with skinne of Kiddes full ill.  
 But such as dwel about the North, where Colde is quaking still,  
 In whitenesse seeme to passe the snow, and scarce they can expell  
 With garments long & many clothes the colde that there doth dwell.  
 Betwene these people all that be, with black and white are dyed,  
 But more and lesse as farre and neere they from the Sunne abide.

While thus I fondly wondred at the things that there I see,

Why doest y(quoteth my guide) regarde the things that vaineſt bē?  
 Why bicwest thou thus the colours vaine in fleshe of mortall man?  
 Farre better shall it be for thee their manners well to ſcan,  
 And diuers fashions of their minde, and works of them to ſee,  
 Wherby thou ſhalt behoulde the life of man, I ſhewing thee,  
 And what conuision is therin. First, faire thou here a hand,  
 Whose thombe directly upwarde riſe and fingers open ſtande:

And on the thombe place thou the men of Best diſpoſed minde,  
 That worldy things doe here diſpife, and things of heauenly kinde  
 Doe onely ſeke, and moſt eſtēme dame Wisedomes ſacred grace,  
 Delighting nature to behoulde, and hye Ceſtall place,  
 Unharmefull, gentle, louing beſt the vertuous thing and right,  
 Whom neither riches can corrupt, nor fleshly fond delight,  
 Nor glasse of pompos ſtate allure: men of a heauenly kinde,  
 And Gods incarnate here one earth, but rare and scant to finde.  
 For all ſuch things that perfect are, are ſcarce and ſelde to ſee,  
 O that the mighty Lord would cauſe thee ſuch a one to bē.

Next ſtandes to this the forefinger, whereto thou ſhalt affigne:  
 Discretest men, the ſeconde ſorte, and god we them define,  
 Yet lenē they ſome thing to the worlde, as fit to beare the ſway  
 In cities and in common wealthes, and banners to diſplay,  
 And faith and iuſtice eke they loue, and vertuous ſeke to bē:  
 Yet from the pleaſures of the worlde they are not fully free,  
 To whom if God at any time the rule and empire gine,

Heauenly  
minde.

Præclaræ ra-  
ta things no  
table ſcarce  
parable.

Wise and  
polinke.

Then comes the Golden times againe, and Vertue here to liue,  
And Justice to the earth returnes, and Peace doth beare the sway,  
And vice with punishment seuer is forced for to stay.

The midle finger followes then, of estimation small,  
Whercon thou must appoint a place vnto those minions al,  
Whose mindes are ready to conceyue, and wittes for to inuent,  
Whose toungs doe flowe with eloquence, to utter their intent:  
But wicked, and vnjust they are and full of villanies,  
And bending always to the earth, doe not beholde the skyes,  
A subtle sorte, that Foxes heartes within their guilefull brest  
Doe alwayes beare, and simple soules with fraude doe still molest.  
And when as molte they vertue hate, yet list they for to saeme,  
Bothe god and godly men, and such, as vertue most esteeme,  
And other wise than they do meane their tounge doth talke alwayes:  
And all they doe is done for gaine, or els for hope of praise,  
Nor life but this that none esteeme nor looke for to enjoy.  
And these are they that euermore do wise men molte annoy:  
And armde with fraude, on fauour staide (whiche either they obtaine,  
With slauishe seruice done to them, or els with giftes doe gaine)  
The Godly purposes they let, and truthe with craft they hide:  
And if their cunning there do saile then force in time is tride,  
Then vse they swordes, or flames of fyre, or strength of poyson trie:  
And if they cannot closely hurt, then worke they openly.  
With these such ioly seruitours in every time, and place,  
The Deuill doth his Kingdome kepe, and eke his owne god grace.  
This stasse he chiefly leaneth on, with this great helpe and stay,  
He conquest makes vpon the earth, and brings them to obey.  
More craftie knaves than wisemen liue, and stronger aye they be,  
That win the Palme and triumph still, with spoile of honestie.  
Which when they scepter holde in hand, or rule in Cities beare,  
Then commes the yron world againe, and Mars approcheth neare,  
Then fury conquers lawes and right, then lawfull is it found  
For vice to liue unpunished, then vertue lies a ground.  
No men more mischievous then these among the mortall state  
Do liue, nor none there are that more the Gods aboue doe hate.

Now next in place the fooles do sit, who presently must stand  
Upon the finger fourth in place, of this thy fained hand.  
Of fooles the greatest number is: who doth not plainly know?  
Dame nature joyes in making fooles, as she doth oft to sowe

Machinations  
or world-  
lings.

The retai-  
ners to the  
devils court  
Who they  
be & what.

Foole.

Both

Both Nettles, Docks, & filthy weedes. Dul wit and doulthi shaine  
These idiotes haue, they seeke not for the ioyes of soule to gaine:  
And only of their life, and panche, like beastes their God they make.  
These doulthi fooles by thousand wyles the craftie sorte do take,  
And many false and wicked things to doe, they them persuade,  
And with their language as they list, do traine them to their trade.  
For fooles do quickly credit giue, as children also will,  
But sonest to vice: opinions worst in them appeareth still,  
To whom is also worser minde: hereof it doth arise  
That fooles beleue these craftie knaves before the Godly wyse:  
For counsel naught these foores giue, and teache from truth to slide,  
And vnderneath a painted cote, their filthy vice they hide.  
But thoughe by many meanes they doe these foresaide doultes beguile,  
Of superstition yet there is a plaine and easie wyle,  
Well knownen to all the worlds of olde: the whiche this subtile kinde  
Doth chiefly vse. For to the Church of God themselues they binde,  
And holy rites they minister. Then cause they soze to feare  
The blockish harts of Idiotes, and them they threaten there,  
Crept with giftes they please the Saints: except they doe appease  
With golde the wrath of God for sinne, and purchase their release:  
Which straight these Prelates chass receiuie, wherwith they sat & fede  
Their Harlots and their Courtisans, and mules to serue at nede.  
For who doth not the life of Priestes bothe note and well beholde?  
And how they doe pore fooles deceave: yet scape they vncontrolde:  
Suche is the suffrance now of Kings, that only do apply  
Their mindes to paskinie, belly cheare, and filthy lechery.  
These things the Gods do ape permit, that little seeme to wey  
What hands do deale their sacraments, what harts do them obey,  
What honours here on earth they haue or else what blasphemie.  
But now to fooles I come againe, whom when in seate on his  
Hath Fortune plast for her delight, O Lord what number great  
Of follies shalt thou then beholde: to long it were to treate.  
Then Vertue made A iesling stocke, and plast aloft is vice,  
Then daunces sond, and banquetinges and plaies are had in price:  
Then flock of Parasites and whores, in eucry place are scene:  
Then filthy sond delight alone doth guide the soile as Queene.  
For as the Prince is commonly so doe the subiects live,  
And to the like behaviours aye themselues they alwaies giue.

Misled -  
meanour in  
the minis-  
teris  
Whereof it  
commeth,  
namely of  
the Forbe-  
rance and  
sufferance  
rewaining  
in the high-  
er powers.

Regis ad  
exemplum  
totus com-  
ponitur  
Orbis.

Not onely pleasure vnto fooles of kinred we doe finde,

The vntea- But anger oftentimes doth match her selfe with foolish minde :

sonable per- For fooles are easie moued to wrath, and desperat enterprize,

turbations As oft as fury flames within and choler by doth rise :

whicher re- When wicked loue of weapon springs, and bloudy broiles thereby,

main in the That many corses giue to death full colde in graue to lye :

mindednes of A naughtie kinde of men are these and muche to be auoided.

fooles. Mad men The last the litle finger is, wherwith the eares are scratched,

Mad men And therefore cald the earefinger where mad men placed sit,

That lacke the vse of reason right, & that haue lost their wit :

Whose fury if it never ceasse, more fyt for them to dye

It were, and from so great disease by meanes of death to flye.

Of good men thus two only kindes there are, and never more :

The rest are alwayes naught and yll, auoide them well therefore,

O2 if thou canst not them auoide, beware yet at the least

Thou mouest them not: the common sorte, a fierce and cruell beast,

Do alwayes rage, and hurtful be. When thus Timalph had taught,

May not (quoth I) these fooles and wolues, to god estate be brought:

May vice by no meanes be expeld : or if there be a way,

Disclose to me. Then on this sorte, Timalphes gan to say.

As nature in mans body doth diseases diuers brede,

So many sicknesses to the minde, from her do like procede :

And trauaile like to bothe hath dealt, loe, hewe she man doth loue:

Pet many succours hathe she set for mortall mannes behoue,

Whiche if she had not done, to soze and cruell had she beeene:

Therefore the same that helpt hath harm'd, and as to harme she is scene,

So had she skill to heale againe: that iustly you may doute,

A naturall Mother hit to call, or els a Stepdame stout.

But nowe let vs the bodies grieses, and medcines for the same

Passe ouer quite, in many bookees declarde of auncient fame :

And of the minde as muche as nā de shall presently require,

Let vs here speake to teache more plaine the thing thou didst desire.

An apt simi- And first, as nature so disposing it the rude and Countrie fielde,

litide or re- Vile nettles, weedes and brembles sharpe continually doth yelde,

semblance betweene a Creepit oftentimes be tild, and eke with labour soze,

weedy plot The hurtfull weedes with Plough and rakes be causd to grow no more;

of land, and Nor this enoughe, it needfull is god seedes therein to cast,

the minde And dayly soz to husband it till daunger all be past.

Even so the minde whilſt it is bounde within the body here,  
Is ouergrown with Wixers Sharp, and wilde it doth appeare:  
Except it ayded be with helpe of one that tilleth well,  
And aptly vertues therin plantes, and vices doth expell.

But what is husbandry of minde: perhaps thou ſekeſt to know:

Tis Wisedome: wisdome þ I meane, that maners god doth ſhow,  
That makes men vertuous foꝝ to be, and plaine doth teach the way  
To mortal men, of living right, and leauing foꝝ to straye.

Persuading them to leade their liues in perfect Godly ſtate,  
And righteousneſſe to exercise, and ſinnes to ſhunne and hate.

This only is the wiſdome true, and not that other kinde,  
Wherto Philiftians and vaine clerkes do ſtill apply their minde:  
Attempting cauſes hidde of things to bring abrode to light,  
And foꝝ to ſearche the ſecret celles of Nature, day and night:

Materiam primam, and Vacuum, and thouſand monſters more,  
With bluſtring countnance belching out, that they might ſeme therfore  
Well leard & wiſe, and ſtuffed full their purse with coyne may ſtraine.

O godly wiſdome, whiche learned youth doe eyther gape foꝝ gaine,  
Or ſwell with vaine ambition: but none amongſt them thoe,  
Moꝝ vertuous doth from thence one iot or better maner goe.

No teacher of the minde is this, noꝝ Wiſdome hir we call:  
But rather Knowledge hath to name, if that ſhe doe not fall,  
From doubtfull pathes of men deceiude. Who this hath learned than  
No witt but knowledge gaines by it: and of a Cunning man.

Perchance he beares the name, but not of Wiſe and Prudent wight.  
These two doe differ farre in ſtate, and workes in diuers plignt,

Fro Wiſdome ſprings þ fruit of life, fro Knowledge þ floure doth riſe,  
The one doth profit, ayde, and helpe, the other beutifies:

The one reſpectes the inwarde things, the other outwarde ſhine,  
The one makes vertuous men, & good, the other learned, and fine.

Thus wiſdome onely decks the minde, which maners God doth ſhow,  
As I haue ſaide: deſtroyeth vice, and vertue there doth ſowe,

And waters it with heauenly ſhowerſ. O light of mankinde here,  
O perfect way of ſauing helth, defence, and comfort clere,

Both entry, doore, and guide of life, O peace, and ſalve of minde,  
O bleſſed worthy sanctuary, O wiſdome ſweeteſt kinde,

That Nectar doest exell in taste: to whom art thou now dere?

Who followes thee: what place haſt thou on earth, what honours there?

Wiſdome  
the Hulban  
drie of the  
minde.

What is  
not true  
wiſdome.

The diſſe-  
rence be-  
twene wiſ-  
dome and  
knowledge  
declared by  
manifest &  
evident  
circumstan-  
ces,

Widome  
disposessed  
of her aunc-  
tient habi-  
tations.

Fuell edu-  
cation the  
cause of cor-  
rupt beha-  
viour.

Timalphes  
speaketh to  
Palageni-  
us and in-  
structeth  
him in di-  
uinite:

In Temples wast thou wont to reigne, in schooles, and porches low,  
In Courselles, and in courtes of kings, now no man doth thee know :  
But Poets dycames and trisles fonde, for thee in place doe raigne,

What learnes the scholer now in schooles, what knowledge doth hee  
But fansies vaine, or baudy tales: be holde in seat full hie (gaine)

The Master sittes with booke before that open wide doth lie,  
And spitting oft he well doth view, his great assembled crowde,  
And when he sees them bent to heare, with lofty voice and loude,  
He then expoundes some dreadfull ghost of dolcfull tragedie,

Or else some harlots tricks declares, in wanton comedie,  
Or doting loues of auncient time, or els to light doth bring  
Some monstrosous, or some cruell fact, or lamentable thing.

O braine deseruing to be purged, doest thou these waies instruck  
The tender mindes and ignoraunt bring vp with such a fruict ?  
Is this the salt wherof the age so yong is made to say ?

Is not a shame with trifles such to passe the time away ?

By this so many naughty knaues, and villaines doe appeare :  
By this the groue of vices thick, vpspringing every where :

When as no vertuous bringing vp, of childzen can be founde.

O you that youth do not correct, but rather them confound,  
Learne first your selues to live byright, and then to others shewe,  
A vertuous trade, least lyke to beastes you live, and nothing knowe.

But thou Stellatus harken well, to thoe I wyll expresse

Which way thou shalt apply thy minde to perfect vertuousnesse.

Fyft, oft in minde remember well, one God alone to bee,  
Eternall, best, omnipotent, and of most hie degree.

Who heauen, and the golden starres that shine throughout the sky,

The rest of things that may be seene, or not be seene with eye

Of nothing with his beck alone before all times hath made,

And framde the kepes, and gouernes here, with euerlastynge trade.

Hym worship, honour, feare and praise, and often to him pray.

With nights, & daies when sunne doth rise and sunne doth fall awaie,

And when from both in equall space his Glebe doth distant glow;

For vertue chiese and widome chiese, it is the thing to know

Of saints aboue, and father of men to loue with hart entire,

To praise him alwaies and to dread, and humbly him desire.

Without the same al vertues els, think nothing worth to bee,

For almost this, and nothing else sufficient is for thoe.

Therefore

Therefore haue alwayes God in heart, and often in thy minde,  
And Call to him, nothing than this more vertuous canst thou finde:  
This is to all the vertues els, the open doze and platne,  
For without grace, and aide of God, no man can them obtaine,  
Nor able be to fye from vice, and wicked life refraine.

¶  
An admonition to divine inuocation.

Besides the saints aboue that dwell, and hostes of messengers,  
And seruants of the chiefest Lord, and holy ministers,  
Fulfilling the commaundment of his maiestie divine,  
That alwaies stande before his face in skyes full cleare that shine:  
With holy minde remember oft in humble sorte to pray,  
That they may help thee in thy neede, and daungers drue away,  
And thē unto the Lorde commend: soz truly angels can,  
And often vse to profite much the earnest praying man.

This divine would be read, but not folowed: for it is derogatorie to gods glory and maiestie.

Nor, be not thou (beware therof) amongst such sorte, a mate,  
That think that Nature never made a thing of higher state  
Than man: mad men, that when they see so plaine before their eye,  
Both seas and land of creatures full, doe thinke that in the skye,  
And in the Starres no dwellers be, and iudge the ample space  
Of blessed heauen soz to be a voyde and desert place.  
O crabde, and croktes vntoward soules, O munds in darkenes dround.  
Mans sense cannot all things perceiue, soz many thinges are found  
That oftentimes deceiue the eyes, which yet the minde doth see:  
Therefore what reason moues in minde must rather followed bee,  
Which teacheth that there is a God, and dwellers in the skye:  
Wherfore the Starres are either Gods, or Temples where they lye.  
These ground works layd, w al thy heart, embrace theu righteousness,  
And let no iniurie of thine, be any mans distresse,  
By wordes or daedes no man can hurt, nor deale thou so with men,  
As thou wouldest not be delt withall, but alwaies doe to them  
As thou wouldest they shoulde do to thee: thus nature doth decree,  
Which if thou straightly doest not keepe giue credit unto me:  
Thou never canst be fauoured, of that maiestie divine,  
Nor after death unhappy man thou shalt the heauens clime.

Non esse vacuum in rerum Naturā.

In others honor, fame, or state, harme not in any case.  
When vile desire doth moue, or wrath or enuie comes in place:  
But rather help such as thou knowest, to be of vertuous minde,  
With all thy force, and pleasure doe to men of wicked kinde  
Somtimes, that so they hurt thee not, or seldomest thee harme:

¶ And

And let not Bribes, nor Loue, nor Hate, thy mind from iustice charme,  
 For these are three especiall things that dazell sore the sight  
 Of minde, and driue men euermore from doing well and right:  
 But still haue God in memorie, and death to come in minde,  
 Then flic the inticements of the flesh, and byts of sharpest kinde  
 On pleasure put: For nothing doth to man more mischiefe bring  
 Than yll delight, to vertue sure, a most contrary thing:  
 For Vertue laboures euermore the heauens hie to clime,  
 But Pleasure enemie to the skies doth downeward still decline,  
 And groueling gasheth on the earth, as beastes doe commonly,  
 Destroying strength of body still, and force of minde: wherby  
 It breedes a dull and slouthfull sense, and sharp diseases makes.  
 This is that Circes, that Syren and hooke of Stygian lakes,  
 With this same snare a number great of soules, the Dineill takes,  
 And suffers them not after death their countrie skies to see,  
 But wily wrappeth them in mists of Hell his mates to bee.  
 These bayts therfore, this poyson sweete of filthy fiendish foe,  
 With al thy might auoyd them well, and warely from them goe:  
 Least that when greater yeares do come, in vaine thou doest repent  
 Thy selfe, thy substance, fame, and wit, so lost and fondly spent.  
 Then shalt thou say as many doe: O godly times in minde,  
 How viley haue I you abused: where now should I you finde?  
 Unhappy man, if God would graunt againe my former time,  
 And once againe the Samian branche. Y. I might assay to clime.  
 That part therof then would I take that one the right hands lies,  
 Though that the way be streight and hard to top therof to rise.  
 No kinde of thing doth vertue passe, which alwaies doth remaine,  
 Which honor giues, and hie estate, and glorie great doth gaine,  
 Preserues the life, and doth augment the goods that here you haue,  
 And doth remaine, when death hath cast the fading corse in graue.  
 But me unhappy wretch, alas, did pleasure swete deceave,  
 And fled away, doth me in briers and many mischiefes leue.  
 For whilst that I in youthful yeares the stewes doe oft frequent,  
 And while to feeding, sleepe, and play, my doltish mind was bent,  
 Nought would I learne, and hating bookees, did study nitch despise,  
 And learning scorne: but now, alas, I see before myne eyes,  
 My selfe unlearnde, of yll report, in begerly aray,  
 My strength decayde, my minde appalde, my senses worne away:

{ }

All

Al this time haue I liued, as he that lyes a sleepe in dreames,  
Doth thinke him selfe awake to be deceived by such meanes.

Like wordes to these doth vtter oft the slouthful sluggish man,  
When age, the neighbour next to death, doth count to late as than  
His life led yll in youthful yeres, as leudly it began.

The greatest sor doe shut the doore when Steede is stollen away:  
And wise they are when as to late their wittes they doe assay,  
And soz Phisitians fast they seeke, when hope of health is gon.

Wretches whilst you here haue space, looke wel this time vpon:  
For fast away the houre flies, and fled can not retourne,  
No teares can help the corse in graue, nor sobbes for him to mourne:  
That medicine only is of force which is in time applide,  
Therefore must vertue be embrast when youth is first in pride:  
And then it needfull is to tred the perfect path of lyfe,  
And vertuous workes to take in hand, then reason must be ryse,  
And minde with counsel must be rulde while yet but young it is:  
Least that with sonde delight deceiude, it headlong runne amisse.  
Who so is wise let him in time with wisdome wel prouide,  
For afterwittes are cuermore to folly next allide:  
And out of time it bringeth griefe, bewailing all in bayne,  
A hurt or losse that neuer can be brought or got againe.

Beside, the wicked thirst of wealth, and vile desire of golde  
Must thou eschew: for where a place this couetousnesse doth holde,  
There reigne almost eche other vice: as shamefull Periuries,  
Vngodlines, theft, and deceipt, with open Robberies,  
Guiles, Treasons, and Conspiracies, with frayes and Murders vile.  
What needs it soz to shew them all? nothing beside more vile,  
Nor worse than is the couetous man, that dwynd in earth below,  
Doth like the Mole no kind of thing desire, loue, or knowe  
Haue only riches of the earth, for which he doth not feare  
Eche yll to worke, nor other God he doth acknowledge here,  
But purse and pence his chiese delight: nor sees the vnhappy beast,  
How short the life of man is here, how fraile, how sone deceast,  
And how that from his bending bowe, Death cuermore doth cast  
His deadly shaftes, that pearceth heartes of mortall men so fast,  
And neither spares the young nor leard, nor yet the wealthy wight:  
But every man without respect with bloudy blowe doth smite,  
And often times tis nerest then, when furthest of he shawes,

Take time  
while time  
is: and catch  
occasion by  
the hairy  
scalp.

Couerous-  
nesse the  
fountaine  
of all villa-  
nic & Mo-  
ther of all  
damnable  
enormities.

The sodain  
assaults of  
death made  
upon al es-  
tates with-  
out excep-  
tion.

And soudaine tumults then doth cause, when no man of him knowes,  
 But thou regarde not riches here, nor goodes that subiect be  
 To blinded Chaunce, nor let no care of such things trouble thee:  
 For proper unto no man are the things, which as the lykes  
 Doth fortune giue, and takes away when she unconstant strykes:  
 Or passing doth with life away to divers men descend.

**what riches** Nay, other Riches shalt thou seke that ueuer shall haue end,  
 wee oughe On which no chaunce nor kinde of death, shall euer powre obtaine:  
 to seeke for These riches labour thou to get, both dayes and nightes with paine,  
 For that thou shalt be truely rich, and truely blest by that.

The others that the common sorte like foolcs do wounder at,  
 And wish to haue, if thou enioyest, as Money, House and land,  
 Them vse and occupy at will, who doth against it stand?  
 But iustly yet, and modestly, and when thou maist or can,  
 Haue Pity on the Pouerty, despise no nedye man.

**Pouertie & aues pitie.** By this meanes shalt y win thee praise & health which shall remaine,  
 And for this earthly baggage here the Skies aboue shalt gaine,  
 No man is he, but sure a wolfe, that doth not mercy shewe,  
 That is not moued to see the state, of others ouerthowe.

**Patience in worldly woes a heauenly vertue.** But if of poure estate thou arte, then beare it paciently,  
 And in god part sustayne the lotte, of this thy poverty:  
 For greater ouerthowes hath he, and greater gricke and care,  
 Whome Fortune most enriched hath, and given the greater share:  
 And so much ouerlaid he is, with waight of substancialce greate,  
 That by no meanes he can beholde the hie celestial seate.  
 For light, and boyde of earthly dregges it him behoues to bee  
 That wil the place of heauens high, with minde ascende and see.  
 For more a man seekes earthly state, more falles he from the Sky,  
 And from the everlasting light he farther of doth flye:  
 And eke in place where as a man, his treasure vp doth hide,  
 There lies his heart, and there his mind doth euermore abyde.  
 Thus Pouertie helpes many men vnburdning them therby,  
 That so with swifter wings they may unto the heauens flye.

**Pride must be eschewed** In like sort Pride thou must auoyde, the spring of stryfe, and hate,  
 That with dissencion many times, destroyes a common state.  
 With this disease in auncient time, was Rome nere ouerthowne,  
 Opprest with rage of fury fierce, that civil warres had blowne.

Flye thou this fiend of Hel, if thou desir est for to be  
 A friend of Gods, and after death the heauens clere to see.  
 No proude man loues the Gods aboue, noz is beloued of them:  
 For God esteemes the humble sort and lowly minded men.  
 And well he likes the gentle mindes wherc no ambition lyces,  
 Thrustes downe the proude, & suffers not to dwell with him in skies.  
 Wherfore you proude disdainful swarme what doth your pride you gain?  
 What helps your great renoumed names & Princely titles vaine?  
 Which death in shorkest time doth spoyle, & in the streme hath drounde  
 Of Lethe's clouds, where sinking lowe they never can be found.  
 You seeke to please the common sort, and of them praisde to be,  
 Tell, what discretion hath that state, the trueth of things to see.  
 They count you here as Gods to be, and what doth followe them?  
 When Asses here in daede you are with outward signe of men.  
 Th' brasillall sorte you doe deceiue, but not the Gods aboue:  
 But rather them to laughter oft, and oft to wrath you moue.  
 For all your pretty prankes they marke, and priuie daedes they see,  
 But you O blinded Asses thinke no Gods at all to bee,  
 Nor yet belieue the Corse in graue, the soule shall rise to dome,  
 And therefore seeke these present ioyes, and scorne the life to come.  
 A number great of Beastes aliuine in shape of men doe stray,  
 Hence springeth vp your errour great and cause of your decay,  
 That with your grosse capacitie, none other thing you see,  
 But bodies grosse, nor true things knowe, but such as shadowes bee.  
 The greatest sort delight in smoke, and full with smoke they flowe,  
 O foole what lighter thing than smoke, what thing doth vainer shewe?  
 Or what may more be laughed at than honour to pursue  
 All vndeserued: and to despise the cause of honour true.  
 We see yll men, unlearnde and fonde, in place aloft to staie,  
 And guide such as doe them excell, whom they shold rather obey.  
 For spitefull fortune still doth spoile, in mortall mans estate,  
 And out of order all confoundes, as she doth like, or hate:  
 Oftimes exalting to the starres the slouthful seruile kinde,  
 And such whom gyues and shackells shold in Gaile-like vilaines bind,  
 But if she were of iudgmetn sounde, the world she wold commit  
 In government (as it behoues) to men indued with wit.  
 Then althinges shold go well (no doubt) & lawes shold florish then,  
 Then holy things shold fall in charge of just and holy men,

God resistes  
the proude  
and giues  
grace to the  
humble.

The clouds  
of forgetful  
nes: Mea-  
ning that  
death de-  
stroyeth the  
memorie of  
their Nobo-  
nest.

Meaning  
vanitie and  
transitorie  
delights.

The foole  
sometimes  
holdes the  
stern whilst  
the wife ma-  
sits at the  
pumpe

And God would then contented be to shewe himselfe in sight,  
 But harenbaine Fortune alwaies doth in counterfaites delight:  
 Yet this thalmighty Lorde permittes. Who could it well correct,  
 And why should not we suffer it? For vnto what effect  
 Is it, the truth with reason strong to maintaine, and defend,  
 Preuyling not, but get thereby displeasure in the end?  
 For wisedome is contemnd, & harmd, with which no force doth raine,  
 Whom no authoritie supportes, nor honour doth maintaine.  
 Therefore tis better not to speake: despise thou in thy minde  
 The folishe common peoples praise, and giftes of Fortune blinde,  
 Apply thy selfe to Please the Lorde, with deedes of vertuous kinde,  
 And after death true honor thou, and true renoume shalt finde;  
 That for the iust and Godly men, prepared is in skyes,  
 Whereas the milde and lowly heartes, doe ioy in ioyfull wise:  
 But proude men wofully do wayle, in smothing fiery smokes.

Wrath  
must be re-  
strained  
with reason  
least run-  
ning at  
randon it  
procure  
many mis-  
chiefs.

Now last of all restraine thy wrath, for anger Rage prouokes,  
 And Rage doth cause Vnseely words, of naughty Words doth spring  
 Both bralles & frayes, of frayes cōes wōuds, & wōuds do slaughter bring.  
 Anger doth so confound the minde, that dronke when bloud doth fry  
 It knowes not what to doe, and voide of iudgement runnes awye:  
 Straight Griefe & shame ensues y deedes done vnauidisedly.  
 Shunne this, guide minde, & winne thy selfe with bearing manfully.

Patience a  
noble vertu  
the want  
wheroft ar-  
gueth a  
corrupt na-  
ture.

A godly vertue Patience is, which who so is without  
 Must needs of force lacke Honestie, with cruell minde and stout  
 Still vsyng for to bralle and fight. Frayes fittest are for beastes,  
 And quiet peace is farre more mate to dwell in mortall brestes.  
 The wise, & vertuous man, seekes peace all other things before,  
 And suffers things of smaller waight, for feare of mischiefe more,

A remedie  
for such as  
cannot fram  
themselues  
to forbe-  
rance.

And well takes heede, least that the cole, that yet but kindling lies,  
 With fiery force of flasching flame, alofte at lenghte arise.  
 Who naught canne beare, let him absent himselfe from company,  
 And leade his life alone in woodes, or else on mountaines hy.  
 And he that dwelles in company, let him learne much to beare,  
 And to restraine with bridle sharpe the wrath that him doth steare,  
 Dissembling closely with himselfe his anger that doth spring,  
 And never breake the bondes of peace, for every trifling thing:

Forgiue &  
ye shall be  
forguen.

Forgiuing still the faultes of those that him offended haue,  
 That he may so forgiuenesse get, as he to others gaue.

That

Peoples  
praise a  
vanitic.

Thus much of trayning of the minde I thought it god to touche,  
 Which doth suffice: to these I coulde haue added mo:re by much,  
 But he that doth obserue these fewe shall never want the rest,  
 But easilly all them obtaine, that are not here exprest:  
 They al contayned priuily, and cloede in these dos ly.  
 But yet it nedefull is the while the wisemens booke s t apply,  
 And causes for to searche of things, and to adorne the minde  
 With diuers artes. For boide thereof it is bothe dull, and blinde.  
 And thus, as hath bene saide before, those soules, and sores, well  
 May vertuous be, and frame themselves in seate of blysse to dwell.

The minds  
which is not  
furnished  
with know-  
ledge, is dul  
and blinde.

These things while as my guide declarde, in presence Mercury,  
 The posse of Gods & Atlas Sonne, sent downe from Loue stode by:  
 And willde Timalphes all in hast, the heauens to ascend,  
 For all the saintes (quoth he) are willde, on Loue for to attend,  
 And Momus there appointed hath of waighty assayres to treate.  
 If certayne Monks that placed are vpon the hauy seate,  
 That harde beside the city standes, where passing by the walles,  
 To Venice gowle the fishie streames of Ariminus falles,  
 Of living shall deprived be: Or else those parts for sake,  
 That countrey women vse to cut when they their Capons make:  
 Since that they are to coultishe wart, and beare their heade: to hy,  
 Despising men, and filthy factes commit licentiously:  
 Example taking of their Prior: Fye, fye, to great a shame.  
 And can the Church abyde to see such Poxklings as these same?  
 That only liue to serue their paunch, their lust, and sleepy sense:  
 Which heard, in hast Aretes sonne departing straight from thence,  
 Did me commit to Mercurie: who going downe to Hell,  
 The speciall message of his Lord vnto the fiende to tell:  
 He fast embrasing in his armes did through the cloudes conuay  
 To ground, what time as Clement Pope in campe with Cesar lay,  
 Within the walles of Bononic, and Florence City sayre,  
 With mighty force did long besiege. Thus cutting swift the ayre  
 With wings, at length came Mercurie, to rockes that ragged lye,  
 Of Saint Marinus hauy hilles, that seeme to touch the Skye;  
 From thence in small descent he set me in the fielde so gay  
 Verruculus, and then to Hell in hast he takes his way.

Monkes co-  
pared to  
swyne for  
their filthy-  
nes of life  
polu-  
ted behau-  
our, and vn-  
bridled le-  
cherie.

The tenth Booke  
Capricornus.

AL haille to thee god Mercurie, from Stygian lake so stome  
 Art thou returnde? declare what things in Plutos court are done:  
 Great brawles, and raging, mad bゾores, what is the cause and whr?  
 I will thee tell, although in hast I must to heauen flye.  
 So great a sorte of Turkes and Jewes, and Christians there remaine,  
 That place there in sufficeth not, the number to containe:  
 No empty roome there is, but all ful thwact as they may bee,  
 The Porches full, and full the hall, and full the Courtes I see,  
 The Temples, Houses and the Streates, the Wals, & Market reare  
 And all the Cittie, Fieldes, and Hilles, and wooddy Walleris lowe,  
 So full that crowding thick they thrust, and shoue with diuelish might:  
 With fist and haule, and fusk, and tooth, in cruell sorte they fight,  
 For of no weapon haue they skill, nor spirts can euer die:  
 Scarce could I passe the place vnto whereas the fiend doth lie,  
 But through the midst of swarming soules, with force I make my way  
 And with this rod to get me roome amongst them fast I lay:  
 At length the priuie chaumber, of the black and bggly spirit  
 I come vnto, whom there I finde in sad and dolfull plight.  
 And when to hym I had declarde my fathers full decree,  
 Commundaing him that Antichrist, should straight vnlosed bee  
 From out the pit, and sent abroade to every place and land:  
 That working wonders strange and false, and teaching that at hand  
 The dreadfull day of iudgement is, and end of all the rest,  
 May all things out of order bring, both Gods, and man and beast,  
 As fired state of destrie commaundeth to be had.  
 God Pluto then tell me (quoth I) Why sytste thou here so sad?  
 So sad quoth he: doest thou not think to great a wrong I bide,  
 When you possesse so great a space of heauen large and wide?  
 When as but few you are, and when scarce thre, when all is done,) (C  
 Or little more in greatest space and tract of time doe come?  
 And I to be inclosde within a kingdome here so small?  
 Where out of number mortall men continually doe fall?  
 The Jewes and all the Turkish bゾode, not all the Christian bend

The counse  
of the deuil  
because his  
kingdom is  
not so am-  
ple as hea-  
uen.

(I graunt) but sure the greatest parte do here, do here descend,  
 And hither to my parkes they runne : why come they more to me ?  
 O; why doth not my Brother there that Skies doth ouer see  
 These Friers, Priests, and Monks at least take vp to heauen hy,  
 And them in blessed place with him preserue continually ?  
 Is not a shame, these men that in the Church so sweetely sing,  
 And day by day in sacred towers the restles bells doe ring,  
 That spende such store of Frankincense, and many whores reliue,  
 That pardon others, and can not their owne misdoedes forgiue,  
 That play the partes of parishe Clerke, the Corse to bring to graue,  
 And beautifie the Church of God, with tumbes and Pictures braue,  
 Is it not shame these men to sende to hell, with paines therfore,  
 As thirsty Apulia never bred of fflycs a greater store ?  
 Nor once the chieffest Bishops he doeth dread, or more forbear,  
 But rather willes that they doe seele extreamest tormentes heare :  
 Thus in the deepest pitt of Hell inclosde they lie in chaines,  
 And plagued are aboue the rest with grieuous kinde of paines.  
 Wherefore Cyllenius when thou comis the Starres aboue unto,  
 I pray thā shew my brother there, that all things I will do,  
 With willing mind as he commaunds : But yet in any wise,  
 Let him respect my poore estate, and kingdome not despise,  
 And either take some soules from hence, or els make Hel more wide :  
 This saide, I will (quoth I) and then from thence in hastē I hyde.  
 And now to Heaven I returne nor longer can I stay :  
 Forget not me thy client poore go blessed Sainct away.

Thou Muse remember well, to shew to me thy verses fine,  
 For paper loe at hand, and penne, and leasure god and time :  
 Beginne and teach me in what sorte a wyse man should be wrought.  
 First vnderneath a happy starre he must to light be brought,  
 That after shalbe wise or blest. For greatly matter makes,  
 Under what signe or what aspect, a man his birthday takes :  
 As they affirme that knoyme the names, and foze, and motions hye  
 Of starres, and cast nativities, and tel the destinie.  
 O Lord how great and wonderous, doth heauens foze appeare,  
 Without whose help the earth nor seas, could euer creature beare.  
 The Skie the Ocean represents the father here of all,  
 And Starres the sister Nymphes by name, full aptly may we call,  
 From whence procedes all god on earth, therfore can no man live

Hee mean-  
eth Iupiter:  
for Iupiter  
and Pluto  
being the  
sonnes of  
Saturne.  
were both  
brethren, &  
had their  
seuerall do-  
minions.

A pleasant  
discourse  
touching  
the popishe  
cleric.

Apulia a  
country in  
Italie very  
wel known

Cyllenius  
that is to  
say Mer-  
curie : for  
he was sur-  
named Cy-  
llenius of a  
mountaine  
in Arcadia,  
called Cyle-  
ne, where it  
was supposed  
that he  
was borne.

As wise and blesst, whom starres in byrth an ill aspect do gine.  
 Beside of great effect doth saeme, their parents state, and kinde,  
 Of whome the infant noured is, and who doth guide the minde.  
 For as the childe in tender yeares himself at first doth trayne,  
 Such custome shall in grauer age within his heart remaine:  
 Long time that nature doth endure, and long in minde doth lye,  
 That in our childish age at first, our senses did apply.

The office  
of a good  
Scholemair  
ter or Wise  
Tutor and  
Gouvernour  
  
Il company  
must be  
carefully  
eschewed.

Therefore the master needes must be both wise and learned well,  
 That guides the childe, and also muste to vertue him compell.  
 And like the horsman god, now here, now there must winde and wrell  
 The untamed head, and now with bytte and now with spurre molest:  
 For only him with words persuade, but with examples teache:  
 For what if life be contrary auayleth it to preach.

And first be diligent to kepe him from the vicious Binde,  
 Ill company doth oft corrupt a god and vertuous minde:  
 This poysone many hath destroyed. Wouldest thou be glad to tell  
 The nature iust of any man: then marke his fellowes well,  
 For like to like doe euer goe, and alwayes shalt thou finde  
 That conuersant are such as be of one disposed minde.  
 Wherfore let both the Schoolmaster, and Parents well beware,  
 Least him whom they doe thus instruct, the naughty youth doe snare,  
 And them with filthy crimes infect: (alas) full soone we all  
 Inclined are vnto the worse, and soone to vice we fall.

what books  
are meete  
and conue-  
nient for a  
yong Scho-  
ler to be  
conuersant  
and occu-  
pied in.  
  
Take heede  
of to much.

Besides, this childe that here we faine, a wise man for to make,  
 Let him in Greeke, and Latine booke, his daily trauaile take,  
 And give god will and diligence in learning to procede,  
 Refusing all vnhonest booke let him god autho<sup>r</sup>s reade:  
 For seldom is the vnlerned god. For ignorance doth blinde,  
 And darkes with errors commonly the rude vnskilfull minde.  
 But yet from to much study and toyle let him his minde restraine,  
 Least he proue mad in searching thus, this wisedome to attaine:  
 Or fall into some great disease, and so himselfe destroy.

Intermissio  
and rest  
from study  
is profitable

To much of euery thing doth harme, and long doth not enioye.  
 His sprites sometime to recreate, and to refreshe his minde,  
 Let him absent himselfe and playe: for rest in every kinde  
 Doth quicknesse bring, and playe in time doth former force repaire.  
 But though eche kinde of learning is, both needefull, god and faire,  
 Yet chiese among the rest are those, and hyghest place obtaine,

That

That teacheth well the Starres to know, and nature opens plaine,  
 Let these our wise man well applye, with all his force and might,  
 In grauer age, and in these arts let him spend his delight:  
 And therewithall (as hath bene sayd) the nourture of the minde  
 Well put in vxe, both iust and god Shalbe, and so shall winde  
 About his head two Laurall twistes. How goodly a thing is it  
 A man both Learnde and God to bee, to Know, and to haue wit?  
 A learned fole is to be feard. Like as the furious braine  
 With sword in hand: so is the learnd in whom doth vice remaine.  
 But yet suffiseth not alone the minde for to regarde,  
 And with god manners, and god arts, to haue it thus p'repard:  
 When as the state of body here wee must not lightly way,  
 For if the body be diseasde, it neuer can obey  
 The heastes of mind, that doth commaund both worthy things & great:  
 Wherfore we must our selues apply to seede on holsome meate,  
 That may ingender purest bloud: for hurtefull humor springs  
 Of euill meates most commonly, and such vnholosome things.  
 All drunckenes must eschewed be, and surfets must be fled,  
 For these the stomacke ouercharge, and muche annoy the head,  
 And round with fumes beset the brain: by this doth always come  
 The dul appalled sense and sprite, and sleepes of afternoone.  
 To exercise the body well in due conuenient time,  
 Is great commoditie to health, and makes the force more fine:  
 By to muche slouth doth strength decay, and by to long a rest,  
 The sinowes faint, and all the limmes by this are quite opprest.  
 Beside must colde extreame be shund, and heate that raging broyles,  
 And all corrupt and filthy aires, and fennishe moorie soyles:  
 Especially in Summer time, when Dogge with fiery teene  
 Doth cleave the fieldes, & Grasshoppers sing vnder banches greene.  
 In fine, our selues we must apply with all our force and might  
 To bodies health, that so it may obey the minde aright,  
 Whiche scarcely can be brought about, if pouertie deny:  
 Needes must we money haue by chaunce, or gift of sonie that dye,  
 Or else by trade of occupying, in any facultie,  
 For euermore the nedye man doth suffer miserie.  
 Nor without riches, possible a happy life to leade.

Alas howe often vertue poore doth mourne with heauy head,  
 Howe muche despide she still doth ly, if money be away,

M.v.

He meaneth  
naturall  
Philosophic

Learning  
& goodnes  
two singu-  
lar orna-  
ments in a  
man.

Holsome  
lessones for  
the mainte-  
nance of  
health and  
increasing  
of strength.

He meaneth  
in the Mo-  
nethes of  
July & Au-  
gust whe-  
n it is smo-  
thering hot

a sentence  
in these  
dayes to  
crewe.

Him

Him truly and in proper kind A rich man call we may,

Who may be called a riche and wealthy man.  
That flowes with wit and eloquence, with wisdom and with Art,  
And wheresoever he becomes, can gaine an honest part,  
To diuers places farre from home, his substance with him takes,  
And portion for himself to liue. And though he iorney makes

And neuer wanteth needfull thinges a ioyfull life to leade,

Noz feares the theeuers, noz doth the sword, or cruell robbers dread,

The force of vertue against fortune  
And quickly doth him selfe repaire though he be spoyled quite :

For Vertue true giues neuer place to Fortunes frowning spite.

For every dwelling in the worlde doth native soile appeare

Unto the vertuous man, and well he liueth euerie where.

But he that vertue lackes, althoughe he great possessions hould,

And purses stuffed full with coine and Coffers full of golde,

Pet can he not go where he list, nor trauell every place,

To see the countrie strange abrode, and men of sundry grace,

And euerie where to liue : for house and ground, and Castles strong,

He can not beare about with him, in all his iorneys long,

Least that perchance with theeuers he meeete, or perish on the shore,

And then for gods sake aske his meate at euery other doze.

At home therefore he alwaies dwells, and in his countrey liues,

Where as his ground a great increase of Corne and wine him giues,

The Philosophers stone, their prouision.  
And as a banisht man he seates beyonde the boundes to go,  
What stout fulnes of minde, and chaunce to him assigned se :  
Wherby the goodly sightes abrode he can not viewe nor marke,  
While stil at home he hidden lies, as pent in dongeon darke.

Therefore the olde Philosophers by fine inuention found,

A certaine stone, that where they went or tranciled any grounde,

Provided them of needfull thinges, and neuer would decay.

By aide wherof, full many landes and countries farre away,

They might behould, and alwaies learne of many sundry arts.

And thus of olde the Gods aboue, besought with humble hearts,

The sacrifice on altar slaine before he was the trade

To Mercurie, the Sonne, and Moone, Lo thus their praiers made.

O Titan, beauty of the worlde, O fairest God in sight,

O thou Latona drijing hence the shadowes of the night,

O swiftly fleeting restlesse Impe of Ioue and Maia borne,

That able arte to change thy selfe, to shapess of sundry forme :

We present heare and bow youre eares to oure complaints and cry,

Behould a few, whose mindes and witts are in degree full hie,

That

Titan:  
That is, the Sunne.

Latoni,  
that is, the Moone.

He mea-  
neth Mer-  
curie the

Sonne of  
Jupiter and  
Maia,

Whiche  
Maia was  
the daugh-

ter of Atlas

That wisedome most of all esteeme, whyle cause of every thing,  
 And secret state of nature hyd, to light we seeke to bring,  
 And mete with minde the mightie skye : as neede doth overtread,  
 And many great mishaps we seele, of hunger almost dead:  
 Whyle as the doltishe common sort, doe all thinges rake and snatche,  
 And all the money heaping vp, into their coffers catche,  
 Nor any of them doth pitie vs, and if we aske a myte,  
 Then pointing at vs straight they iest, and make of vs but light :  
 Whereby we are constraind to delue, or else attendance giue,  
 On toyling beastes, or carry doun: scarce know we how to liue.  
 And Idiotes are we made to serue. Wherfore you Gods aboue,  
 Haue pity yet at length of vs, if good mennes state you meue :  
 And shew an easy way by which, we may liue honestly,  
 And soz to search the secrete dennes, where truth doth hydden lye.

These praiers hearde, the Gods anone, thus calde came forth in place,  
 And first did Phoebus aunswere make : O noble worthy race,  
 Of halfe Gods, Skies deseruing well and fauer eke fren hye,  
 Now hearken well, and in your mindes let these my sayings lye  
 Take here this young Arcadian bloud, and swifte untrusty sy axme,  
 And plunged depe in Stygian stremes, let him forthwith be slaine :  
 In bosome thrust of Hyales him let the Gods receave,  
 Whome Lemnian countrey worshippeth, and hye aloft him heave :  
 Then bury him in warmed wombe, and corrupt him vndoe,  
 Whose dropping toyntes, a sprite shall pearce that falles our bodies fro,  
 And wonderously shall call againe, deceasde and quenched quite  
 Him from the darke new clad in cloke of Golde, and shining bryght  
 With Siluer shew, then him againe amid the fier cast :  
 An other straight shall spring thereof, as Phoenix chaunging fast,  
 And perfect leauue the bodies all that it shall seele or touche,  
 The bondes and lawes of nature here, surmounting aye by muche,  
 Shal chaunge the kindes and drive away, this needy pouerty.  
 Here Phoebus ceast, and Mercurie, and Dian did agree  
 To all that he declared had, forthwith awa they flye,  
 Ascending to the lofty place and compast Heavens hye.  
 Then men of hauty sense they blinde, and aunswere all to darke,  
 Long pondring in their dolefull mindes, do muse thereon and marke,  
 And scarce in longest race of time with proues of sundrie kinde,  
 And not with little charges did this art at first out finde,

Note what  
dignitie the  
Poet acri-  
beth to Phi-  
losophers

Quicksil-  
ver.

In glasse.  
The Fyer.

The find-  
ing of the  
Philoso-  
phers stone.

Then:

The Philoso-  
phers stone  
is Heauenly

Then whiche no art more worthy is, the Heauenly Stone to frame,  
Whiche wicked people neuer knowe, nor can obtaine the same.

The vertue  
of the Phi-  
losophers  
stone.

And this whosocuer doth enjoy may dwell in any land,  
Wothe free from feare of fortunes whele, and force of robbers hand:  
But unto fewe the Gods bouchesafe so great a gift to gine.

Of mariage  
a question  
propounded

Some will demaunde if it be meete for wise men here that liue,  
To linke themselues in wedlocke bonde, and so the time to spend,  
In procreation here of youthe. Though some do this commend,  
Yet this in mine opinion is, for holy men not meete.

He mea-  
neth Hy-  
meneus.  
The God of  
Wedlocke,

For care of wife doth often let, and loue of children swete,  
The wittes divine of wyself men, that doe their mindes apply,  
About suche hye and hauty things, as secretes of the Skie.

Let him that only seekes the world, reioyce in wyse and childe,  
And often to himselfe procure, the God of Marriage milde:  
But let the wyseman alwayes ioye in chaste and single plight,  
And euermore liue vndefilde, in body and in spirit.

For he that doth with slender fare and smal himselfe content,  
And doth abstaine from carnall vse, and prayer still frequent,  
And listing minde aboue the starres, beholdes the chiese degré,  
Shall oft injoy the speche of God, and oftentimes him see  
In happy state, shall tell before the thinges that after spring.

Chastitie  
commen-  
ded.

A sacred Gemme is Chastitie, to God most thankfull thing,  
Unto the chaste he oft appeares, and secrets oft doth tell:

Lechery  
dispraised.

Againe, the filthy Lechery and pastimes meete for Hell,  
He hates and shunnes and allwayes doth suche wanton mates detest.

Virginitie  
is Gods gift

But no man can a Virgin be but he whome God hathe blest,  
And doth assist: This gratiouse gift doth from the Skye descend,

Of higher state than man can get, or man can comprehend:

No perfect wiseaman can be had except in this degré.

It seemeth also god to knowe if it conuenient be,  
For wise men dreadfull weapons fierce of raging Mars to trie,

And for to bathe their hands in bloud, of mortall enimie,

And to themselves by fight to get, an euerlasting name:

For many iudge no greater vertue, glory, praise or fame

Can be, than gotten is by warres. O wretched beastes, O blinde,  
Why thinke you warres more worth than peace, or of a better kinde?

For nothing is more vile than this, nor nothing can be found,

That farther from mans reason seemes, to differ or to sound:

For if that Lawes and reason should in every place beare sway,  
Then peace should raine in proper force and warres should quite away:  
In time of battaile Lawes do ceasse, and ouerthowne do lye,  
Then fury raines, and vice doth rage, abrode at libertie,  
Then wicked men holde vp the head, and shake their weapons than,  
And scotfere then they kill and strike, and take from every man,  
And fearing no decree of Judge, defile eache thing they finde.

A cōference  
of Peace &  
warre.

More meete is Peace for mortall man, and warres for Brutish kinde.  
To tolle the blades mad men do loue, and he desires to fight,  
That pore and lazy laboures hates, and hath a great delight  
To liue a lusty vicious state, though purse do not agree:  
And therefore selles his life for gaine, and runnes in iepardie,  
Then Conquerour he triumph may with that that others got,  
And carry thence the spoyle and pray vnto his native plot.  
But he that substance hath at home, and can sufficiently,  
Himselfe and his defend and kepe with any facultie,  
Doth peace aboue the rest esteeme, and from the sword abstaine:  
Except he be of frantike minde, and sondisposed braine.

Peace for  
men, warre  
for Beastes.

But thou wilt say great Kings & Dukes in deedes of Armes delight,  
And traime themselues to followe Mars, with all their force & might:  
What then, are not great Kings & Dukes oft times in dotage brought?  
And flow with vice, by whose sond mindes great Cities come to noughe:  
And though they great reuenewes haue, & Kingdomes many one,  
Yet more they alwayes seeke to haue, & more they heape thereon.  
The Couetous man though he possesse, as muche of Colden Pyne  
As Tagus hath, yet pore he is and liues in neede and pyne.  
And thus therefore with this mad minde, are Dukes & Princes great,  
Compeld to ioyne the bloudy campes, with rage of Martiall heate,  
Inlarging their Dominions muche, with heapes of Misers slaine.

Russians, &  
distresors.

Tagus a  
Riuier in  
Spaine.

But though that wars be noughe, and vile to be abhorred plaine,  
Yet bring they some commoditie. For false and craftie men,  
Expert in fraude and vsury, do heape vp all things then.  
When peace doth reigne: but when the wars do rage, the scouldiers strōg  
The euill gotten gods doeth spoile that he hath raked long:  
Then iustly doth the rage of wolues on ffores vengeance take,  
And due rewardes the mightie sort, vnto the subtile make.  
And lyke for like they shewe. Thus time doth all thinges alter so.  
Besides, the Kings with thousand craftes, & thousand poullingss mo,

Warre to  
some is ad-  
uantage.

In tyme of peace their subiectes fleese, and coine in coffers poure,  
 Wherby both Golde and siluer all, the Checker would deuoure,  
 If battaile should not bring abrode that hidden lay in peace,  
 Distributing to many men one priuate mans increase.

He mea-  
neth naugh-  
tie & lende-  
liuers whi-  
ch like the  
Drone de-  
uoure the  
Hony that  
the painful  
Bees doe  
make.

By them  
the worlde  
was made  
populous.

Old Phoe-  
bus, that is  
Aesculapi-  
us the God  
of Phisick  
and Surge-  
rie.

Now last of all, in number not a fewe there is a kinde  
 Both voide of learning, wealth, & Art, of lasey slouthfull mindes,  
 To mischiefe givell, prone to vice, and stoute, and full of crime ;  
 Such men, or rather shadowes vaine, at one appointed time  
 Doth God a warfare send, with death of cruell kinde to dye:  
 And thus he purgeth mortall state, whereby liae merily  
 Long time the rest that doe remaine, this mischiefe ouerthowne:  
 Tyll that againe suche wicked weedes a newe be sprong and growne,  
 That must be rooted out with warres, and cut with weapon grimme.  
 Then Iupiter beginnes againe his pots vncleane to skimme,  
 And sending foorth the furies vile, doth swaep the filth away,  
 This is the order of the world that never shall decay:  
 This course the destinies themselues decreed long time agone,  
 When as Prometheus stale the fire the hautie Heauens from,  
 And when Deucalion with his wyse Dame Pyrrha, made to sping,  
 So many thousand persons with the stones that they did fling.  
 Wherefore a wise man it becomes to followe reasons grace,  
 And chiefly Peace to loue, and peace with all his minde t' embrace :  
 Except perchance sometime constraind, he for his countrey fight,  
 And for defence of him and his, then is the quarrell right:  
 Then fights he voide of any blame, for lawes of every state,  
 Do suffer force with force to dwant, and guile with guile to mate,  
 As due deserteres to recompence, covenient is and mæte.

Now farther must we searche if that it be for wisemen fete,  
 To exercise some facultie, wherewith all times he may  
 Relieue himselfe, if that misshappes do bring him to decay.  
 If froward Fortune any time send nedye pouerty,  
 Depriuynge him of all his goods and substance violently,  
 Least that he begge and suffer oft, both colde and hunger to :  
 There are for truth some kinde of thing, that wisemen well may do,  
 Wherby himselfe he succour may if pouerty constraine.  
 Let him a god Phisitian be : this gets sufficient gayne,  
 And drives away diseases quite. Olde Phœbus vsde the same,  
 And Phœbus sonne by this they bothe deserude a famous name.

And this Sir Chyrons pupil leard, though of the stocke he was  
Of auncient Aeacus and Thetis sprong. By this did Paxon passe.  
Machaon, and Hippocrates by this gat honour great.  
What shold I call to memorie, all suche as by this feate,  
Got longe agoe both pence and prayse, and fame when they were dead.  
A god expert Phisitian, shall never begge his bread.

Add more to this, it full besides, of priuy knowledge flowes,  
And both of floure, hearb, and stone, doth secrete playne disclose :  
And whatsoever earth doth here, within her bowels hide,  
Doth well perceiue, and natures force, to open doth prouide :  
Eche part within the body of man, it doth consider well,  
And turnes againe a number that, were almost gone to hell.  
What thing than this more requisite, for wylle men can we finde?  
That not alone the wisemen may, with counsell heale the minde,  
But also get the body health, and so both partes redresse :  
Thus may a wyseman all preserue, in perfect quietnesse.

But now when as dame Lachesis, the latest yeare doth spinne,  
And hoarie whitenes doth desile both head and bearded chinne,  
Then meete it is for him to rest, and then himselfe to stay,  
And lenger not to roue about, in contreies farre away :  
But finde some certayne dwelling place, and searche for his auriale,  
Such thinges as nedesfull are for life, least foode in age doe faile :  
And in the meane while to depart, and shunne the common sort,  
Contenting him with fellowes fewe, and with a slender port :  
And solitarie oftentimes to God both nighte and day,  
The minde well purged of naughty thoughts, in seruent sprite to pray :  
And wholy to addict him selfe the heauenly state to finde,  
And all the cares that fleshe doth give, to banishe from his minde.  
Then shall the Gods appeare, thoughe he in valley low doe ly,  
Or on the hilles, or shadowed woodes, or in the mountaines hie ,  
In cottage small do place himselfe. It is not safe nor well  
With many for to liue, or in the tounes of fooles to dwelle,  
And in the company of theeuers, of slauers, and couetous,  
And cutthrote brauling swearing mates, or men ambitious.  
But let the wiseman flee the croude of rude and common sort,  
For of the common people is enuied the wisemens port,  
Because of their contrarie deedes. Contraries evermore  
Do on the other striue against and let, and hinder soze:

Sir Chyrons  
pupill, that  
is, Achilles:  
whom Chi-  
ron had in  
charge to  
teache.

Paxon, a  
Phisitian  
that cured  
Pluto, whē  
he was  
wounded by  
Hercules,  
of whom  
also came  
the herbe  
called Paxo-  
ny.

Machaon,  
aworthy  
Phisitian.  
& the sonne  
of Escula-  
pius.

Hippocra-  
tes a Phi-  
sitian.

Her eos haue many wise men dyed, because they would not spare,  
When any naughty thing they saw, the truth for to declare,  
And to rebuke the mindes of soules: which sith it could not beare,  
Nor suffer such abuse of soules, they slayne and punisht were.

Wise coun Wherfore, least that the wiseman see such stoe of sinfull sight,  
sell, to be And least he fall in daunger, by defending truth and right,  
imbraced of Let him withdraw himselfe fourthwith, from common companie:  
wise men. And secret liue with two or thre that god and learned bee.

Wisemens Though seldom shal he be without the gods that guides the sky,  
felicitie For Gods doe often pleasure take, in wisemens company :  
Oft doth the wiseman heare them speake, & seeth them oft with eies,  
They fill his hart with comfort great, in wondrous sort and wise :  
The wiseman blessed is on earth, and blest aboue the skies.

The felici- Goe then O blinded mortall men, goe heape vp mony than,  
tie of foo- And fill your caskets full of Golde, by all the meanes you can,  
lifie and Beset with Ringes your fingers thick, and let the Jewels round,  
vaine world In gorgeous lincks of golde, about your gracelesse necks be wound,  
ling. Now rusle in your silks abroad, and brag it through the streete,  
Go, go I say, you blinded sooles, both crownes and Scepter swete,  
And all that Fortune rash can geue, to you with all your power,  
Go seeke : yet all these goodly things shall vanish in an hower,  
All these thinges are but dremes and toyes, and haue but little stay,  
Whiche quickly Chance doth frō you take, or Death doth snatch away,  
Whiche soone do vanish hence lyke smoke, and never turne againe.  
Go, go O wretches seeke to get these mistes, and shadowes vaine,  
But when the dying day shall come, and latest houre shall fall,  
Then, then, when all your follies past, in vaine to minde you call,  
You shall perceiue that you did dote, and kept from truth awry,  
And mourne to late. Alas in time your errour learne to spy.

Perfect life O mischievous vntoward soules, O heartes of cankred kinde,  
lodged in Why gaze you still vpon the earth like beastes of brutish minde ?  
Heauen. Why cast you not your eyes aloft, vnto the starry skies ?  
There, there, the truest world doth stand, there Life most perfect lyes  
For such as feare and worship god: there neither chaunce hath place,  
Nor churlish death can there the state with deadly dart deface:  
There is the surest treasure founde, there lies the chiese delight  
That God almighty hath preparde, for them that serue him right:  
Whiche never curse of fretting time hath power to ouerthowe,

# Capricornus.

193

To this apply your mindes, while states permit, and life belowe  
Beholde you not of fading life, the slender holde and stay?  
Do not you see how all Things here in shorkest time Decay?  
And like to smoke in subtle ayre doth vanish quite away?  
Where finde you now the stately Kings, in pomp of proud aray,  
That heretofore haue bene: or where, do you esteeme to bee  
The Prelates chief that thought themselves Gods fellowes in degré? Paine the pension for pride.  
Their rotten bones intumbed close, in filthy canes do dwel,  
And for their soules perhaps they do kepe Christmalle now in hell:  
Farre banisht from the happy place wherto the good are brought,  
And their they suffer Paine, For pride, & mischiefe þ they wrought.  
O Lord how gladly would they nowe, (if in their power it lay)  
Inclose themselves in flesh againe, and take their olde aray,  
That not esteming riches here, and kingdomes leauing cleane,  
They might liue Godly here on earth, in poore estate, and meane,  
And by their righteous life make him, their frende That Guide the Skie, A penitentiall of God.  
And after death possesse a place aboue the heauens hie.  
But he that shewes his Wit to late, his wisdome shewes in bayne.

Let every man seeke God to please, and worldly welth disdaine,  
And trauayle, for the heauenly state : of him example take,  
Which of this worldy fading ioyes, a small accompt doth make,  
But only hopes in time to come the perfect ioyes to seale,  
Which wel he knowes for God to him such things doth oft reueale.  
And such a wiseman late there liued, since I remember may,  
That with a fewe vpon the top, of hye Soractis lay,  
full leane he was, and bearded well, his house was small and neate,  
All clad he was in russet robes, a man of learning greate,  
And comely countnance to beholde. He had his dwelling place  
In wildernes, where round about the woods did him embrase:  
Whose heauenly mind, when as he list of things to come could tell,  
And aunswers gaue, such as for truth did Delphos not excell.  
I moued and prouoked thus, with fame that of him ran,  
By paynfull iourneys long vnto this sacred hill I came,  
And found the olde man sitting there, in warme and sunny caue,  
Who (after that I had receiude the like Good eu'en I gaue)  
He willd me there to take my rest so downe by him I sit :  
And therewithal I aske him thus. What is the cause o' fit  
(Quoth I) that here you chose to liue vpon this mountaine steep?

All is but vanitie.

Paine the pension for pride.

Wile to late Christen exhortations,

Soracte a Mountaine in Apulia a Countrie of Italie.

Where almost every thing doth lack, that life of man shuld kepe,  
Then aunswering me this holy man on this sort there began:

My great delight was heretofore to live in cities, whan

(Beth yong, and ignoraunt) I thought nought else to be requirde  
But riches here, and such delight as life of man desirde.  
Following y example and the fault of rude and common sort:  
Then ioyd I so to leade my life with great and much resor.,  
And with the rest for company I fell into the floud  
Of vaine delighthes, with colour fasse de ceide of trueth and good,  
But when that greater age began with fasing yeares to showe,  
And wisedome moze in tract of tyme, within my head doth growe,  
I then began to note and marke the partes that men do play,  
And sundry sorte of liues they leade (As God gaue grace) to way.

The theater or stage of mans life. Then many filthy things I sawe, there done, and full of shame,  
And nothing else of justice left but vaine and ydle name.

Pretences Th'vngilty to be punished, the guilty scaping fræ,

The Vertue hydde in vice, and Vice in vertue hid to bee,  
The pore in euery place opprest, and sauour moze to get  
Than iust deserts, þ law a bribing craft, so; golde a fishing net:  
Eche kinde of handy craft corrupt by guile of workmens will,  
The thesse to sae the Inkeper his guests therby to kyll.

Purloining Besides I many might beholde inricht by theft and guile,  
Though naughty beastes, moze metter far to weare a rope a whilc,  
Pet praydse to be and worshipped, and feared very much:  
The vnworþy plaste in regall seate, and honours delt to such  
As haue but only shape of men. Beside, religion fled

God graūt it be not found in Israel : I meane in England. By Couetousnelle, and Priests bent all to foode and harlots bed:  
And vnder cloke of holinesse, seeke priuily to gaine,  
And pick the common peoples purse by meanes of wily traïne:  
While as they open heauen wide, and barre the hellish way,  
And while they boast that they can soules where as they list conuay,  
And with their Portasle force the Sanctis to do as they are bent,

The Temple of Saint Syluester situate on the Hill Soracie. By this occasion left I all, and from the townes I went.  
Accepting it moze safe for me to live in desert place,  
And in this hil to runne the rest, of all my raunting race.  
This hil whereas the altar stands, of Syluester the Saint,  
Where as the Shrine, and Monuments of him his praises paint:  
Which place though it seeme rough & rude not mette to dwel vpon,

Yet sitte it is for saintes, and such, as live in peace alone,  
And wholly do apply their mindes, the Lord to feare and loue,  
And alwaies souke to ioyne themselues, with saintes in Skies aboue :

But hard perchaunce it seemes to thee, and straunge it doth appere,  
That I can live in desert such, and stony places here,  
Wherelsoe any man doth come, where wanting seemes to be,  
Moste thinges that shoulde sustaine the life, of man at libertie.

Yet is it not so hard in deede, nor straunge it seemeth than,  
If that the holy Ghost inspire, the heart of any man,  
Descending downe from heauens hye : of God the sacred sprighte,  
That purifies the hart from sinne, and rayseth scoules to light  
That ouerwhelmed in flesh do lye : as Mercurie sublimde,  
By force of fyre is, and takes a colour white full finde.  
This holy sprite adcurnes the minde, and heart doth vpward moue,  
This cuttes away the worldly cares, and breadeth heauenly loue :  
Wherewith the minde inflamed once, all things doth easly seeme,  
Though never so soore : for he that loues, doth labour light esteeme,  
Especially if any hope, there be rewarde to holde :

For hope, and loue, are two strong prickes, that makes vs alway bolde, The vertues  
of hope &  
Loue.  
And not to care for any toyle. Wherfore continually,

Our daily praiers must wee make, to him that guides the skye,  
That so this holy sprite bouchsafe, into our heartes to fall,  
That he may plant a Godly hope, and Godly loue withall :  
Wherwith the minde inspirde may mount, aboue the starry skye,  
Despising much the world, and ioyes, that bayne doe please the eye,  
And striue to ioyne it selfe to God, with all the force and might.

No maruell than it is at all, if ayded of this sprite  
There can dwelle, and leade a lyfe full hard so patiently,  
Upon this stiepe and desert rocke, and stony mountaine hy.  
Yet never lackt I meate, nor clothes vpon this lofty spyre,  
As much as nature doth content, not wanton sondre desyre.  
A little thing doth nature serue, a small thing doth content,  
Such one as loues none ouerplus, a man to vertue bent,  
That rather seekes celestiall lyfe, than fleschly fading dayes.  
For lyfe (least thou be ignorant) is double, in her wayes:  
One, wherwithall the body liues, still followed and pursude  
Is this of all the rout of fowles, and common people rude,  
The people sond that nothing know of any worthynesse,

The holy  
Ghost Sac-  
rificeth the  
Soules of  
men.

But stouthfull beastes do make their God of filthic fonde excesse.  
 This life is proper vnto beastes, of wilde and sauage kinde:  
 The other vnto God aboue, and men of godly minde,  
 That for their great and worthy deedes do well deserue the name  
 Of perfect men, and Holy Sanctes, of euerlasting fame.  
 But such hye minded vertuous Impes the earth doth seldomie brome,  
 The earth a Mother to the naught, and Stepdame to the god.

Man consisteth of  
flesh and  
spirite.

A doubte  
moued con  
cerning the  
soule

The resolu  
tion.

Wicked A.  
thists & god  
les persons.

By mercy  
not merit.

To whome  
we must  
geue credit

But now because I see thee bent to giue attentiuе care,  
 Some things of this celestiall life I will declare thee here,  
 Which ought well vnderstoode, to please the minde of any wight.  
 First, man consistes not ouly of flesh, but also of the spright:  
 This giueth life to them that liue, by this we feele and moue,  
 This giues vs mind, þ worthyest thing by which men wondrous proue,  
 But Many doubt if that the soule doe liue, the body dead,  
 Dr whether it doe finishe to, when as the life is fled:  
 Assuredly the worser sort, that to the fleshe doe cleave,  
 And bent to vice, dispising God, doe wilche and eke beleane  
 The soule to haue a dying day: because (alas) they feare  
 The cruell tormentes for the sinnes, that they committed here:  
 And therefore will allow no hell, nor Diuels for to be,  
 And so they doe persuade themselues to scape with mischiefe frē.  
 An other better sort of men, that sinfull life doe hate,  
 Provoked with the Godly loue of vertuous Goodly state,  
 Doe thinke the soule doth alwayes liue, and not to dye with Graue,  
 Bycause they hope a Glorious Crowne for their Good workes to haue,  
 And make accompt of perfect blisse when death hath shot his dart,  
 And of a better promisde life, for to enjoy their part.  
 Of these two sortes who iudgeth best? who is it but the iust?  
 For euermore in doubtfull thinges, the opinion must we trust,  
 That pleaseth best the better sort, and that which follow must  
 Such men as vertuous be, and such as haue the holy Ghost.  
 Note safe it is to cleave vnto the vertuous and the iust,  
 Than fancies of the wicked men to credite or to trust.  
 Ne rast we note their number great that any thing haue saide,  
 But in what sort they leade theyz life, must well of vs be waide.  
 Wherefore it better is with fewe, of vertuous sort to say,  
 That soules doe liue continually, and haue no dying day,  
 Than with a number of the lewde, against it to reply,

Contending that there are no sp̄ites : and that the soule doth die.

But more, because thou shal̄t beleue, I will declare to thee

By reason good, the state of Soule immortall for to bee.

For if that God in better things, doth cunning stil expresse,  
As wiſdome telles, and as the good and vertuous must confesse :  
Then doubtlesse must we iudge he gaue the Soules no time to  
Since better farre it is for them to live continually.

Than with the fleshe, to be extinct, and feele a full decay :

Which thus I proue. If death doe take from vs the soule awaie,

If that we haue no other life, but in this body here,

Then God maie be accounted ill, and shall vnjust appere,

For thousandes euery daie we see , that flourishe prosperously,

In Richesse, substance and renoune, in Reignes and Empires hie,

Pet Idle Lubbers, Vnlearnd, and naught that sinne at liberty,

And runne the race of all their life, in great prosperity.

On the other syde we maie behould, the iust opprest to be,

With Spitefull chaunce,a wretched life and Pitious pouerty.

Thus either God vnrigheteous is, that doth these thinges permit,

Or after death hath euerie man as he deserueth fit :

Or else he doth disdaine the deedes, of morall men to knowe.

Besides, what gratiouſe mind in God : what godnesſe doth he shewe :

If this be all that he doth giue a life so ſhort, and vaine,

That ſwifly runneth to an end, and doth no time remaine :

The Halfe whereof is spent In ſleepe the Rest in griefe and toile,

And daunzors great, as fast doth ſleete, as riuers ſwift in ſoile.

Therefore go to, O wretched men, build Gorgeouſe Churches hie,

And let with costly offerings great your altars pestered ly,

Set vp your ioyfull braunche of baies, your ſacred dores about,

With pompe of proude Proceſſion paſſe, let hymnes be ratled out,

Spend francincenſe, and let the noſe of God be ſtretched wide

With plement ſmoke : do this, and adde more honour much beside,

That he preſerue your goodly life, wherin doth you torment

Somtime great Colde, and ſomtime Heat, now Plague now Famifhent

Now bloudy Warres, now Sicknes great, or Chance to ſozowe at,

Sometime the busy biting flie, sometime the ſlinging Gnat,

The Chynch and Flea. Reioyce I ſay that here you lead your life

With thouſand painfull labours great, in trauaile toyle and ſtrife :

And after in a little ſpace in paine you drop awaie,

Reſons to  
proue the  
immortali-  
tie of the  
Soule.

The vanity  
and wretch-  
ednes of  
humane  
life.

And lampishe lye in lothesome vault to wormes a gratefull pray.

**D**worthy life, **D**goodly gift of God: man in this world is b;ede

Among the brutishe beastes, and seales and knaucs his life is ledde,  
Wher stormes, and slakie snowes and yle and durt and dust, & night,  
And harmefull ayre, & cloudes and mistes & windes, with hellishe light,  
And griefe and wayling reignes, where death beside doth worke his seat,  
Is this our goodly countrey here? is this our happy seat?

**F**or which we owe such seruice here, unto the Goddes aboue?

**F**or which it seemeth meete with bowes the heavenly Saints to moane:  
And if none other life we haue, than this of body vaine,

So fraile and full of filthynesse, when death hath carcasse slaine:

**I**sae not why such praises shoud of God resound in ayre,

**F**or why we shoud such honour giue, to him in temples faire,

That hath vs wretches framed here, in this so wretched soile,

That shall for euermore decaie, after so great a toile.

Wherfore least God shall seeme vniusl and full of cruelnesse

Shall well deserving counted be: we must of force confesse,

That death doth not destroy the Soule, but that it alwaies is

None otherwise than Spirite in ayre, and Sanct in heauen lies,

Both voide of body, sleepe, and meate. And more we must confesse,

That after death they liue in paines, & perfect blessednesse.

But let this reason thee suffice, for if thou this doe showe,

Unto the wicked kinde they laugh, no light the blinde doth knowe.

But thou, beleue for euermore and knowe assuredly,

(For ground of sauing health it is,) that soule doth never dye,

Exempted from the Sisters power, and fatall desteny.

These things fore tolde, made evident, let vs begin to tell

The perfect life, that makes vs like to saints aboue that dwelle:

By which the heauens we desire. But sith doth best appeare

Contrary things, when they be seene, and ioyned something neare.

Wherfore it is conuenient first the Bodies life to shewe,

That drawes vs downe from heauen hie, to minde the earth belowe,

And makes vs like to brutish beastes, contrarie to the soule.

This life he liues (though neught) that doth for stately honours proule

And seekes with all his force the fruite of praise and glory vaine,

Desiring only men to please, with sonde vain gloriuous braine:

And he that wholy doth apply, him selfe a Welth to get

By right or wrong, and hath his hart vpon the riches set;

The Soule  
is immor-  
tall and ne-  
uer dieth.

The three  
fatal Sisters  
for to be  
incaneth.

The lyfe of  
the body or  
fleshly wor-  
lding.

Wealth.

A two

Lecherie,

A two leggede Mole, that alwayes doth, in earth infumbred lye,  
 Not casting once his eyes aloft, unto the heauens hye.  
 And he that dwownde in Lecherie, and surfets euer lyes,  
 Regarding onyl fleshlie ioyes, doth shamefastnesse despise,  
 Runnes headlong into whozedome vile, and sattes himself with meate,  
 A foolish man, that so the wormes, may haue moze foode to eate.  
 Al these same vile and filthy kindes that I haue reckoned heare,  
 May wel be called fleshly men, for loue to flesh they beare :  
 Whose life doth differ small from beastes. But now on the other syde :  
 He that doth praise of men despise, and pomp of worldly pride,  
 Doth live with chaste and Godly minde, is calde a spiritual man :  
 Because his spirite the body rulde, and lust subdued than,  
 Doth freely guide and hath his place, in hiest parte of braine.  
 Therefore the Godly life, is fyrt with bridle to restraine  
 Fond pleasure, Gluttony, and lust, to conquer flesh with spryte,  
 For to neglect all worldly things, and only set delight,  
 On heauen,heauen most to wysh, and chiefly to regard :  
 There is the soyle for soules, and seate for vertuous men preparde :  
 Thereto the body layd in graue, the righteous soules do clime,  
 Most gloriouſ soules that brightly doe, with gloriouſ vertue shine,  
 And seele in euerlasting light, an euclasticke ioy.

But chiefly let the vertuous man, his time and toyle employ,  
 In learning, vsing still to reade, ſuch bookeſ as do entreate,  
 Of God, of ſoule, and wretched ſate, of this our dwelling ſeate,  
 Of death, or other honest thinges, and let him night and day,  
 Of theſe both often reade, and talke, and wel in minde them way.  
 But wanton workeſ, and wanton wordes, let him with head eſchue,  
 Alas how ſore do ſuch affayres, a vertuous minde ſubdue :  
 For reading is the ſoode of minde, which if it vertuous be,  
 Doth profyt much, if it be yll, doth hurt exceedinglie :  
 None otherwife than euill meate, doth hurt the man that chawes.  
 These thinges though they muſt al be kept, yet nothing moze Worawes  
 A man from loue of filthy flesh, nor leades to God moze nyc

Than oftentimes to ponder well, of life the miserie :  
 Which ſince it is ſo ſhort, and full of ſuch calamitie,  
 Seemes rather death than life to me, yea, worse than death to be.  
 For who is it that doth not ſee, who doth uſt plaine perceave :  
 That yerkſome gall, and bytternelle, to every parte do cleaue,

The life  
the spirit  
heauenly  
man.Godly me-  
ditating &  
reading of  
ſcriptures ſc  
holy books  
very profit-  
able to the  
ſoule.Wanton  
woorkes  
and wordes  
pernicious  
and detesta-  
ble.Often con-  
templation  
of earthly  
calamitie  
breedes con-  
tempt of  
the worlde  
and desire  
of heauenly  
joy.

If every thing thou wel doest list, nought perfect shal thou finde :  
 For nature poysoned hath the partes of all and every kinde.  
 Most things haue double face : ful black within, and outward white,  
 And with their colour, do deceiue the iudgement of the sighte.  
 If ought there be here in this life, both sayre and good beside,  
 Like smoke and mist it flyes away, and doth no time abide.  
 Time suffers nothing long on earth, death maketh al things vaine,  
 And turnes and tumbles vnder foot, of man the proud disdaine.  
 A lively de-  
 scrip-  
 tion of  
 the miserie  
 of mankind

Alas how al this worldly pompe, doth quickly passe away,  
 How wauering is renoume of man, how soone doth it decay :  
 Much like the bubble swelling great amyd the waters cleere,  
 Is sone destroyed, and with a pufse, of winde doth not appere.  
 For in a moment al the ioyes, of man are fetcht away,  
 When only doth the talk remaine, wherein they thus do say.

The talke  
 which pas-  
 feth vpon  
 men after  
 their fune-  
 tales.

Meaning  
 that one  
 thing pre-  
 sent, is farre  
 better then  
 many thin-  
 ges past.

Loe, here he was, loe, this did he, he fought, and triumph wan,  
 He loued, he reigned, he conquerd realmes, subdued many a man,  
 A goodly sorte of bookes he wrote, but now where shall we finde  
 These things? no where. Himself where now: both out of sight & minde.  
 What is he now? Nothing. Or, whether did he himself conuay?  
 Loe, fled from hence with windes he is, and vanisht quite away.  
 Alas, alas, but trifles sond, and fancies mere they bee,  
 Whatsoeuer goodly thing on earth, or wonderful we see.  
 What tell you me of Was, or Did: on Is more worth count I,  
 Than Was a thousand times. But fast this Is alway doth flye,  
 And al our pompe with him he beares. These things who wel doth way  
 And vseth to consider oft, shall quickly cast away  
 This worldly loue, and hating earth, shal seeke the Skies to finde :  
 Especially if therewitha'l, he vse to beare in minde,  
 How filthy and how miserable, mans body doth appere,  
 Of fadyng flesh, and brittle bones, with skinne incomfaste here :  
 A flowing ful with dreuges vncleane, and bloud corrupt and vile,  
 Still durye, soule, and filthy looks, except it every while  
 Be walst, and kept with daily care, and so made sayre and white.  
 O dolefull hospitall of minde, and vessell of the sprite,  
 By which such sycknesse great we feele, by which such neede we haue,  
 O hearie garment, pryon strong, O quick and lively graine :  
 That chokest here both minde, and sense, and them in darkenesse hide,  
 Whereby so great an ignorance, in brest of man doth bide.

Dearth to earth returning sone, that in a smallesse while  
 In tumbre shalt freshly fade þ worms, with soode of carcasse bile.  
 In what a wretched case liues he, that ledde away with loue.  
 Of the doth leue the perfect life, and gift of God aboue,  
 While more than meete cesteming theare thy pleasures here preparde,  
 He onely seekes: and god and right but smiall doth regarde:  
 And thinkes there is no other lyfe than this, that here we holde.  
 A solishe Asse, forgetfull of himselfe, and country olde,  
 From whence into this darksome dale, and dolfull place he went,  
 That so a wretche he shold become, in wretched carcasse pent.  
 For euery soule that is inclosde with fleshe and members here,  
 Hath wretched life, till losde from thence, it flye to heauens cleare:  
 Except the heauy waight of sinne, doe barre him of his way,  
 And cause it in the lowest ayre, or on the earth to stay.  
 For Purest heauen never can, a thing vnclean abyde,  
 Nor wicked men, nor doltishe soles, may come where God doth guide.

These wordes while as the holy man in teaching me had spent,

The Sunne almost had ended daye with Blaine þ weary went:  
 And night was neere at hande, that thoe began abrode to cast  
 Hir dreadfull darksome shade vpon the worlde approuching fast.  
 I thence depart, and towards Rome my way in hast I take,  
 And while with spedde I passe the pathe þ orney new doth make:  
 Lo Cynthia shining compasse ful, did call the lightlesse night,  
 With siluer beames, that dewe she cast t'appere both fayre and bright.  
 Thus went I all alone, and with my selfe in minde I waide,  
 The Godly wordes that late to me the auncient Father saide.

But lo, thre men in company therwith I might beholde,

Whō mee:ig thus by chāuce, I askte which way they trauaile would:  
 To Rome they sayde; and one of them lookte full vpon mee thoe,  
 And namēg mee, from whence quoth he, what countrey comste thou fro?  
 I aunswerde him, from that wise man, which in the part most hye  
 Offayre Apollos slately hill, in lofty place doth lye.  
 Wherewith he smilde, & sayde, O sole sinkes it into thy minde,  
 That possible on earth it is a wise man here to finde?  
 He seemeth wise that is least sole the other sort among,  
 Although a dolt for wisdome doth to Gods alone belong:  
 Of number which we heare are thre. For I am called by name  
 Sarracilus, and Sathiell he, Iana is this same.

Betwixt the  
cleane and  
the vnclean  
no societie  
or felow-  
ship.

Meaning  
that I  
ed in  
the e  
drew  
pace.

Cinthia the  
Moone, so  
named of  
the hill  
Cynthus,  
in the Island  
Delos.

A wise  
no where  
be found.

Which though we walke in humain shape, thus saemyn g men in face,  
Yet Gods we be, and neere the Mone we haue our dwelling place.  
Whereas a number great of Gods, of meanest sort doe lye,  
That haue the guiding of the earth, and Seas that rise so hye.

This when I heard, amasde I was, and soze to dread began:

Pet seining bolde, and boide of feare, full like a pretye man,  
I aske wherefore they went to Rome, then aunswerde me the same:  
A fellowe there of oures we haue that Ammon hath to name,  
Whom bounde to serue by Magike Arte a yng man there kepes straight,

Narnia, a  
cote in vni-  
bria a coun-  
tri in Italie,  
it is called

¶ what great power is graunted man, the sprites he guides by line.  
By this you well may understand, your soules to be divine,  
And boide of death. For if no part of you shoulde after raine,

Narnia, of  
the riuer  
Nar running  
hard by.

If that your soule should dye, as body here by death is slaine:  
What power shoulde haue such foolish beasts & trifling pictures  
Upon the sprites aboue: And if no sacred thing remaine

In you, how should such Ghostes as we the force of man so way,  
¶ unto man of fadynge state in such a sort obey?

Pea I my selfe was once constrainde, to serue a German wight,  
Inclosde within a compast ston of Chrystal clere and bright:  
But at the length a berded lire unlosde me of these bandes,  
And prison broken thence I fledde, in hast from out his handes.  
To Rome therefore we go with minde, if that we may t' vnyte  
From service straight, a mate of oures, that there doth captiue lye.  
And so that downe to Hell we may conuaye this present night,  
A sort of Romishe prelates proude, that liue in great delight.

These words whyle as he spake, a winde so thw did pittling blowe:  
¶ quoth Sathiell the, ¶ frends from Rome Remisses comes I knowe:

The enor-  
mities of  
the Romish  
Estate.

This winde that comes before declares, nor herein did he lye,  
For therewithall a fayre yong man, Remisses leode them bye.  
They at his comming all reioiss, and bid him welcome there,  
And aske what great assayres in Rome, what newes doe there appere.

The Popes  
order of dis-  
putation is  
fyre, swerd,  
an i such vi-  
alent vsage,

With Theft, and Quile, all ours they be, both man, and womankinde.  
But Clement there the Pope prepares, an armye great in haste,  
And seekes to haue the present state of Luther cleane defaste,  
And Spanishe ensignes therefore kepes: nor will he nowe dispute,

Alway

Away with counsell nowe: and hence with Luthers workes againe,  
 For Wyshops now are battailes meete, all other waies are vaine,  
 Ne care they what the Apostles taught, ne for the wordes of Christ,  
 But boast themselves as Lordes of all, that may doe what they list.  
 They that haue power do feare no law, law is with force opprest.  
 But we (my mates) doe hope thereby, of gaine to be possest,  
 And of the spoile of such a sort, some soules to beare away

fat and ple-  
nfull pray.

To the dreadfull dungeon darke. These workes he thus did say.

Then whispring somthing w<sup>t</sup> theselues, from thence they doe depart:  
 And w<sup>t</sup> they leauie remaining there alone, with heauy heart.  
 For when Sarracilus had saide, that none on earth was wylle,  
 Immediatly a dolefull thought, within my heart did rise:

And thus vnto my selfe I saide. Is wisedome euermore,  
 In vaine of vs desirde, and praiside: and vainely looked for?  
 And only dealt to saintes aboue? Then of necessitie,  
 Here in this wretched mortall life, all men must folishe be,  
 And laughing stocks, and pageants fonde, vnto the Gods insky.  
 O state in most vnhappy kinde, of man in misery,  
 O rashe vnbridled wanfonnesse, of such as parents bee,  
 O filthy lust that doth beget, the Children that we see,  
 What do you now? you doe beget both fooles and wretches here,  
 A boy is borne, be mery syrs, reioyce, and make good cheare,  
 Fil in your cuppes, and deinty dish vpon the table place.  
 But soone the childe shall proue a scole, or liue in wretched case,  
 O dying sone, he shal depart vnto the Ghost belowe:  
 O blinded mindes, that of the things to come do never know.  
 We mortall men in wretched things, haue oft a great delight.  
 These wordes I muttred in my minde, and wrapt in wofull plight,  
 I went vnto my lodging strayght, for sleepe opprest mine eyes,

T  
o  
n  
ing the  
wordes of  
Sarracilus  
that ther is  
no wiseman  
in the wor-  
lde.

And made me riele. Of wisemans state, these wordes shal here suffice.  
 Now mette it is thy wearied harpe, my Mule at rest to lay,  
 And for to spare the iarring strings. Let vs this time go pray  
 The Lord and maker of the world, that he grace may vs send,  
 The other tynes that do remaine, with pleasant song to end,  
 For greater things I must declare, than yet from me did flowe:  
 And soze my simple minde doth feare, such Misteries great to shewe.  
 My watery signe shal search the partes, of nature perfectly,  
 And last of all my labour shall, set open wyde the Skye.

That is to  
say Aquati-  
us the signe  
next and im-  
mediately  
following

¶ The eleuenth Booke,  
Aquarius.

The Loue of Nature parent chiese, and great desire of minde,  
 The Secret causes of all thinges, for to reueale and finde  
 Persuades me now againe, my selfe with Aon stremes to fill,  
 And once againe to rest on tops, of hie Parnassus hill,  
 My Muse draw neere, and bring thy harp, now neede thy wit to shew  
 It is, and of a learned voyce, and verse at full to flowe.  
 No small thinges here we must declare: I purpose now in minde,  
 Dame Natures face for to disclose, about the world to winde.

Time past,  
present, and  
to come.

And first what hath bene here before, what is, and what shall bee,  
 Is called Ens: this name containes all things of ech degree,  
 But of the sortes that God hath framde, by power and wisdome hie,  
 Some leade their life of body boide, some either luelesse lie,  
 Or els do liue in body here. Of former state of twaine  
 This Wo:ke speakes not, the next shall shew in time that doth remaine:  
 Now (Muse) let vs the other shew. The farthest partes most hie  
 Of all the world, with ample space incompast is of Skie,  
 That whirling round with dayly course, doth all thinges here inclose.  
 Five Zones diuide it into partes, but every part of those  
 Replenish't with his dwellers is, nothing for bids the same.  
 For colde can never hurt the Gods, nor heate can them inflame.  
 Such thinges do best agree with earth. The sacred Skies are free  
 From Colde congeled, quiuering Ise, and Fiers that flaming bee.  
 Which though it roule continually, yet keepe's it still on place.

The North  
pole.

And from the parte where first it stood, doth never shifft his pace.

For plasse betwene two fised Poles, it stedfastly doth stand,

The South  
pole.

And is sustaunde betwene them two, by Gods almighty hand,

Wherof the one doth plaine appeare to vs continually,

The Anti-  
pedes, or  
Antichtho-  
nes.

And doth beholde the Beares aboue, that keepe's their course so hy:

The other vnder earth is plasse: against it fised well,

Polas Ar-  
ticus.

And in the night is seene to them, that vnder vs doe dwell.

This Compast globe of all the skie, from East to West divides

As many Spheres in compasse round, as there are Zones besides.

What which is next unto the Beare, the Articke hath to name:

The tropik  
of Cancer.

And next to him the Circle standes wherein doth Cancer flame,

Which doth constraine the Sunne to fall, and backward to retire,

And

# Aquarius.

20

The Aequinoctiall line.  
The Tropic of Capricorne.

The Pole Antartike.

Sunne passeth euery yea.

Paraleli, liues in a Sphere of semblable equaltie.

The two col.

mobile first mouer perfourmes his course in 24 hours

Saturne ful filleth his courfe in 30 yea.

Jupiter couereth his course in 12 yea.

And farther of so to withdraw, his beames of flaming fire.  
Then next in order doth insewe, the Aequinoctiall line,  
Whiche doth declare the dayes and nightes, of equal length & time.  
Not farre from thence by Capricorne another line doth runne,  
Whiche cannot passe, but doth returne from hence to vs the Sunne.  
The circle next that placed is, vnto the Southe so nare,  
Th' Antarticke circle hath to name, contrary to our Sphere.  
Beside these lines a circle crookt, there stands in Skyes so cleare,  
By which the Sunne in moneths twise lire, doth passe a perfect yea.  
Another circle white there is, whose course by knees doth traine,  
Of Gemini, by Scorpius taile, and by the Tropicks twaine,  
And through the crooked path of Sunne by midst of Archers string,  
And passeth by the Centaurs legges, and by the Eagles wing,  
And both the Carter and the Swanne, and Perseus doth it tonche.  
And Paralels there are, this name giue Greekes to Circles luche,  
And day by day the Sunne doth passe a circle of this kinde,  
When as he falles amid the West, and leaues the East behinde.  
Two Colures eke besides there are, the one where Sunne doth stay  
By Cancer, Capricorne, and bothe the Poles doth cut his way:  
The other by the Balance runnes, and by the Wethers face:  
This shewes the tyme when night & day are both of equall space.  
Besides a number great there is of sundrie circles framde,  
That passe by bothe the foresaide Poles, Meridians rightly namde,  
That ouer vs directly runnes. A Circle moze doth ly  
Th' Horizon calde, the wold in midst diuided is therby,  
And where our sight doth ceasse it standes, thence terme the Greekes it so.  
Besides the Heauens parted are with many circles moe:  
And nine there be, whereof the highest that Mover first we call,  
Doth roulling from the farthest Indes, with Moores and Spaniardes fall:  
Within a day he runnes his race, and fiercely doth he twine  
About with him the othe r Spheres, in whome no Starre doth shine:  
But cleane contrary to the same moued all the Spheres beside,  
And towards the stremes of Ganges great fro Cales in course they slide,  
Whereof the greatest doth shine with Starres that boide of number bee,  
And scarcely in an hundred yeares, doth moue but one degræ.  
And next to this doth Saturne stand, aboue the other Spheres,  
Who finisheth his course at full in space of thirtie yeares.  
And next to him standes Jupiter, that end of course doth gaine

In.

Mars fulfilleth his course in two yeares twice six moneths twaine,  
 Let his course in two yeates  
 Sol finissheth his course in one yeare.  
 Venus per-sourineth her course, in eleven moneths, & odd dayes.  
 Mercurie fullfilleth his course in ten moneths space of 4 weekes and fourte dayes.  
 Luna finisheth her course, every moneth.

He meanebeth Pisces.

1. Aries.  
 2. Taurus.  
 3 Gemini.  
 4 Cancer.  
 5 Leo  
 6 Virgo  
 7 Libra  
 8 Scorpio  
 9 Sagittarius.  
 10 Capricornus.  
 11 Aquarius  
 12 Pisces

Ner stands the Sunne that (as they say) his iourney doth contrive,  
 Beside six hours in space of dayes thre hundred, sixty, five.  
 When next in place doth Venus role, hir whyzling whæle about,  
 And sooner than the Sunne hir course by seuentene daies falleth out,  
 Then moues in Circle Mercurie which if report be right,  
 Doth nine dayes sooner end his course, than Venus planet bright.  
 The Circle of the Moone is lowest, and passeth through the line,  
 Of all hir course in hours eyght, and twenty dayes and nine.  
 Seuen planets thus there are, þ Grekes as Wandering starres do call:  
 The hyest of which Saturnushath. To him for house and hall,  
 The Gote and scrutour of Ioue, and Jupiter doth holde:  
 Two houses darke amidde the skye, the Fishe and Archer holde.  
 The Scorpion and the Phrigian Ramme, to folishe Mars pertaine:  
 And in the flaming Lion fierce, the Sunne doth East remaine.  
 But in the Bull and Balance doth the tender Venus rest:  
 Mercurius doth in Twinnes reioyce, and in the Virgins brest.  
 A goodly Rome þ Crabbe doth make, wherein þ Moone doth dwelle.  
 But of the fayre Celestiall signes, let vs begin to tell,  
 Within the Zodiak, where the Sunne a yere by course doth trye:  
 Twelue Signes there be, & six of them, are named Northerly.  
 The other are Souththerne signes, From beast that gilded shines,  
 Unto the pleasant Virgins sorte, they are calde the Northerne signes.  
 But from the foremost of the waytes, unto the Cattayle twaine,  
 Of Neptunes droue, whatsoever are unto the South pertaine.  
 The names of these celestiall signes I will disclose in verse.  
 These are the 1. Ram, the 2. Bull, þ 3. Twins, þ 4. Crabbe, þ 5. Lyon fierce  
 The 6. Maide, the 7. Scales, the 8. Scorpion, the 9. Shooter, and þ 10. Gote  
 The 11. Waterpourer, and in skyes the 12. Fishes two that floate.  
 Ech seuenth stande contrarily, for when the one doth rise  
 The other flettes, when as the Ram apperes before our eyes,  
 Then down therwith descendes þ Scales, so standes contrary full:  
 And rising eche when other falles, the Scorpion, and the Bull.  
 From head of Crabbe, to Shooters sorte directly doe they lye:  
 And from the Gote unto the Twinnes they are sayde to hang alwy.  
 Likewise ten Degrees in length, & twelue in bredth hath every signe:  
 And earthly named are, the Gote, the Bull, and Virgin fine.  
 But airy are these thre, the Scales, the Waterman, the Twinnes:

And

And Waterishe are the Scorpion, and the Crabbe, and Fishy finnes,  
 The thre that rest are fiery, the Lyon, Shooter, Ram :  
 And Masculine be these with thre that Ayrie signes we name.  
 And Fortunat they called be, the rest are Feminine:  
 And are vnfortunate, they say that state of Starres define.  
 These mouing are, the Ram the Crabbe, th Scales, and Capricorne:  
 And fast, the Lion, Scorpion, Bull, and Boy with Eagle borne.  
 The Twinnes, the Shooter, Mayde and Fishe, are common cuery signes,  
 Whereof are thre and thyrtie Images in sacred skyes doe shine,  
 Whercof are twenty placed fast, amidde the Northerne Raine:  
 And storming South doth challenge all the rest that doe remaine.  
 These are the starres that in the North doe giue their blasing light:  
 Two Beares, of which doth Helice shine forth w<sup>th</sup> Starres more bright.  
 The lesser Cynosurais, Phoeniceans faithful guide:  
 Betwene them both the Serpent fierce, doth creepe with cralling pride,  
 There Cepheus shines, and Cassiopey, and Candian glistring Crowne:  
 And next vnto the milke white Swanne, is plasse the Kneeler downe,  
 And harkneth to the plesant Harpe. The Berwarde there doth shewe  
 His glistring starres, and Perseus stands in this celestiall rowe:  
 That beares in hand Medusaes face, and in this part is seene  
 The Carter, he that Serpent holdes, and eke his Serpent kene,  
 And by the Serpent standes the Shaft and there the Egle nye,  
 And Dolphin, that in ayrie seas aboue doth swifly sye.  
 Here shines the noble Pegasus, a Horse of auncient fame:  
 And therby standes Andromeda, and Delta last of name.  
 Now thirteen signes the South in part contrary doth retaine:  
 The Whale, that scarce is yet at length with sworde of Perseus slaine.  
 Orion armde thou shalt beholde in this same part of skyes.  
 There Nilus runnes with Channels stote: and Hare that swifly syes,  
 Whom nere a brace of Doggs pursue, the greater and the small.  
 Among these Starres doth Argos saile a goodly Ship and tall.  
 Here mayst thou both the Altar, and the myghty Cup beholde.  
 And Phoebus Crowne, that glisteral with Starres of flaming golde.  
 The Centaure fierce, and Dragon slaine, with strong Alcides sweat,  
 The stinging plague of Lernaes lake a grisly monster great.  
 And in this part a certaine Fishe, may w<sup>th</sup> well perceiued bee.  
 Lo here the shapes that moue aboue my verse hath tolde to thre.  
 Now will I shewe how many Starres in every signe appere,

the twelve  
signes.

Helice com  
monly cal-  
led Ursa  
major.

Cynosura.

In Elice dor seuen shine, by name the greater Beare  
 Wicance it giues the greater light, but Cynosura hyght  
 The lesser beare because she doth appeare with smaller light,  
 Though one and twentie Starres in her doe euermore abide.  
 Fifteene the wakynge Serpent hath that doth the Beares diuide.  
 And Cepheus, xir. starres containes: Cassiopey doth shine (nine.  
 With thirteene lightes: the gorgeouſe Crowne hath never more than  
 And thre the Swanne, twice fife & nine the Kneeler bright doth weare,  
 And fourteene Starres describes the man that diuies about the Beare,  
 Of which the Starre doth brightest shine that in his girdle lyes.  
 Full seuentene brondes doth Perseus holde that glisters in the skyes:  
 The Carter ſcuen: but that cleare Starre y on his shoulder stands  
 Is calde the Gote, the other twaine are Kiddes he hath in handes:  
 A dreadfull ſight to ſhipmen oft. The man that holdes the Snake  
 Hath ſeuentene starres, his Serpents ſhape doth two and twentie make.  
 Nine lightes do shine in Orpheus Harp. Fourre frames the Shaft a hye:  
 An enume- Fourre fires doe flame in him that lift the Troian to the ſkye:  
 ration or re Ten ſparkes doe make the Dolphin clere: with eightene ſtars of night  
 herfall of the Starres, Shines Pegasus: and twenty giues Andromeda her light:  
 their names But thre alone doth Delta beare. Now will I take in hand  
 & number To tell in verſe how many starres in ſigne of Zodiake stand.  
 as they be The Ram is firſt that xvij. lightes doth in his body beare,  
 in the Zo- The Bull hath one and twentie starres but ſeauen ſhining cleare,  
 diak and twelue Behinde his backe Vergiliæ are calde, and eke Atlantides,  
 ſignes cele- As many in his head he hath, of showers calde Hades.  
 ſtall. Eightene betwixt them haue the Twinnes, one. x. the other eight.  
 And eightene hath the Crabbe aboue, two ſtands behinde him ſtraight.  
 That Asles, and the Stall, are namde. But next that clearely ſhine,  
 The Lyon glifters there with starres in number ten and nine:  
 The Virgin holding eares of Corne with eightene lightes is cleare:  
 In Balance fourre, and xv. in the Scorpion doth appearre:  
 And xv. in the Shooter ſhines, before whose ſteate doth lye  
 A certayne Crowne where ſeuen lightes doe gliftter to the eye.  
 The Gote hath two and twentie starres, the Troian Boy fourteene.  
 In the one Fishe viij. and xir. appears: in the other xij. are ſcene.  
 Now will I ſhewe what starres there be in ſignes of Southerne ſide,  
 Though farre from vs they be, and scant can of our ſight be ſpide.  
 The monſtrous Fishe hath xxx. lights; like ſoſt in Nilus flowes,

Sire hath the Hare, and rbit. in great Orion shoues,  
With. xix. flames the Syrian Dog, the little Dog hath thre,  
The sides of Arcos brauely deckt with thre and twenty be.  
One starre doth Chiron more relay, the sacrifice in handes  
He holdes eleuen hath, & deckt with. iiiij. the goodly Altare standes,  
With six and twenty Hydra shynes, thre signes that lies in length  
And mates the Crab, the Virgin sayre and Lion great of strength.  
The Rauen shynes with seauen Starres, the Cup hath eyght in sight,  
The Southerne Fish with. xij. doth cast abrode his starry light.  
The rising and the setting of the Signes let vs display.  
Thre sortes of wayes y Starres do rise, thre sortes they fall away,  
That rising called Cosmike is, the setting termde likewise,  
When early in the Caste the signe, with Sunne is knowne to rise:  
But when soever any signe doth rise, or downeward fall,  
And Sunne in setting, lets them shine, this ter m<sup>r</sup> we Cronicall:  
And Heliake is the rising namde, when as the Sunne full nere  
The signe lies hid, and passing thence, forthwith doth bright appere:  
The Heliake setting that we cal when as in any signe  
The Sunne doth walke, and with his light permit it not to shine.

But now the rising of the Signes, and how they downe descend  
I will declare, if Muses ayde and Phoebus be my frend.  
When Ram doth rise then mounteth vp left part of Andromed  
Unto the halfe, ioyned therewith Sir Perseus flaming head:  
Then backward commes the Bull aloft, who while he vpiward hyes,  
All Perseus springs, and greatest part of Carter then doth rise,  
And Thurlpoles tayle, and fading quite the Altar downe doth fall:  
Then hydes himself in flashing floudes, the Berward first of all.  
With Twinnes doth all the Whale arise, and former partes of Po,  
And with with this same Orion great all armed vp doth go:  
Then he that holdes the Snake with both his fete, the water tries.  
The Crab arising vp takes halfe the Crowne away from eyes,  
The tayle of Whale, the Southerne Fish and head of Kneeler lowe,  
And half his Hanche: from knees to backe of him that Snake doth shewe,  
And all his Snake except the neck the Berward almost quite.  
But now againe from girdle vp Orion commes to sight,  
With all the course of Nilus great. These Signes beside do rise  
With Lion fierce: the Egle, Hare, and Dog of lesser sise,  
The former legges of greater Dog, and head of Hydra springe:

The rising

That  
is in the  
Month of  
March.

In April.

In

In July.

But these against the Bearward hote, and he that Serpent wrings,  
With head and necke of Snake in hand, and part that did remaine  
Of glurling Crowne, and Kneeler cke, (excepted yet againe  
His left foote and his knæ beside) in Westerne wares doe fall.

In August. With Virgin riseth whole the Dog, and Serpent vp doth crall,  
Unto the Cups, and then apperes, the Ship of Theslaly,  
As much as Mast and saile may shewe. Contrary hid do lie  
These starres, the Dolphin, all the Swan, his taile except, the Darte,  
The Scorpions cleye, and cſt the cloud, of Nile the former parte :

In Septem- But Pegasus hides head and necke, the rest appeareth bright,  
ber. Al Argo with the Scales doth rise, and Bearward clere in sight.  
Saue tippe of taile, all Hydra scene, the right knæ and the shinne  
Of Kneeler downe, and Centaures taile, to Arie doth then beginne :  
Then mayſt thou halſe the Crowne perceiue, the rest cſt Hoife that flies,  
And partes that hindernost to ſtand of Swanne then hidden lies :  
And al ſauē head the Whale doth ſet, hir head in Seas doth hide :  
Andromeda then ſhalt thou ſee, olde Cepheus downe to ſide,

In October The Father of Andromeda, and downe in clouds to fall  
With hands, his ſhoulders, & his head. Thele shapes and figures all  
With Scorpion riſe : the Dragons taile, and Chirons horſe appeare,  
And rest of Crowne and Sacrifice, that he in hands doth beare,  
Also the Serpentes head doth riſe, and cle her holders head,  
Then ſits the part that doth remain, of corſe of Andromead,  
And Cepheus ſits from head to waſte, and double winding way  
Of Padus ſreames, and downward then doth fall dame Cassiopey,

In Nouem- Then firſt the Dog himſelfe doth hyde, and downe Orion flings.  
ber. When as the Shooter vp doth rye, the Serpent holder ſprings,  
With Serpent whole, the left hand and the head cſt Kneeler downe,  
And all the Harp, the breaſt and head, of him that ware the Crowne  
Of Aethiops land King Cepheus cald. Then hidden quite doth lye  
Orion, Hare, and greater Dog and Carter of the Skie,  
Excepting only Head and Feete, then Peſeus downe doth fall,

In Decem- His right foote and his thigh except, the Ship (ſauē ſterne) ſyts all.  
ber. When as the Gote ascendeth vp, the Swanne, and Shaft therby,  
The Altare and the Egle ſayre, begin to appeare in ſkye.  
But ſterne of Argo then deſcendes, and leſſer Dog doth hide  
His starres in ſea, and vnder grounde, therewith doth Peſeus ſide.

In January When as cſt Gannedes faire, the godly starres do rye,

Then

## A quarius.

Then first the limmes of Pegasus, do clime into the Skies :  
Contray wise the neck and head, of Dragon downe doth syde,  
And Chiron doth his hinder parte, beneath the waters syde.  
When as the Fyshes twaine are brought, to rise aloft in Skie,  
The right side of Andromeda appeareth to the eye.  
And he that Southerne Fish is calde : then both the bodies quicke,  
Of Dragon and of Centaure great, are taken from our sight.  
Thus much of rising of the Signes and setting whal suffise,

Now let vs touch the rest that doth remaine, in speedy wise.

But fyre we must Vrania call, my verses here vnto,  
That she may ayde and succour sende, such secrets to vndo.  
Vrania, thou that knowest the things, aloft that hidden lye,  
That walkest oft by seates of Gods, and starry temples hye :  
Vrania beautiful, draw nere, and open vnto me,  
The secret seates of Gods aboue, and things that hidden be,  
And helpe thy Poet, that in song, thy Scepters seekes to shewe,  
And graunt the whirling Skies aboue, in minde that I may knowe.  
And first good Lady shewe to me, if that the Skies aboue,  
Consist of matter hard and thicke, or soft and apt to moue :  
None otherwise than is the Ayre, which well we may diuide :  
This tolde thou shalt declare to me, straunge matters more beside.

Two spryngs of nature chiese there be, Materia and Forma namde :

Of these same twaine all kinde of things, that here we see, are framde,  
Of these the earth, the seas, the ayre, and flaming fyre spryngs :  
Wherfore they lye, that matter none, admit in Heavenly things.  
For contraries should then in them, be found (thus they do say)  
And by this meanes corrupted quite, they shoulde in time decay.  
But as me semes, this reason here, doth from the truth decline,  
For neither matter is in fault, if that in tract of time,  
The bodies fade : nor contraries, themselves will thus vndo,  
If that their forces equall be, and stronger none of two :  
For when the strenght and power is like, then equall is the fight,  
And victory on neither part, and neither syde doth light.  
Wherfore God seeking in his minde, the heauens hye to make,  
The chiese and purest fined partes, of matter first, did take,  
And tempred them in such a sorte, that harme in them shoulde cease,  
And that the things contrary thus, shoulde still remaine in peace :  
So lastes the skye continually, and never doth decay.

In february

Vrania

Whether  
the heauens  
be material

Materia &

But

The heauēs  
are made of  
a hard and  
durable  
substance.

But for bicausē the harder things, last longer farre away,  
And take lesse herte : therfore the skye, of all the hardest seemes,  
Hōre than the Diamonde, that forme and fire it light estemeſ,  
And every ſorce, ſaue onely Gods, of whom it firſt toke grounde.

The cause  
of the ſunns  
Eclips is the  
interpoſitiō  
of the Moo  
ne betwene  
the Sunne  
& the earth

Whether,  
the celeſtial  
bodies in  
their reuo  
lutiō, make  
an harmo  
nious ſound  
as philolo  
phers helde  
opinion.

No ſounde  
where Ayre  
wanteth:  
but ayre  
Wantēh in  
heauen, et  
c.

An other reaſon proues this ſame, for fyſt that moueth rounde,  
The Spheres beneath him turne about, & Westward the doth dñe,  
And roules them daily mouing round, though they contrary ſtriuē:  
Which could not be iſ that they were, not hard assuredly.  
Take there withal that parte of Moone, the likeliſt is to ſky,  
Which Sunne doth not behold, nor touche, w beames of brothers eyes.  
So Starres at none are thought to be, in colour like to Skyes,  
Which Moone and Starres themſelues be harde, and dark they also be:  
The expeſience of the Eclipse doth this declare apparantlie,  
For Moone betwixt doth hide þ beames, that from the Sunne do ſlowe,  
And ſuffers not the ſhining light, upon the earth to ſhowe.  
Why ſhould not this ſame hardnes here, vnto the Skies agree?  
For neuer ſhould it elſe holde iſt the Starres that fixed bee,  
But wander farre abroade they would, nor one place them ſhould holde,  
Yet darke is not the firnament, as of the Starres we tolde,  
For placed here vpon the earth, the hieſt Starres we ſee:  
And well our ſight diſcernes the ſigues, that farthefrom vs be.  
With hardeſt are celeſtiall ſhapes, and pureſt eke are ſuch,  
Perchaunce they giue a ſounde beſides: and ſith they roule and touch,  
They make ſome heauenly melodie: as ſome that long agoe,  
Both learnde and ſobz wriſten haue: My Muse thiſ doubt vndoe.  
Though hard and many be the kindes, of Heauenly bodies hie,  
And though they ſubiect are to ſight, of earthly humaine eye,  
Yet noife for truth they none do make. For nothing them doth beate:  
Nor beaten would they moze reſound, that are moſt thicke and grcate.  
And ſith no aire is there, without the which no ſound is made,  
And therfore void of noyle they runne in round and rouling trade.  
Beside, the inferior Cireles eyght, gainward the moznings ſeate,  
Are turnd about one ſelſe ſame way, nor on themſelues they beate  
With meeting course, but paſſe one way, with eaſy rouling round,  
As daunce in order compassing, about do ſoftely dñe:  
The Mouer firſt againſt them all, in courſe doth onely ſtriuē,  
Yet noife doth it neuer make, ne ſoundeth it at all,  
For aire there lackes, & outward partes of Spheres are ſmooth alway:

Wherby

## Aquarius.

Wherby they swifly passe about, no roughnes them doth stay,  
And easil thus with gentle touche their neighbours next are kynt,  
Wherfore their motion they do make al silently and whynt.  
Therefore The Fathers olde did erre, that earnestly beleued  
Spheres mouing to make Harmony, but not to be perceived,  
Bycause it past the cares of man: as is not heard at all  
The rush of Nilus streames, where from the mountaines they do fall,  
But farther off the sound doth roare, They trifle thus to teache;  
And sond and vaine the reason is, that herein they do preache.  
Foz if suche things were never heard, why shold they then devise,  
A sound amid the Skyes to be? Tis naught to enterprise  
Of things to talke that never can be shewed or proued plaine,  
That iustly may denyed be: no newe things must we sayne,  
Except a trueth in them be pronounced. Wher reason is away,  
No faith nor credit must we giue, to words that men do say.

But is the Heauen round my Muse, as fame of olde hath spide,  
For compassed forme sames perfecter than all the rest beside,  
Because it hath beginning none nor end in it doth lye,  
Because it aye containeth moste more fine and faire to the eye,  
And apter is it to be moued, chiesly the middest aboue:  
As Heauen turnd about the Earthe, that hath her standing stoute  
In midst of all the wold. This forme so worthy doth agree  
To Heauen, to the Sunne and Moone, and all the Starres we see:  
Though sondy sondy of Painters doth them otherwysse descrye.

But are the Starres as some do say the thicker part of Skye?  
Not so: foz every one of them unlike to heauen be.

Among themselves they differ eke, as Clme from Heruise tre,  
As Peare from Cherrie differeth, in fashion and in fruite:  
Their diuers vertue this declares, and eke their sondrie suite.  
A power alone hath every Starre, and nature eke at hand.  
The Heauen therefore is but seate, and place where Starres do stand,  
No substance thoe, or matter of them. What vertue hath the Skye?  
All force and vertues in the Starres and glistering planets lye.  
The Starres do guide the compast wold, and euery chaunge doth bring  
The Starres create all things on earth and governe euery thing:  
Thus teache the Astronomers, and thus the common fame doth lye.  
Ne must we thinke in thicke and thinne the substance of the Skye  
To differ from the Starres, but eke their natures diuers be.

D.iiij.

The rest of  
the spheres  
which pri-  
mum  
Mobile cir-  
cumscribeth  
and compas-  
seth.

Whether  
the heaven  
be of an  
orbicular &  
round pro-  
portion.

sui orbis

The heaven  
is not con-  
substanciall  
with the

An

And sundry is their shape and force, and fassion that we see.

The bignesse of the Starres, and if their turning never stay,

And in what place they fixed be, (as Plato once did say)

And if they boide of dwellers be, or any there doth drell,

Whether al starres be  
of equall  
magnitude  
& bignesse.

My Muse I would be glad to knowe, wherefore I pray thee tell.  
All Starres are not of bignes like, for many lesse there be,  
And in such sort, as comprehend no man may them we see:  
Some are againe of larger lise, in number fewe and fine,

That in cleare nightes amyd the skyes with gorgeous light do shine:

Of which th' Astronomers haue framde faire shapes and figures bright,

And pictured haue the Heauens braue with signes of sundrie sight.

Thus of this greater sorte of Starres, (as leard in Starres do tel,

And as the Sunnes eclipse doth shewe: wherein appeareth well

Howe great the Moone in body is while vnder him she glides,

And darkning all with shadowes blacke, hit brothers beames she hides,) )

Some do in compasse farre excede both seas, and earth, and all,

And bigger are their shining globes, though they do seeme so small:

Bycause so farre from vs they be. For euery thing beside,

The farther it is from our eies, the lesse in sight is spide,

And doth deceiue the lookers on. The Starres that fixed be

Small, lyke (As Plato greatest Clerke doth say) are cache in their degréé,

About their Centres rouled round, and turnde continually,

And by this reason are they thought to twinkle in the eye:

And not as certaine sayned haue, bycause farre off they bee,

Therefore they yealde a trembling light, to suche as them do see:

This reason surely is but vaine, and chidishe for to write,

For nothing seemes to twinkle tho, bycause tis farre from sight:

But dimmer then and lesse it seemes, nor twinkling can they be

Without a motion sure. Wherefore the Starres that fixt we see,

Do moue togeather with the Sunne, as we declared late:

But Saturne Iupiter and Mars, do moue in no such rate,

No more doth Moone, nor Mercurie, nor Venus pleasant Starre:

But moue in little circles that to them annexed are.

Why sparckles not Saturnus, Ioue, and Mars, as doth the Sunne?

Lyth farther farre from vs in Spheares alost more hye they runne:

For differ they in difference great from fixed Starres aboue?

The cause why Saturn, Mars, & Iu-

Because they do not as the Sunne about their Centres moue,

But in their Epicicles roule their bodies round about,

Some man (perchaunce if) so þ Sunne doth sparckle, standes in doubt.  
But if he shall the same behoulde when first it doth appeare,  
Or when in Winter time it falles, and setteth in waters cleare,  
When as his eye may best endure his sight thereon to cast,  
He shall perceiue it plaine to turne, and eke to sparckle fast.

Let no man thinke this thing to be so great and strange to minde,  
If all the gorgous starres do moue in such a sort and kinde:

Seemes it not farre more wonderfull that Heauens compasse wide  
Wyth such a motion swift about the wold doth alwaies glide,  
That byrdes, and wyndes, and lightnings flash, in swiftnes it doth passe? þmeates  
higher then  
the Moone.  
Thus now the almighty Lord, by whome the wold created was,  
All things he made, diuided in these two, Mouing and Rest.

But in the Centre, rest vpon the earth his place possest:

In all the others motion dwelles. The stremes doe swiftly flye,  
The ayre and fyre flames on Earth do moue continually.

But chiefly in the firmament hath mouing greatest spright,  
And every spheare the higher it is doth moue with greater might,  
And swifter runnes about the wold. Wherefore that Heauen hye,  
That called is the Mover first, with motion mooste doth flye.

But that the greatest motion is, that in the time most small,  
Doth sonest runne his course aboute, the greatest space of all.

Thus would it runne about the wold in twinkling of an eye,  
But that the other Spheares do let that vnder him do lye,

Restraining it of course so swift, least that in tourning round,  
The Seas with it, it shoulde conuey, and all the earthly ground:

For then no kinde of creature could leade here this life in them.

O matter to be wondred at, who is not mazed? When

He wayeth with himselfe in minde so great a quantitie,  
So farre to passe in so short time: and backe againe to flie,

And never for to ceasse his course, and labour none to feele?  
Hereby do some beleue that Gods the wold abont do whelle.

If them to every circle is a mouer strong assynde,

Who like as they that are condyned in bakehouse for to grinde,  
May never ceasse from turning round the skye both day and night,

For though he woulde can once hane time to rest his weary spright.  
Now surely happy is that God, that serueth in the same.

But these are toies, and fancies fond of such as like for fame.

What store of fond Foolosophers, and such as hunt for praise,

Piter (being  
all three a-  
bove Sol) I  
see me not

Euery sphe

The motion  
of the eight  
spheres, to  
primum  
Mobile.

Morosophi  
Philodoxi

The earth brings forth it is not good: to credit al he sayes,  
 Though great his estimation be in mouthes of many men,  
 Though many Reames of Paper he hath scribled with his pen.

Magni sepe For famous men do oftentimes make great and famous lies.  
 virti, menda- And often men do misse the truth, though they be never so wise:  
 cia magna  
 loquuntur. Therefore must reason first be sought. For in such doubtfull things,  
 More credit Reason ought to haue, than mennes Imaginings:  
 We must For such are often proued false. What thing doth reason say?  
 be ruled by That Skies or Starres are moued of, Gods or of their proper sway:  
 reason, and What honour great, what kinde of ioy, what pleasure can there be,  
 not by con- Unto these Gods that turne about the Skies continuallie?  
 iectures. That they for life of foolish man, may needfull things prouide,  
 And that the Birdes and sauage beasts and Fishes they maye guide.  
 Becomes it Lordes in such a sorte their Seruants here to serue?  
 And Gods for euer to be thrall, that they may beastes preserue,  
 That they may foster ffoles & knaues: is it not rather mete  
 For Gods to enjoy their libertie, and pleasant frādome swete?  
 That they may where they list go walke least as in fetters tyed,  
 They can not passe from place to place, but still at home abide?  
 Or as the Potters plying still the wheele and lumpe of clay,  
 Can haue no time of quiet rest, nor steppe from place away?  
 Hemes it so swete a spoerte to them the compasse round to moue,  
 Or can this laboure never grieue the Gods that sit aboue?  
 Osentence, worthy to be markte, of graue and witty men:  
 But reason barres them this, and cries contrary quite to them.

The natural For nothing is eternall here but only God alone,  
 qualities of And after him continuall be, the Natures everychone  
 the elements Of things that he of nothing made. But yet by sure decree,  
 celestiall That other wise they cannot shewe than they appoynted bee,  
 spheares, & By him when first he framid the world, so still continuall shall  
 all other The Waters soft, the fier hote, the Earth a stedfast ball,  
 things cal- So shall the Aire for euer moue: So of necessity,  
 led corpora The Circles of the Heauens round shall turne continually.  
 sublunaria, So force and fashion euery Herbe delivered doth retaine,  
 remaine as And every tree, and every beast that never time can staine,  
 yet vnchaū- As long as vnremouing state of nature doth endure,  
 geable as As long as chaungeth not the will of God diuine and pure.  
 God ordai- Wherefore, if thus Continuall be the course of Heauens brights,  
 ned in their  
 creation.

## Aquarius.

It must be Naturall as shewes, in weighty things and light.  
For what of nature proper is, doth never seele decaye,  
But if another moue the same, in time it falles away.  
For no such state of violence, doth last continuallie.

Vaue Heauy things & light more force, than state of Starres & Skie:  
What they can moue of proper strength, and these can not do so:

Except of Gods they caused be, about in course to go:

Then is the earth and fier farre, more noble than the Skie,  
At least for this, because they neede, no helpe of mouer by:  
But of themselues from Centre they, or can to Centre flie.  
Wherfore we must beleue that these, celestiall states aboue,  
Of proper force and of their formes, as fire and earth do moue.  
For Nature is of greater might, than mouer any one:

This nature onely God excelles: and him except alone,  
No better thing than Nature is, nor in the worlde more hie.

I Nature call the fird law, of him that guides the Skie,  
Which from the worldes foundation first, to all things he assur'd,  
And willde that it should stand in force, while age of worlde endured,  
For this same lawe hath God vnto, the formes of things assignde,  
That whē from thence do things procede, formes wel fulfil Gods minde,  
Ne can they once this order breake. For of their formes do spring  
Such things as he commaunded hath, who framde eche formed thing.

This true and proper Nature is, of higher state againe,  
Then Matter or Forme as some haue taught, for certainly these twaine,  
Are rather springs of every thing, or causes first aboue,  
Or framers first, not nature sure, if truest names we loue:  
Except we haue a better will, false names to give such things.

But of this same enough we haue. Now strike we other strings.

And whether that the stately rooms, of Heaven emp̄ty be,  
Or whether any dwellers there, haue place and souereigntie:

The present time doth me persuade, in wonted verse to sing.

Sith Heaven is so vast and wide, and such a gorgeous thing,

All garnisht round with glistring Starres so bright and faire to the eye, it be not posseſſed.

And earth and seas such dwellers haue? Or is the seas or ground,

A place more plesaunt, faire and good, or more in compasse found?

Than all the Skie, by which they more, than Skies deserue to holde,

Such store of creatures faire and shapes, and fashions sundry felde?

An argum- Is it a parte of prudent Prince, to builde a palace wide,  
 ent a Min- With golde and Marble beautified, throughout on every syde  
 niad mai- And not (saue stable) to permit, there any man to lie,  
 us prouing And furnish out such godly romes, and sumptuous buildings hie?  
 the heauens For earth is stable to all the wrold, wherein all filth doth hide,  
 to be inha- Dust, dyrt, dung, bones and carion, and lothsome things beside.  
 bited Who can at any time rehearse, the heapes of things vncleene,  
 That on the seas and earth appeare, and euer shall be scene?  
 Who knoweth not the shoures, y mists, the cloudes and flakes of snoewe,  
 The force of windes and rage of stormes, that on the seas do blow,  
 That shakes the earth and moues the ayre? Yet playnly may we see,  
 The Seas and earth with sundry sorte, of creatures full to bee.  
 Shall then the heauens cleare be thought, as void and empty made?  
 Drather void and empty mindes, that thus your selues persuade.  
 For creatures doth the Skies containe, and euery Starre beside  
 Be heauenly townes & seates of saints, where Kings & Commons bide,  
 But perfect Kings and people eke, all things are perfect there:  
 A pleasant Not shapes and shadowes vaine of things, (as we haue present here,) Antithesis,  
 deciperig Which death soone takes, and time destroyes, defiles, and drives away.  
 heauen and There, wise and happy folkes, and such as never do decay  
 earth by th Do liue, here misers dwell and men that certaine are to die,  
 eir severall And doltish scoules. There peace & light, and pleasure chiese doth lye:  
 circumstan<sup>t</sup> Here daily warres, and darknesse blind, and euery kinde of paine.  
 cca. Go now, and praise this wrold, and take delight in life so vaine,  
 Presume thou scoule, than Heauens faire, the earth to set more by.  
 But some may doubt if that more strong than Diamond be the Sky,  
 And empty place is none therein, how Gods there dwelling bee,  
 And moving there? this someth sure, with reason not t'agree.  
 Besides, since that the Heauens bright, can not with ploughē be torne,  
 Nor digd with spade, how ther shall vines, and needfull graine be borne?  
 These are but toyes & laughing stocks: for though the skies be harde,  
 Yet passage haue the dwellers there, nothing their course hath barde.  
 Of what For unto these celestiall states the Maiestie diuine,  
 metall the Appointed siendrest bodies hath, of substance light and fine,  
 celestiall bo- So that no neede of dores they haue, nor yet of windowes wide,  
 dies are ma- For through the thickest walles they run, and through the Marbles slide,  
 de. So pure and fine their nature is, and of so strong a myght.  
 The proui- Who, (if so be they never had bene subiect to his sight)

## Aquarius.

Would thinke that fish in clouds shuld bee: and Frogs in lime to bradre?  
And Salamander live by fire : of ayze Chamelions fa de,  
And Creshops nourished with dewe : yet true this same we see,  
And we confesse them wonderfull. For many things there be,  
Whiche though we thinke can not be done, yet can, and oft are done:  
Why could not God then creatures make, y through y earth shuld run  
And of no meate nor drinke haue neede: if he so could he did:  
Fond were it such a space to bulde, and leauē bnfur nishid.  
But Heaueners haue no neede, w plow and spade for foode to triue,  
Since that their bodies are not such, as foode doth kēpe aliuē,  
For Gods do never suffer thirst, nor Hainets an hungred be,  
In fine they never grēued are, with lack or pouertie.  
Because beyond the Moone there dwells, no kinde of dolefull case:  
For every kind of mischefe, God vpon the earth did place,  
And in the midost did them inclose, forbidding them the Skie :  
Happy such as leade their lives, thus in those places hie,  
That Nectar drinke, still fed with foode, of swete Ambrosia grēne,  
Wherof in those Celestiall meades, abundance great is seene,  
More happy and better is the life, of such as dwell abouē,  
The higher they in Heauen haue, their place to rest and mouē,  
For places such as in the Skies, are hie in degree,  
More blessed are, and better farre, than thse that lower bee.

What are the blackish spots, that in the Moone we may beholde?  
For of these same men diuerly, their sailes oft haue tolde.  
Dought of it selfe doth shine in Skies, saue onely Phoebus cleare,  
Of him the Moone receaus bir light, and Starres that glister there,  
Who for because she is the last, of all the Starres on hie,  
And lowest parte of Heauen kēpes, vnto the earth most neie,  
Shee needes must darkest be of all: whereby, vth every side  
Shee hath not white, nor thick, nor pure, nor meete where light may bide,  
For whitest parts, and thick, and light, sunnbeames at night receaue,  
The other parts that are not apt, the same doth lightlesse leauē.  
Thus in the night the Moone doth shine, but when the day giues light  
Much like in shewe to spotted clonde, in skie sheweth white.  
So Glossewormes in the night do shine, but when the day returns,  
By light they lose their light againe, that in the euening burns,  
And then their propre colour shewe, all fraude and guile away,  
The night is meetest for decites, true things appeare by day.

part (or fa-  
ther of god)  
in susteinig  
sundrie cre-  
atures with  
their conue-  
nient nutri-  
ment.

The meat  
and drink  
of celestall  
bodie, is  
immortal-  
lity.

Whether  
the heauen  
be perpetu-  
all and euer  
lasting, &c.

Now if the world eternall be, or if in time begonne,  
It doth abide a final end, when many yeares are done,  
Is worthy to be vnderstode. For of this question by,  
Hauie diuers wisemen written bookeſ. He saith, He doth deny,

And Authors fancies differing, the thing doth doubtfull try.  
So that the truth in secrete plig特, all darke doth hidden ly.  
Som thinke that it beginning had, and that the world did ſpring,  
Of matter that for euer lastes, and force of mightiell Kinge,  
When as before it had no ſtate: and ſay that theſe ſame twaine  
Continued alwaies hauie, and ſhall for euermore remaine,  
Matter, and the Almighty Lorde, from whence all things doe ſloe.

Som thinke the World of Nothing made: and theſe deny also

Dixit et factum est. (Of God) all made. But others ſay ſo moued by reaſons ſkill,

That neuer it beginninge had, nor neuer ſhall haue end.

Of theſe whose ſentence truest is? ſure I ſhall condescend,  
(But that Religion me forbids, and Christians that defend

Moyses in the 1. cap. of Genesis But that the world hath alwaies bene, and alwaies ſhall abide.

For why might not this wozde haue been for euer heretofore?

Because he could not do it till time had taught him knowledge more?  
And then at length he finiſhēt it: and furniſhēt it with ſtoze?

Or could he alwaies it haue done, but would not vffer moze?

What is the cauſe? whē rather would he after than before?

Or else what reason altered thus his minde to other trade?

If naught it were this world to make: why was it euer made?

But if it meete and profitable were this wide world to frame,

What is the cauſe that God ſo late created hath the ſame?

Wherfore hath it ſo ſhort an age? For, if we boldly may

Divines beleue, eight thouſand yeares are not full paſt away,

Since Adam olde created was. Beside, whence doth proceede

The cauſe why God ſhould make the world: for that he this did naeſe?

If ſo: he ſhould at firſt it made, leaſt he ſhould greeued be,

The lacke of ſuſhe a godly thing ſo long a time to ſee.

If not: why made he it? in vaine? ought he for to deuife

The thing that to no purpose is? of ſoſles this is the guife.

Whereof then was ſome cauſe, but what? of trueth assuredly,

worlds creaſtion. His Goodneſſe great and mighty power, leaſt that in vaine ſhould ly

These

Gods good  
neſſe & his  
maieſtie the  
cauſe of the  
worlds creaſtion.

These two shut vp in secret close, but rather open be  
To every man, for mighty and god in vaine is compted he,  
By whome no great nor godly thing hath never yet beene wrought.

If God therefore was euer god, and euer mighty thought,  
Why would he not haue alwayes built this godly world we see?

Why let he such a thing till nowe of late deferred be?

No reason truly can be found, except some subtile braine  
Make more accompt of toyes then trueth, and foolish fancies faine.

Wherefore, if we to Reason sticke then must we surely say,  
That this same world hath euer beene and never shal decay.

But if that God sayd otherwyse long since, and then did giue  
To Moyses knowledge of his workes, we Moyses must believe:

Let reason alway yelde to faith, and there as prisoner leauie,  
For God can not deceaued be, nor never doth deceauie.

If any time he do bouchesafe by wordes with men to deale,  
If that appearing unto man, his secretes he reueale.

But they that first this Chaos, and continuall matter taught,  
Do trifles mucche. For why should God leauie it so long vnwrought,

If he forthwith could make the world, and at the first create  
All kinde of thinges? In vaine it is for to deliberate

That presently may well be done. But some haue surely thought  
Eternal state the world to haue of no man made or wrought,

But of it selfe, as now it is, before all ages past,

And of it selfe, as now it is, for euermore shall last.

Whiche sure is false: for reason doth hir selfe this same deny,  
For two mosse perfect things cannot in order euer lye:

But would fall out betwene themselves, and strife thereby maintaine.

Well, graunt that in a faithful league they alwayes doe remaine.

In vaine two heads allowed are, for one shall well suffice,

Because at least dame nature ought before the rest to rise.

And if before the rest she be, then is she cause of all,

For, formost cause doth alway frame the things that after fall.

Wherefore doubtlesse the Almighty Lord, this world himselfe did make

Of nothing, and eternall too: but how? the reason take.

Eternall goodnes hath the Lord, Eternall power hath he,

May not likeli ise his will to make the world eternall be?

Whiche if it were, as reason shewes; nought lets but world may bee

Continuall, built by workeman hie in such a faire degrae.

Succumbat  
ratio fidei,  
& captiuia  
quietat,

A  
o  
ni  
o  
de  
the eternity  
of the world

How God  
made  
wor  
thi  
how  
ter n

Argumen- As who soever graunts the Sunne continuall to haue bene,  
tum a com- Mulf needes confesse, the light thercof continually was seene:  
paracion. i. Yet is the light the Sunnes effect, and Sunne the cause we call.  
a reason But let vs search the Elementes and from the Heauens fall,  
from com- And not vñworþy things of them, let vs now vter plaine.

The cause Some men haue said, that vnderneath the Skies, a fire doth raine  
of fyre Paere to the Heone, but void of light and kindling hastily,  
in the aire, And wondrous hole which to be true, deth perfect reasen try.  
which some For in the night we may beholde, the fire in skyes to lie,  
take for the And flashing flames throughout y aire, & Starres to shote from hie.  
falling of Which doth procede of damps, that in the aire, do rise more hye,  
Starres. And burned is by force of fire that there aloft do lye.

an argument drawn ab eff. Aibus, prouing that there is elementum ignis.

For of two sorts is vapoure, one light, drye, and sone begonne  
To fire, wherby the flaming sights in Skies are causde to runne,  
The other more colde, more mighty & grosse, engendred of the same  
Are shoures & clouds & snowes & mists and windes with flashing flame,  
And thunders, haylestones, dew & raine. If fier were none aboue,  
No vapour there could kindled be, in evenings darke to moue.

Moreover, since in lightnesse thus the fire doth ayre excell,  
No remedy, but needes it must haue hier place to dwelle.

His seate therefore is vnder Skies, and next to Heone doth lye.

Beneath this fire hath ayre his place, which in his partes most hye  
A fercuent heate of fire doth take. The middle partes most colde:  
Doth thunders, clouds, & lightnings brede, & tempestis sundry folde.  
The Lowest parte is warme and moist: for vapour that doth rise,  
From clouds continually it moistis ascending towards the Skies,  
And warmd it is by beames of Sunne that back from earth rebound,  
Here mistes & shoures and plesant dewes and snowes, & frosts are found,  
Which sundry sorts of windes do breede: for no small powre is dealt  
Unto these windes, and oftentimes their force in ayre is fealt.

These can in time of Summer cause, the nipping colde to come,  
And in the winter season sende abrode the warming Sunne,  
These can both giue and take away from vs our corne and graine,  
These can both breed, and beare away great sickneses and paine.

Libian cost From out the East doth Eurus blowe. And from the Libian coaste  
1. from the Doth Auster come, and Zephyrus from Westerne partes doth poste,  
South parts But Boreas blastes in Scythian hilles and Northerne partes doth rise.  
of the wor- More windes there are besides, all rule the ayre that lower lies,

And

The three regions of the Ayre, with their Meteores and impressions.

Certen Me-  
teores in-  
gended of

And with the ayre both land and sea. Of Windes the Cloudes do brede,  
And from y Cloudes do stakes of Snowe & Showers of Raine procede:  
Dewes, Lightning, Hayle & early frosts: but yet with duncle times,  
And eke by sundry wayes and meanes, and blastes of sundry windes.  
Wherof, such as fro South do blow, bredes cloudes & showers, & heate,  
But those that from the Scythian partes do come, cause coldenesse great.  
From these comes yle & snowes & froste when winter dwelleth here:  
But in the Summer time they serue to make the weather clare.

The westerne winde brades flowers, & ground w greene doth new aray,  
And giues the birds a cause to sing and fille the woods with May.  
Oft times the Easterne winde is god, yet now and then doth raise  
Such tempestes great, that seas & land by force thereof it frays.  
These windes the ayrie sprites aboue, or Starres abrode do send,  
And oft when as the Coniurer, for treasure doth intend  
In earth to delue, or consecrate his booke in Magike wise  
Some sprite to binde, then haue I heard that windes which then did rise  
And sondaine storme hath laid y corne, and grapes did tolneward fleg.  
The matter making windes is misse that from the flouts do spring,  
The cause that moueth them are sprites that in the ayre do dwel,  
But this will not the common sorte allow, nor credit well.

What then: cast not such pccious pearls to Dogs or filthy swine:  
Belue it you that learnd are, whose mindes are mere dimme,  
That not alone in Skies but in the ayre, there theusands be  
Of sprites that moue the raging winds, and tempests that you see,  
And thunder down with lightning throw. Yet do I not deny  
But other causes are that blastes of windes are moued by,  
As Sunne and Moone and Starres, but chieflie the seauen whiche they name  
The wandring stars that of these misse, effects do divers frame.

I saw while as at Rome (Pope Leo the tenth there reining than)  
I was, a peice of potters worke, and picture of a man,  
That from his mouth of streightest sise, a mighty winde did blowe,  
For all his brest being hollow made with water full did flowe,  
Whiche being with heate of fire resolute, out of his mouth it went  
In mighty winde, and farre from it the force thereof was sent.  
This proues y wind procedes of clouds that thus resolved bee,  
While vapour mounting vp is forst by meanes of heate to sic,  
For contraries do evermore ech other drue away.

In this same lowest parte of ayre as we before did say,

ten winde  
caule h col-  
de and fro-  
ster. &c.

The wester-  
ne winde  
bringeth in  
the pleant  
spring. &c.

The  
win-  
dow  
cure  
me-  
ter  
&c.

The seauen  
Planets or  
seauen wan-  
dring st

The  
rati-  
onel  
wind  
scribed  
an image of  
a Potters  
woorke at  
Rome.

The

In the low-

est region  
of the Aire  
appares the  
blasing star

The blasing starres do oft appeare, that fall of Prince doth shewe.  
And there with diuers colours died, appeares the stormy bowe:  
This same the beames of Sunne doth cause, that on the cloudes we see,

The Rain  
bow by re-  
flexion of  
the fume  
beames

The other made by some one starre, of them that mouers bee,  
Which while the vapour vnderneath, doth shape therof receauie,  
Appeares a tayle, and in the clouds, his flaming light doth leauie,  
Like as the Circled mist that doth incompaſſe round the Moone,  
The circled mist (as men do say) a ſigne of winde to come.

The elemēt  
of water,

As when thre Sunnes are thought to ſhine, & yet they are not thre,  
But ſhapes of Sunne that framed in clouds, as in a glasse we ſee.

The ſundry  
names of  
the great  
Ocean.

But vnderneath this ayre ſo groſſe, and lowe, the Seas haue place:  
The Ocean Seas that all the earth, in circuite do imbrace,  
Which paſſing through y narow Straights, wher Hercules pillers ſhowes,  
It ſpreads it ſelfe, and thus abrode both farre and wide it flowes.

The water  
ſauoureth  
of the ſoyle  
through  
which it is  
ſtrained in  
the bowels  
of the earth

And this is namid by ſundry names. Aegæan clouds it makes,  
Ionian, Tuscan, Adriatike, Red Seas and Persian lakes.

The cause  
of ebbing  
and flowing

This Sea doth ſearch the ſecrete caues, that lowe in earth doſ lye,  
And euermore doth ebb and flowe, and taſteth diuersly,  
As diuers is the earth, by which, he doth his paſſage make,  
And of the brimſtone ſulphured veines, doth ſmell of brimſtone take.  
This is the caufe that clouds their course maintaine continually,  
For to their ſprings they oft returne, and oft to ſeas they flye,  
And roll and paſſe from place to place, and round in compaſſe drue,  
And do preſerue the earth as bloud preſerues the corſe alive.

From the  
wide ocean  
it ſue all wa-  
ters,

The ſelue ſame clouds doth make y lakes, and fenes of filthy ayre,  
And cleare and Criftall running ſprings, and wells for euer faire.  
In fine from Ocean ſeas proceſſes, all course of waters heare,  
That round about the world retaines. This made the waters cleare  
That part beneath the earth do lie, and part aboue doe runne,  
And ſuche beſides as from the cloudes of Hellish dye do come.

But wherefore is the Seas ſo ſalt? doth it of nature ſpring?

Sea, hovv  
it cometh  
by saltneſſe.

I thinke not ſo. For euery taſt that ſeas with them do bring,  
Doth fetch his caufe from out the earth: for in the earth are founde,  
Great hillies of ſalte, that vnderneath the waters deepe are drounde,  
Seas ſucks this ſalt and doth reſolute it into water cleare.  
Thus Salt not Sunne, is caufe that saltneſſe doth in Seas appear.  
For why doth not the Sunne likewiſe, of Ponds, ſalt water make?  
For all ſuch partes of earth, as were not mett ſo; man to take

Because,

Because they were to full of salt, hath nature vnderlayde  
The Ocean seas: more frutesfull partes, to vs she hath displayd,  
Wherin are mountaines, hills & clines, rocks, fields and valleyes lowe,  
Straights, countries, riuers woods & ponds, lakes, springs & streacs y flow  
Smal townes, great cities, borughes & holdes w<sup>t</sup> stones & metalls pure.  
Such things wherby the life of man the better doth endure,  
The rule of all this earth and gods, to man the Lorde did giue,  
And made him King of every kinde, in seas or land that liue:  
And wit and reason to him dealte, by which he might excell  
And guide the world, and seruing God, him loue and worship well.

Amyd this earth a Centre lies, wherby it is sustaine<sup>d</sup>,

For thither falleth eche waighty thing, as God at first ordainde,  
That never of their propre force, can from this Centre fye,  
And therfore fixed stands the earth, and in the mid<sup>t</sup> doth lye  
Sustained with hir heauy waight, that fast on every side,  
To Centre runnes and frames a ball, both darke and thick, and wide:  
About the which with Crimson horse, the Sunne is alwates led  
And on the parte contrary still, the darkesome night is spred.  
For nothing else but shade it is, of earth and waters great,  
Which shadow is in night it chaunce, upon the Moone to beate,  
Doth cause Eclipse, and filleth with feare, the wofull gazers hart,  
Supposing that opprest shae is, with charme of Magike art.  
This shadow makes the longest nightes, when farthest from vs burnes  
The flaming Sunne, and shorkest when, to Northerne signes he turnes.  
The cause therof is swelling earth, and stately mountaines hie,  
Which subtile nature hath devised, in place betwene to lie,  
That with their tops in change of time, the nights they alter may.  
For looke when nearer unto South, the same doth keepe his way,  
Then farther forth theire shadowes dark, these hilles abynde do bring  
Such shades as hide the light and cause, the day more late to spring,  
And force the day in shorter time, and space his course to ende.  
Then frosty winter unto vs, his quaking colde doth sende,  
Then summer makes the Indians blache, with raging heate to strie.  
But when the Sunne returneth backe, to toppe of Cancer hie,  
Then shorster are the nightes with vs, and heate beginnes againe,  
Then winter vexeth those with colde, that vnder vs do raine.  
Thus doth the Sunne with diuers course, hath alter times and tides,  
And in foure equall partes the space, of all the yeare diuides:

Ver. 1  
 Aestas.  
 Autumno. For men live also vnder earth, not onely woods and stremes,  
 Hymens.  
 Spring.  
 Summer.  
 Haruest.  
 Winter the  
 fourte  
 seasons of the  
 yere caused  
 by the sunne.

And rolling round about the earth, both nations serueth well,  
 Both them that vnder vs do liue, and them aloft that dwelle.  
 For nature willde that Sunne & day, in vaine should cast their beames,  
 And onely serue for brutish beastes, and sortes of swimming kinde,  
 For all the earth is dwelt vpon, no place therin we finde,  
 Nor any Clime there is, bnt that there mo:stall men may dwell,  
 And finde out places fitte for them, and seates that serue them well:  
 Though colde extreme, or to much heat, raine there continually.  
 Wher nature mischieves doth permit there plants she pleasure by,  
 And wise she mireth solore with sweete, and where diseases raines,  
 There hath she pointed remedies, that can release the paines.  
 Therfore wheresoever to much heate, annoies the inhabitant,  
 No mountaines colde nor cooling blatts, no shadowing tre's do want,  
 Nor pleasant streams w' stoe of springs, whose coldenesse may defeate  
 The harmes that happen vnto man, by force of raging heate.  
 Besides, the night hath equall length, there all times with the day,  
 Which with an euē cooling force, doth heate of Sunne alay.  
 Therby we iudge the middle Zone, not void nor empty lies  
 But peopled well, by nature suse, and meanes that they devise.  
 So th'vter Zones where as they say, no kinde of people dwelle,  
 With snowes and yle all couerd still, men may inhabite well,  
 As reason god doth vs persuade, for there great stoe of wood  
 Doth alwaies grow, & garments there, are made both great and god,  
 With surres of sundry sortes of beastes: and stones are many there,  
 Where with men well may warme themselves, & winter nothing feare,  
 And bitter colde by many meanes, they well may drise away.  
 Nor soode conuenient do they want, but Cotes at home they may,  
 (Or brought from other countreies) haue, and dainty kinde of fars.  
 Therfore it is not true that some, brought vp in Grece, declare,  
 That nature onely hath assignde, a Zone of smallest sise,  
 For man to dwelle, and all the rest, that void and desert lies,  
 None to serue for beast and fish: this would vnworthy seeme,  
 That nature graunting greater place, to beastes them best esteeme.  
 Therfore if he may be beleued, that truthe doth plainly tell,  
 No place there is vpon the earth, bnt men may safely dwelle.  
 Dame natures aide in nothing doth, sustaine or fale decay,  
 And witte of man the hardest things, doth breake and beare away.

Now last because unto the ende, with haste apace we hic,  
And time doth will vs to attempt, the fishes of the Skie :  
Therefore I briefly will declare, the cause why earth doth quake,  
What force doth drue it so; to moue, what might doth make it shake.  
And thus we may be holde to thinke, that in the earth belowe,  
Are may caues and mighty vawtes, where boistroues windes do blowe.  
Whiche whilst with force they rage and striue, vpon the earth they beate,  
And in this rage do overturne, the walles and Cities great,  
Till breaking out at some one place, with force abrode they flie,  
And blowe about in puffing ayre, not long in rest they lie.  
These windes are bred within the earth of damps, which firy heate,  
Doth draw from moisture neere about, for many fiers greate,  
The earth within doth nourish sti!! a wondrous thing I tell,  
But yet no fained thing I shewe, he can beare witnesse well,  
Who so hath Actua euer seene, or bathes of waters hot,  
Or who so knowes the wonders of Vesuvus viney plot.  
These windes the wicked spirts do moue that in the lowell Hell,  
Possesse their place, and in the depth of dungeons darke do dwell.  
For tristes surely are they not, nor wordes of vanitic,  
That of the Stygian lakes, and of Aueranus spoken be.  
No place doth void or empty ly, but dwelt in every where,  
Both vnder earth and on the earth, in ayre and firy sphere,  
In Skies and eke aboue the Skies, where Heauen shineth bright,  
Where as the glistering palace standes, of Prince of greatest might,  
That owner is of all the world. My Muse adieu, farewell:  
And finally prepare thy self, thy ending tale to tell.

The cause  
of Earth-  
quakes

Actua  
hill i  
liz, wh  
burne  
contiu  
and other-  
whiles into  
with out  
flames of  
wildefire,  
terrible to  
beholde :  
Volatanc.

Vesuvus, a  
volcano on a hill in L  
uguria ab  
out the A

## Pisces, the twelfth Booke.

Most glorious God, almighty King, thou Parent chiche of name,  
Whose wisdom great this wondrous world of nothing first did frame  
And governes it and euermore preserves it daye by day,  
The spring and end of all that be, to whom all things obay,  
Than whom more great, more good, or faire, is nothing, nor more hic.  
That blessed lifest soz evermore, aboue the starry Skie :  
My minde desiring now to thae to clime doth nothing neede,  
Apollo, Mise, Parnassus hill, or springs that wont to seide

The prafpling Poets, fancies vaine when as they list to write  
 Disguised tales, that fantike heads of countrey Clounes delighte.  
 For, other ayde, and other grace it needfull is to haue,  
 And stremes of other fountaines swete I thirly now doe craue,  
 I thee beseech and humbly pray, on thee alone I call,  
 That this my woorke of late begonne and labour last of all  
 Thou fauour wilt and graunt me grace, to touch the appointed end :  
 O Lorde thy Holy Spirit vouchsafe into my heart to send,  
 Wherewith inspirde, I may behould the secrets of thy reigne  
 And others teach, and with my verse immortall honour game.

Detections  
of opinions

A sorte there are that do suppose, the end of every thing  
 Aboue the heauens to consist, and farther not to spring,  
 So that beyond them nothing is : and that aboue the Skies  
 Hath Nature never powre to clime, but there amazed lyes.  
 Which unto me appeareth false : and reason doth me teach,  
 For if the ende of all be there, where Skies no farther reach  
 Why hath not God created more? because he had not skill?  
 How more to make, his cunning staied and broken of his will?  
 Or for because he had not power? but trueth both these denies,  
 For powre of God hath never end, nor bounds his knowledge ties.  
 No kunde of thing may God conclude, nor limits him assigne,  
 Nor proper force doth once restraine the Maiestie diuine.  
 Great thinges I tell, and reason great shall also this defend,  
 If any thing the powre of God may end or comprehend,  
 Then is y<sup>e</sup> thing more strong than God. For what thing can be found,  
 That if he haue not greater force, another thing can bound?  
 But nothing passeth God in powre, nor stronger is than he?  
 Therfore he nether can nor will with limits compast be.  
 For who would haue his force restreind, when that he may be free  
 And walke abrode where as he list, with powre at libertie?  
 No Man there is that doth desire himselfe for to abase,  
 But rather all men arrogate, to them a higher place,  
 And alwaies sette for to enhaunce the state that here they leade,  
 And though their wings be large and wide yet farther them to spreade.  
 Will God then, while he may be greatest of powre omnipotent,  
 His proper force himselfe restraine and live in limits pent?  
 This surely doth not well agree, nor ought to be beleaved  
 That God hath bounds, if that of none he ever them received,

God is in-  
comprehen-  
sible.

An argu-  
ment & mi-  
note ad ma-  
jus from  
man the cre-  
ature, to  
God the  
Creator.

For hath assigned to himselfe as we before did prone.  
 These thinges soe tould, we this conclude : the woxes of God aboue  
 Undouted for to be, least that his Powre and Maiestic,  
 And Knowledge shoulde be counted vaine. For if aboue the Skie  
 He could and might haue framed more, and goodlier things by much,  
 But would not : then in vaine is all his powre and knowledge such.  
 For if that any man haue skill and cunning in an art,  
 And never will in practise put the knowledge of his hart :  
 In vaine he shoulde vnto himselfe procure a workmans name.  
 In vaine with wordes he shoulde commit, his facultie to fame,  
 Which shoulde be rather Folly cald and not a Facultie.

But in the State Diuine of God and Glorious maiestic,  
 We must beleue is nothing vaine since Godliest is the same :  
 This God what so euer he could doe assuredly did frame ,  
 Least that his vertue were in vaine, and never should ly hid.  
 But since he could make endlesse things, it must be thought he did,  
 And all his power therein emploied so that there did remaine,  
 In him no kinde of power or force that idle were or vaine,  
 But learned Aristotle sayth there can no body bee,  
 But that it must of boundes consist : to this do I agrē,  
 Because aboue the Skies no kinde of body we do place,  
 But light most pure, of body boyde, such light as doth deface  
 And farre excell our shining Sunne, such light as comprehend  
 Our eyes cannot, and endlesse light that God doth from him send,  
 Wherin together with their King the Spixites that are more hie  
 Doe dwell, the meaner sorte beneath in skies doe alwaies lie.  
 Therefore the reigne and portion , of the world consistes in thre,  
 Celestiall, Subcelesticall which with limits compast bee :  
 The Rest no boundes may comprehend which bright aboue the Skie  
 Doth shine with light, most wonderfull. But here will some replye  
 That without body is no light, and so by this deny  
 That light can never tho be found aboue the heauens hy.  
 But at vs vainly doth he barke, in vaine he doth contend,  
 For Reason doth my words approue and Veritie defend.  
 I pray thee shew what is the cause that here the Sunne doth shine?  
 Because his matter giues him light or rather forme diuine,  
 That doth so great a Globe containe? for Forme and Fashion gay  
 To all thinges State of being giues, as Naturesearchers say :

With whom we also do agree, this same doth plainly shewe  
That forme, not matter makes y sun to shine. From forme doth flow  
All kinde of force and comelinesse. And is so greate a light,  
Assigned be to bodily formes why shoulde we in this plight,  
Deny that incorporeall states, may any light containe?  
Since that more pure and fine they are, and fairer farre againe.  
Therefore the sp̄ites and ghosts aboue, do shine with wondrous light,  
Although it can not be discernd of our corrupted sight :  
So that among these Saincts, the moze their state and powre is hie,  
With brighter beauty much they shew, and greater maiestie,  
No golde, no pearls nor precious stones, nor pompe of purple gowne,  
Doth them as it doth vs set out, but light is their renowne.  
And as the Sunne amongst the starres, doth shine with godliest light,  
So shines among the Saincts aboue, the Lord of greatest might,  
And never darkneth them a whit, but makes them all to shine,  
Such is the godnesse of his grace, and maiestie divine.

But here perchaunce he will object, that in the aire doth lie,  
No ground of light, and since no ayre there is aboue the Skie,

Ayre it not the subiect of light, as some hold opinion neyther is the Ayre : but contra riwile the Ayre in the light. He will deny that there is light. But now he lies againe, for ayre is not the ground of light, nor as some fondly faine, Is light inaire but contrary, theaire in light doth dwell, If reason what, not Aristotle doth say, he marketh well. For if without the dores fast shut, a candle burneth bright, Dr by some clift the fier shine, in house all voide of light, And some there with the ayre about, the beame with striking shakcs, The ayre is forste to passe the light, but light no mouing makes. And if the ayre were ground of light, then with on motion so, Both ayre and light shoud moued be, and both tegither goo,

Both ayre and light shold moued be, and both together goe,  
Beside, if that in time of night, a man with Torche in hand  
Shold passe, the light doth places chaunge, but ayre doth quiet stand.  
Whiche is to light it subiect were, it shold continually,

A portion  
of Gods  
light and  
brightnesse  
appeareth  
in the sunn  
as it were  
in a Classe.  
Go wande place by place with light, and still keepe company.  
But now this same is nothing so, but doth contrary proue,  
For light doth passe when ayre doth stay, and still with torch doth moue,  
Wherby it appeares that light doth not the ayre as subiect neede,  
But wel may stand and well without, the vse of ayre procede:  
Especially the light of God, whereof a parte doth passe,  
Into our sunne and there is kept, containde, as in a Classe.

Soz as within his propre spheare, that vnder Moone doth lie,  
 No fier can discerned be, by force of any eye,  
 But if that any matter chaunce, to kindle with the same,  
 Then Starres do fall and firy streams, in Summer nights do flame,  
 And other sights that feare the mindes, of men in dreadfull wise :  
 So light of that same glorious God, can not be scene with eyes,  
 But fixed in the Sunne it shines: because the matter cleare,  
 Whereof the Sunne is made, is fitte and apt for light t'appeare.  
 For God hath framde it in such sorte, as there his light may bide,  
 And shine, creating day and life, and goodly things beside.  
 That light doth also shine in shapes, of sundry sacred spites,  
 Though not alike to all: as Starres shine not with equall lights,  
 But some more bright than others be, as they are set before.  
 And as a candle can geue light, to many candels more,  
 And yet doth neither lose, nor lesse, his beauty burning bright,  
 So light of God decreasing not, to other Saincts gives light.  
 But some perchaunce will here demaunde, & doubtfull question finde,  
 If that besides this light that I, declarde of endlesse kinde,  
 Doth any other thing consist, without the world so great.  
 Though this be neither mete nor fitte, for mortall men t'entreat,  
 Yet will I proue to passe the path, wherein no Poet yet,  
 That hath bene hitherto before, might ever set his saete :  
 And will attempt to bring to light, the treasures hic in place,  
 Of God if he be please, and helpe, with his accustomed grace.  
 First must we graunt that God is spring, and Father eke of all,  
 Who made all things and best Best and Chiefe him may we truly call.  
 Therefore where so ever God abides, his glory there is found,  
 And every god and gracious sight, doth in that place abound.  
 And thus what so ever god, the earth the seas or ayre containes,  
 All this is scene in place whereas, the Lord almighty raines:  
 And though no matter be in such, yet judge not thou therfore  
 They being lacke, for perfecter, and fairer they be more,  
 Than things that are of matter made, wherof abundeth stoe.  
 For forme that can it selfe sustaine, without this matters hand,  
 Is perfecter than that which void, of matter cannot stand.  
 Therfore all void of matter there, things perfect are and pure,  
 And in despite of fretting age, and force of fate endure.  
 And stoe of goodly things are there, that in this worldly light,

The light  
 of God  
 not di-  
 nished  
 remain-  
 in peri-  
 on, notw-  
 standing  
 it be com-  
 municated  
 to celestiall  
 creatures.

Deus opti-  
 mus Maxi-  
 mus.

God hath not made, from which procedes, great ioyes & Saincts delight,  
Such ioyes as young of mortall man, can neverfull define,  
Such ioyes as never can decay, with space of any time.

These incorporeall formes were knowne to minde of Plato hie,

Although the envious sorte do scorne, his booke full bitterly.

But every man doth not aspire, these mysteries to knowe,

A fewe them finde to whom the LORD aboue, doth fauour shewe,

And giues to them his light that they, these things may plaine beholde.

In fine, there sprites and Angeles are, as many thousand folde,

As all the woods containe in leaues, or all the shores in sand,

Or all the fishes in the seas, or starres in Skie that stand,

Yea, number none can them containe. For since that God could frame,

Thein numberlesse, he sure so did, the more to spread his name,

Especiallly since that the wrold, doth void of limites lie,

As is before declared plaine, and reason strong doth trie:

But since they void of body be, and patter all away,

Wherfore they never chaunge in time, nor age doth them decay;

No grefe they feele, nor sleepe nor foode, at any time they craue,

Nor labour knowe, but ioyfull youth continually they haue,

And freedomie chiese, no bandage there, no seruants in degré,

Nor none there are that there compels, nor none compelled bee.

One onely Lord they do confesse, the King and spring of all,

Him worship they, and him they loue, and serue in generall.

They willingly do him obey, and serue in every thing,

Reioycing all his land and praise, and wondrous actes they sing,

Che one doth there apply himselfe, to please with godly grace,

No fighting there, no cancred spite, nor enuy can haue place,

Continuall peace there florisheth, great loue and concorde great:

Among them is suspicion none, no craft nor false deceat.

In fine, the goodliest parte it is, Of all the vvorlde beside,

And farre more worthy are the sprites, that in this place a bide,

Than those that in the Skies do dwel, and in the Starres to lie,

For loke as lower euer spheare, doth come to earth more nie,

The meaner sprites it doth containe, and meaner gods doth gine,

And so much baser is the samie. Wherby such things as liue,

Above the Skie, as they most faire, and god, and blessed shewe,

So those that in the bowels darke, of earth do dwell below,

Are most ylfauoured, vile, and yll, and there not all in vaine,

The mister-  
ties of god  
are not ma-  
de manifest  
to man but  
revealed to  
few.

The ioyes  
of heauen.

Of all the  
worlde. He  
meneth not  
Centrum.

this terrestri-  
al taberna-  
cle: but that  
which the  
Grecians cal  
Cosmus,  
the Latines  
Mundus, or  
Totum vni-  
uersum.

The

The stinking lakes and souls of Hell to be, did Poets faine:  
Of Hell, where men do after death, their paines for mischies take,  
And vainely s̄eke for rest and peace, in euer darkned lake.

But wherfore waste I words in winde, and striuing all in baine,  
Doe s̄eke vnto such Buzzards blinde the truthe to open plaine;  
So soze the state of mankinde dotes, that it will nevere knowe.  
That cyther Gods in Heauen be, or sprites in Hell belowe.  
But most men laugh, if any man, do tell them credibly,  
That after death the soules do liue, and nevere more doe dye.  
Hence springeth it that night and daie, they richesse s̄eke to gaine,  
This is their greatest carke and care, their greatest toile and paine,  
That they in Golde and Jewels maye, their neighbours farre excelle,  
Golde is the thing that all men s̄eke, in golde their hope doth dwell.  
For this, runnes into raging warres the Captaine stout of minde.  
For this, his Children, wife, and house, and countrey left behinde,  
The Merchaunt cutting foming seas, in ship with sailes set out,  
Assaies the blewe and dreadfull gulfs, and coastes the wozlde about.  
Eche man doth practise craft and theste, this golde to keepe in sight,  
Golde every man desires and loues, golde pleaseth every wight.  
Ne feare they any kinde of paines, that after death is due.  
V altogether earthly men, that onely in the viewe,  
From beasts are knowē. Can you nought else tha golde to knowledg cal  
By which a wise man from a soule, doth differ nought at all?  
Wherwith fonde fortune ill men oft, abundantly doth feede?  
Learne you that many things there are that golde doe farre excede,  
Which vnto soules and wicked men, of God not giuen be,  
These are the vertues: Godlinesse, Justice and Prudencie  
And VVisdome passing farre the rest. These gods who doth retaine,  
A mortall God is and the same immortall man, againe  
That after death shall happy be: but he that hath them not,  
And stains himselfe with filthy sinnes, (when death his shāft hath shott)  
Shall headlong into Hell be cast where fier is fierce and hot.  
These are not trifles, tales or dreames, but true and sure they be,  
Pea moste assured, belieue it well, you blinde, belieue you me.  
Woe be to you if that you will, not me herein belieue,  
For life shall quickly you forsake, and then you shall perceiue  
That I said true, even then when as your soules in Hell shall lie:  
You laugh, but this your ioy shall change, to teares and grēuous cry.

The mis-  
chief which  
accompa-  
neth the not  
beleevung  
of the soule  
immor-  
tale.

Godli-  
Justice  
der.e  
dome,  
incomp-  
ble Ju-  
with the  
which who  
soever is ad-  
orned, may  
justly be  
named im-  
mortalis  
Homo, or  
mortalis  
Deus.

The immi-  
sigable tor-  
ments whi-  
ch the wic-  
ked shall  
sustaine in  
Hell: albeit  
they florish  
now in this  
worlde in  
all pleasure  
and iollitie.

The time shall come when many men, that now in welthy pride  
Doe beare the sway, and scornefully both God and Man deride,  
All naked, bare, in miserie, and wretched case shall lie,  
And shall of others aide require, with piteous wosfull crie.

Wherfore O you that haue delight in god and Godly things,  
Indued with a better minde whose rootes from heauen springs,  
These earthly gods that as the cloudes away doe swiftly flye,  
Which Fortune vnto Ffoles and Knaues, doth geue most commonlye,  
And which a few yeares ended once doth death take cleane away  
Regarde not much, nor in such things your hope or treasure lay.

Saake you no more than that, which is for life sufficient,  
A small thing certes will suffice, with little liue content.  
But let your chiese delight be in the sacred seates on hie;  
Sake heauenly things with all your force, to this your minde aplye,  
In heauen are the perfect Gods, that evermore remaine  
Which never foolish dolt shall haue, nor wicked man obtaine.

In Earth whatsoeuer doth delight, are Tristes all and toyes,  
Which Ffoles and beastly people seeke, and count as chiefeſt toyes:  
For which, a thousand hazardes greate, they rashly undertake,  
And offring vp their foolish brestes to death they skirmish make,  
Of this they boast. The Bytle doth in dong reioyce to lie.

Bytle, or  
blinde dor,  
in Latine  
Scarabeus,  
a fit thing  
whereunto  
filthy peo-  
ple may be  
compared.

Things filthy, filthy folkes doe loue, and villaines villanie.  
Leaue earthly things, to earthly mindes. Let swine in durt delight.  
And let your onely trauile be, to gaine the heauens bright.  
The godlyest things doe best become the men of best degrēe:  
And valiant things most mestee are, for them that valiant bee.  
The earth is but a Cherie fayre : God hath to you assignde  
The heauens for your countrey sweete, your countrey sick to finde,  
That when from bondes of body, you escaped are and gone,  
And leſt your flesh for dogges to feede, or wormes to gnaw vpon:  
You there may alwaies happie liue, from flesh vncleane exempt,  
And lame, and often weary limmes, wherin whilst you were pent,  
Remaining in: The vale of teares and in the 2 Mortall raine,  
Both many harmes and sicknesses and grices you did sustaine,  
For so the earth may called bee which is the 2 Stable ſure  
Of all the world, the 4 Mother and the nource of vice vnpure,  
Whereas the raging Deuill uwels, the King of sinfull kinde:  
Wherfore, it needfull is that you haue often death in minde,

And

And with your selues consider w<sup>e</sup>ll, how nere the doze he standes,  
 Still threatening with his deadly darte, in pale and dreadfull handes,  
 How soudainely he strikes therwith, how oft he doth destroy  
 The lusty youth, and takes away our fayre and flowing ioy.

O fading life that subiect art to thousande casualties,

O to-to shorte and doubtfull state, that smokelike from vs flies,  
 Now this, now that man drops away, and thou this present day,  
 To morrowe I : thus at the last we all do passe away,  
 None other wise than simple shape, that Butcher hath preparde  
 In folde to kill, now these now those, with knife he striketh hard.  
 To morrowe other the next day moe, thus all in time they dye,  
 Till that by this his slaughters great, the folde doth emptye lye.  
 This fading lyfe therfore despise, which first beginning takes  
 With teares, his middest is toile & griece, and death conclusion makes.  
 Who will delight in such a life except a scollishe braine?  
 Seeke you an other life to haue, an other life to gaine,  
 Whereas no mourning griece, or paine, whereas no death is founde,  
 Thus happy state you shall receaue, whan carcasse comes to grounde.  
 You that haue hated sinne, and God haue worshipped holilie,  
 And haue not put your confidence, in thiugs that worldly be,  
 But chaste, vnhurstfull, milde, and true, haue liued in pure degré.

Our life begins with  
teares con-  
tinues with  
toyle and  
ends with  
death.

But some, perchance, y think how Gods, doe dwell in Heauen's clerg

Wolde also learne some waies or meanes, (if any such there were)  
 By which they might w them haue talk, and see them face to face:  
 O what a godly thing were this, and what a wondrouz grace,  
 Whan which no greater thing on earth, I think can man obtaine,  
 But few deserve so great a state and honor for to gaine:

For many I graunt with diuels talke, which easly they entice,  
 By humble praicer's made to them, or meanes of sacrifice,  
 Since farre they be not from the earth, but in the ayre doe lye,  
 And often times beholde, and kepe the people companie,  
 Yea unto many they appere, and serue them willingly  
 And with the beautie great of youth enamoured oft they be.  
 But Gods that in the heauen dwell the things that mortall be,  
 Disdaine to knowe and wicked factes of men abhorre to see:  
 As they that well doe understand, how scollishe, and how vyle  
 Mans nature, is how false and holde and eke how full of guile,  
 Despiser and blasphemer of the chiefeſt maiſtie.

The devill  
is ſoone in-  
treated.

The nature  
of man  
how full  
of polusions  
and ble-  
mishes it

Wherfore to haue the speache of them, and see them presentlie,  
 Is labour great, and seldom had, because their eares they close  
 To boyce of men, and turne away their eyes, from gifts of those  
 Whiche after that they be irracht with sades that others sow,  
 A portion small of others goodes, vpon the Church bellow,  
 God careth Thinking that Heauen may be solde. O two legged asses blinde  
 not for tem Thinke you that God is couetous? and precious stones doth minde?  
 porall things as ma doth: of Doe you suppose that he is such as doth your Fauoure craue?  
 whos helpe Thinke you that bribes can him corrupt, as many men they doe?  
 hee hath no neede No sure he is not got with golde nor gifts he looketh to:  
 When that he liues in happiest state and blest on every side,  
 When his are all that earth conteines, or seas or heauens wide.  
 How can you geue to God the things that his already bee?  
 Doth not he rather giue to you the thinges that here you see?  
 Wherfore since neither they with gifts nor bowes wil once be moued  
 Them presently to see and view it is not lightly proued.  
 Although the matter be so hard, yet will we passe the way,  
 And what our force in this can doe by prooфе we will assay.

God regar- First needes we must the Meanes finde out that God doth best content,  
 deth not Who is not moued with noble bloud nor unto Riches bent:  
 noblenesse, No King nor Keisar he respects nor Triumphes doth esteeme,  
 riches, kig, Ne careth he for such as are most strong, and fairest seeme,  
 triumphes, strength, But these doth utterly despise nor for the loue of men:  
 Beutie, &c. Touches the prayers to beholde or present sight of them.  
 Thus must we seeke an other way, by which we may obtaine,  
 Their speach and presence for to haue. Perchaunce my verses plaine,  
 This way and meanes shall bring to light: if that the Gods aboue  
 So faire attempts do aide and helpe and with theire sprite approne,  
 The first thing is the clenlinesse Of Body and of minde,  
 By which, man well esteeme of God doth loue and fauor finde.  
 For all vncleannessesse doth he hate, and doth abhorre to see,  
 So faire and blessed is his state, and of so hye degree.  
 Wherfore we must at first take heed, that we be perfectly,  
 Well purged, and pure from filthines, and all iniquitie,  
 Unclothed of our garmentes blacke, and clad in comely whites,  
 Which colour best with God agrées, and black with fiendishe sprites,  
 A harde thing is this same I graunt, for who doth here remaine,

Egot

That leades his life without a fault, and fre from blot or staine?  
 To euery man hath nature delt, some crime or vicious kinde,  
 And nothing is on earth so faire, but fault therin we finde.  
 Yet are there certaine sinnes so small, and to such trifling end,  
 That in a manner wrought at all, the eyes of God offend,  
 Wherwith he is not greued much: no sores are these nor staines,  
 But as the little freckles that in body faire remaines,  
 Which easly the Lorde forgives, since well perceiueth hee,  
 How weake and craile the nature is, of such as mortall bee.  
 But great and haynous crimes doe much offend the mighty state,  
 And wicked men he alwaies doth, abhorre, despise and hate.  
 Nor will he once their prayers heare, except they cleane before,  
 And washe away their sinnes with teares, and white for black restore:  
 Requiring pardon for their faults, with voice of mourning minde,  
 Obtaining once againe the pathes, of vertue for to finde,  
 And casting of his canckred skinne. As in the pleasant spring,  
 The Serpent vseth all his skinne, of olde away to fling:  
 Who, thus renewed, departes & leavens, his slough in stones behinde,  
 And casting vp his head aloft, with prone and stately minde,  
 His dreadfull hissing doubleth oft, with young of triple kinde.

God hateth  
not the prai  
er of the  
wicked, wi  
thout great  
repentance;  
and humili  
tie of hart.

Thus Gods are pleased, & thus when as we rightly on them call,

They shew us themselves, and thus to vs they prophecies let fall.

Yet must there one thing more be had, unto this perfect wight,

A Crimson colour must be ioynd: the beautie then is bright,

When as a purple redde with white, well intermedled lies.

What meanes this ruddy colour here? sure, loue it signis.

For loue resembled is to fire, which fire hath reddishe flame,

And both a colour and an heate, proceedeth from the same.

Therefore it needfull is beside, that we the Gods about

Doe hartely loue, for he that loues, deserueth to haue loue.

For whosoever loues the Gods, and liueth Christianlie,

Can not be odious unto them, but shall rewarded bee,

And shall in happy state obtaine, whatsoeuer he doth require.

But who is he that loues the Lord? the man that doth desire,

In filthy entisements of the fleshe, and pleasures so; to sleeped

Or he that hath a great delight, the rauening hauke to keepe,

And (madde) in feeding dogges & horse, his living doth decay?

Or he that seekes so; hys estate, that quickly fades alway?

Invocation  
and prayer  
is a meane  
to come to  
the speache  
and pretensi  
on of God.

Loue is a me  
ane to pur  
chase Gods  
fauour and  
bountiful  
nesse,

An Owle that in the rouse doth sit a mate of fortunes play?

O; is it hee that vpon goods, hath heart and fancies set,

And which he worships as a God by all meanes seekes to get?

Welue me: they that Earthly things doe conet to obtaine:

The things that in the heauens are, regarde not for to gaine.

No man can well two maisters serue: so; who so ioyes in white,

It followe must that he detestes, the black and grisley sight.

Who so delightes in light of Sunne, him darknesse heauie makes,

And he that sweetnesse loues, in bitter things no pleasure takes.

Who so approacheth to the earth, must needes the heauens flye,

And where as loue of earth remaines no man can loue the skye.

But fewe (alas) and all to fewe, these earthly things despise

And able are with wings of minde to mount unto the skyes.

Wherfore because it is so harde, to this doe I agree:

But great rewardes makes greatest paines both easie & light to bee.

What greater thing can be obtainde than here with Gods to walke?

And to beholde them with our eyes and thus with them to talke?

This is the chieffest Jewell sure, for which we ought to beare

Cache kinde of trauaile, toile, and griefe, with god and pleasant cheare.

The Cat would gladly milke receive but feare she will not wet,

The way to vertue sure is harde: yet shall th' vnscouthfull get

Both vertue and honour, vertues price. The souldiour god obtaines

A due rewarde, wheras no praise the flouthfull cowarde gaines.

Therefore we must apply our selues, with all our force and might,

That these so glorioius states aboue, in vs may haue delight:

Then euery thing we shalbe sure, here prosperously to haue,

Both whilſt we liue vpon the earth, and when we are laide in graue.

Why doe we thus esteeme the earth, that soone we shall forſake?

O blinded fooles of fading ioyes we more account doe make,

Than of the gods that alwaies lastes: what madnesse is this same?

Now last remaines, that praiers oft with humble minde he frame,

What seekes the sight of Gods to haue, which once for to require

Huffiseth not, but oftentimes we must, and much desire:

Tyll at the length in space of time, we get the victorie:

And as our minde desireth most, obtaine the Gods to see,

One stroke doth not cut downe the Oke, of olde and ancient yeares,

No; yet the stome by falling of one drop of water weares,

No; Roime was builded in a day. Eche creature, graine and tree

No man  
can serue  
God & mi-  
mon, the  
testimoni-  
of Christ in  
the Gospel.

To see and  
to talke  
with God  
is the chie-  
feliuell  
that a chri-  
stian man  
can desire

In time spring vp, and in great space of yeares increased bæ.  
 And thinkest thou such a wondreus thing, and of estate so hie,  
 Can with so little paines be done and wrought immediatly?  
 So easly can we not the sight of earthly Kinges obtaine,  
 Nor come to tell oure tales to them, and heare them talke againe.  
 Thinkst thou that Gods no better are than Kings that here we see:  
 Wherfore then shold they come, except they oft desired be,  
 Except we them as we do Lordes, in humble sorte desire:  
 Wherfore we must on every day them oftentimes require,  
 That they vouchsafe themselues somtime to shew to vs in sight,  
 And with their talke the secret things, to bring abroad to light,  
 This if we doe (believe me well) at length they will appere,  
 And with their presence will vs blesse, in wretched carcasse here,  
 And shortly bring vs to the skies an ende of all our strife,  
 Wher as the perfectest pleasure is and eke the happiest life.  
 Then shall we passe, and come before the maker great of skies,  
 And haue the Prince of all the worlde in viewe of these oure eyes:  
 Than which no better state can be nor more renouned thing,  
 Who is of goodnesse and beltie all, the fountaine head and spring.

But many thinke it cannot be that unto any here,  
 On earth the sacred spites aboue shoud talke or thus appere.  
 And think that I but trifles tell, to these I pardone giue.  
 For nature hath not delt like wit to all that here do live.  
 Some still do ponder in their minde the heauenly ioyes aboue,  
 And alwaies think of hauy thinges: Some, meane thinges only loue,  
 And haue no pleasure much to raise, themselues from earthly place.  
 And thousandes on the grunde doe lyne nor thence will rise an ace.  
 But earthly ioy doe enely minde. Sure in none other wise,  
 Than certayne byrdes that in the ayre, aloft most highly flye,  
 Wher many kepe the midst thereof, and none not verie his  
 The rest frequent the lowest partes, and swape the ground full nie  
 Wherfore it is no wonder great, if that I here declare,  
 The common people not beleue, whose mindes most brutiske are.  
 Yet true it is that I haue sould: for how shoud any one  
 Lye on the mountaines colde, and dwel in wildernes alone,  
 And willing lead so hard alise? sure perishe should he straight  
 Except some God him conforting, shoud ease him of this waight.  
 Believe me he that liues alone, auiding company,

Our prai-  
ers must be  
continuell  
and earnest  
not measu-  
red by a  
monēt, an  
hower or  
a day.

The minds  
of men are  
diuersly dis-  
posed: some  
meditate  
heauenly  
things, som  
meane and  
indifferent:  
and some  
earthly and  
transitorie  
vanities.

The liues  
of the Pro-  
phets were  
solitarie &  
seuerall fro  
common  
concourse.

Is eyther mad, or more than man, and talkes with Gods on hie.  
In this sort liued the Prophets olde, as it apperes by fame,  
And many after Christ, whom men did holy Fathers name,  
And in this present age of ours, full many may we finde,  
That leade their life and spend their yeares, in this same sort and kinde.  
These men when they do wisely speake, and reason faire and well,  
And wonders great doe bring to passe, and things to come foretell,  
Wilt thou esteeme as mad, or sonde, or to be waied light?  
Or rather wilt thou iudge they be, inspirde with holy sprite?  
Besides, the holy Church affirmes, that earst haue many beene,  
That sacred shapes of blessed ghostes, full oftentimes haue seene,  
Why should not I beleue, sith that the Church doth tell it me?  
Therefore it is no fable sonde, but doth with truth agree,  
That men may come to speake with God, and them in presence see:  
Which I suppose the chifest god and finall ende to bee,  
Of all god things that vnto man, may any waies arise,  
While as of this his present life, the troublous seas he tries.

And when escapt from mortall chaine, þ Soule hath passage straight,  
Conveying with hr selfe these thre, that alwaies on hr waite,  
The Minde the Sense and Moueing force vnto the heauens hie,  
Shall ioyfull go, and there remaine, in blisse perpetually:  
And dwelling there with Gods, a God shall it created be,  
O Heauen great O house of Gods, of fairest dignitie.  
How pure arte thou how wonderfull, with Maiestie divine,  
How garnishte rounde about w Marres, dost thou most b-rightly shine?  
Thou palacie wel replemished, with every sweete delight.  
For if the earth abounds with things, so sayre and good to sight,  
The earth a place for man and beastes, the vilest part of all,  
What shold we think of thee: wher dwels the Gods celestiall,  
The Lordes and happy kings of all? O would to God that when,  
My dolefull thredes the Sistres thre, had fully finisht, then  
It thither were my hap to come, my Carcasse cast in graue:  
And euer more such wondrous ioyes, before mine eyes to haue.

And now by grace of God I haue, of Zodiakke finisht here,  
Twelue starry signes, which number doth in these my bookes appere:  
A labour great, with study long and tedious trauaile pend,  
Yet finisht now and closed vp, with last and finall end.  
What thanks shall I the give O Lord, and Prince of euery land,

That

That hast me willd so fayre and great attempts to take in hand,  
 And given me mind and might therto, the praise is onely thine,  
 If any faire or godly thing, in these my booke doth shine:  
 For euery fayre and godly thing, from thee did first descend,  
 Thou wert the first beginning of this worke and finall end:  
 My minde and hand were gouernde by thy Maiestie diuine,  
 To thae I onely giue the thanks, the honour all is thine.  
 But yet if any due desert, on these my paines attend,  
 I thae beseeche (D Lord,) that when my life is at an end,  
 This life that night by night I spend, in drcames of vanitie.  
 And when the day retorne, still vert with griefe and miserie,  
 Thou wilt vouchsafe in wiping out, my sinnes to pardone mee,  
 Whatsoeuer I haue done (Alas) with mist of minde opprest:  
 And suffer this my soule with thae, in Heauens hie to rest.

And thou my booke in this meane while, through sundry cities run,  
 Assured vnder cankred clawes, of enuie great to come,  
 For Carpers and Correctors thou shalt finde in euery place,  
 Whose mouthes with teeth enuenomed, shall tearing thee deface.  
 Nor some shall surely wanting be, which when they nothing can  
 Doe, worthy praise, will yet reioyce, to raile on every man,  
 And having fault at others works, will purchase foolish fame,  
 Shunne thou such enuious whelps as these, & mouthes that thus defame,  
 And search for god and learned men which though but fewe they bee,  
 Yet happy mayst thou dwell with fewe, for fewe of best degréé  
 With God created here on earth, to such go reverently:  
 And al that we haue done laye thou before the vertuous eye,  
 Which if they like it doth suffice, and what the rest do saye  
 Regarde not thou, but clownish words with laughter passe away.  
 The iudg'ment of the common sorte is grosse, and eke their minde  
 Is wondrouz weake, and foolish things delights the foolish kinde:  
 All men the meate do most desire that them doth best delight.  
 Cache pleasure is not acceptable to every kinde of spryte.  
 But god and learned men the things of god and godly sense  
 Giue eare vnto, and reade and marke the same with diligence.  
 This is the food that them doth fafe, and comfort of their minde.  
 And if forewishing doe not lye, vnto this vertuous kinde  
 Thou shalt be much more welcome, and with smooth and smiling looke  
 Of them thou shalt perused bee. So therefore blessed booke

D.J.

Abyde

Abyde a long and happy time, and when the ghastlie graue,  
 Incompast rounde about with earth my carcasse colde shall hane,  
 Through every countrey (thou alive) and realms of sundry fame  
 To passe, and seeke in euery place to blase abroade my name.

*FINIS.**Solertia: non Socordia.*

O P O E T pight vwith praise,  
 That long hast lyen in Lethc lake,  
 And slept Endymions dayes :  
 Thic Theseus vvills thee sonet'ayvake,  
 And venture vwearievvaiers,  
 Thic vvorship Fame vvill vndertake  
 To skies to reare and raise.  
 Thie vvinges nevve grovynge, to shake  
 In subtile aier abroade begin,  
 And flighte prepare to make,  
 Through courte and citie praise to vvin :  
 F A M E vvill thee ner forlakc,  
 Nor this thie Palingenesin.

*Q<sup>d</sup> Abraham*

*Fleming.*

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